Good Housekeeping

SEPTEMBER
1930

25 CENTS

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Beginning "SKYWRITERS" *by Lois Montross*

Kathleen Norris ~ Booth Tarkington

Bruce Barton ~ E. Barrington ~ Albert E. Wiggam

WHO ARE AMERICA'S GREATEST WOMEN?

Surprises in Salads

come with Double Whipped Mayonnaise!

A unique method of beating makes this mayonnaise amazingly delicious. You should try it!

You taste an old familiar salad served for the first time with Hellmann's Mayonnaise . . . and *instantly* you experience a new thrill in flavor!

With this delicious product you can give any salad new piquancy . . . a flavor you may never have tasted before.

Why it is different: "Why," the salad makers are constantly asking, "does Hellmann's Mayonnaise taste so much more creamy, so perfectly delicious?" The answer is simple. In the Hellmann kitchens every batch of mayonnaise is "double whipped."

First, the expert chefs whip it in the traditional way—thoroughly, exactly. And then they whip it completely again. It costs us more, of course, to make mayonnaise this special way. But the perfect flavor which results makes it worth the price we pay.

A recipe from France! Our secret recipe also plays a vital part in producing Hellmann's matchless flavor. This recipe was once the treasured property of a noted Parisian chef.

And our ingredients, too! Many professional cooks say that our ingredients are the finest that money can buy.

And that is true. Everything that goes into Hellmann's Mayonnaise might well come from your own pantry.

At your grocer's: Now you can understand, perhaps, the new flavor this unusual mayonnaise is bringing to millions of salads.

Try it on your favorite creation. Prove for yourself what it will do. © 1930, G. F. Corp.

HELLMANN'S
BLUE RIBBON
MAYONNAISE
A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

FREE! Our attractive new booklet, "The Hellmann Salad Book," describes many delightful salads. Already it is bringing new inspiration to thousands of women. Please let us mail you a copy at our expense.

Richard Hellmann, Inc., 3408 Northern Blvd., Long Island City, New York. (If you live in Canada, address General Foods Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.) H-(G.H. 9-30)

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FILL IN COMPLETELY — PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

SUCH SPAGHETTI YOU MIGHT EXPECT ONLY IN ITALY!

(Grand Canal Venice)

Such cooking as you enjoy in Franco-American Spaghetti! It is more than cooking. More than recipe. It is that innate genius of skilled chefs, that inbred art to take certain ingredients and achieve in their combination a dish at once the delight and joy of all who taste it.

Franco-American Spaghetti is such a dish — truly a masterpiece of cookery in the best Italian tradition. It is made from an old Milanese recipe with a delicious sauce of tomato, further enhanced by choice cheddar cheese. And brought to a peak of perfection by world-famous French chefs in spotless American kitchens. Serve it today. Enjoy it often. Your grocer can supply you.

Franco-American ★
Ready-cooked
Spaghetti
With tomato sauce and cheese (a la Milanaise)

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MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Is known as one of the world's best story-tellers. Now she has written the greatest romance of all. We begin it next month—

The Story of Her Own Life

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
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There's a brand-new thrill in

STAR BACON

today. Armour's new *"double-f"* process gives new zest to an old favorite... Fixed* Flavor, *changeless as the fixed stars*

HUNDREDS of our friends said it couldn't be done. "You can't improve on perfection," they said. But we decided to try. We did . . . and we have. Step by step, the "double-f" process was developed. We found the narrow path to Fixed* Flavor. It has resulted in the tenderest, tastiest bacon that ever passed your lips . . . Armour's Star!

The selection of young, grain-fed livestock is important, of course. But we found our greatest opportunity in the field of curing and smoking. Any good cook who has "fussed" with ingredients, temperature, and seasoning will appreciate the *search for perfection* that brought about the "double-f" process . . . and the thrill of achievement that rewarded the search.

We changed things here and there, in the curing-mix and the cure itself, and finally in the smoking-process which drives that North Woods tang into every ounce of the meat. We employed a thermometric control that guards against human error of time or temperature. In the Armour kitchens, Star Bacon is sliced, fried, and eaten every morning, to be sure that the flavor is up to the new Star standard.

"Double-f" means Fixed* Flavor, the scientific control that is changeless as the fixed stars. You will know how much it means to you and your family the minute you taste the new Star Bacon. When it sizzles in the pan, appetites become unmanageable. When you place it on your tongue, it melts away like frost under the November sun. Delicious! Thrilling!

Try the new Star Bacon tomorrow. Buy plenty of it—in the new pound or half-pound cartons, uniformly sliced, or by the piece. There are so many ways to serve it that appetites never weary of it. These delicious recipes are all in a book which we will send you free, "36 Ways to Serve Bacon." Just mail the coupon. And be sure to tell your dealer you want Star Bacon . . . S-T-A-R! This point is important—one worth insisting upon.

★ ★ ★

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 8:30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the N.B.C. Armour and Company, Chicago.

Even the cartons are new. You can see what you're getting through the window in the pound and half-pound cartons.

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* ARMOUR'S STAR BACON

with the Fixed* Flavor

Dept. A-9, *Div. Food Economics*
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me free copy of "36 Ways to Serve Bacon."

Name _____

Address _____

In using advertisements see page 6

Dr. HARVEY W. WILEY

THE READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE know in what respect its editors held Dr. Wiley through all the years of his association with it. He came to the magazine in 1912, as Director of the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health; January 1, 1930, he became Emeritus Director of the Bureau; June 30th, just before dawn broke in the city of Washington, he died. In the nearly eighteen years that we worked with him we never had occasion to question either his purpose or his honesty. We disagreed with him at times—perhaps we might better say that he disagreed with us—but we never ceased to admire him, nay, to love him, for, uncompromising though he was, he was ever a lovable man, genial, kindly, courteous—as all really great souls are. What he meant to all of us has been beautifully expressed by Alice Booth, who handled his "copy" for ten years. This is her appreciation of him:

HERE was a man who built the edifice of his life upon a single principle—integrity. From that foundation rose a strong and stately structure, with walls as straight and true as his convictions, and roofs as lofty as his aims and aspirations. Its spacious rooms housed those noble qualities which seem to belong naturally in such a habitation.

He had simplicity. His character was devoid of affectations and shams.

He had honesty. No one ever met Dr. Wiley and failed to recognize his sincerity of purpose.

He had truth—truth for its own sake, no matter what the cost. He never lied—even to himself.

He had honor—honor that stood like a rock against the winds of chance and adversity. In all his days he was never swayed one hair's breadth from the right as he saw it.

He had strength—and a fighting heart. In the battles of his life—and they were many, for he fought for others, not for himself—he never compromised, never surrendered. Black was black and white was white—and just to be on the safe side—for others' sake—he called everything that was dark gray, gray, or even pale gray, black—just black.

He made his enemies. But show me a man who has none, and I will show you a man who has never put up a fight for anything.

As a boy, walking barefoot behind the plow on a little farm in Indiana, he was indistinguishable in the mass of humanity. He had no powerful friends, no money. Even his education had to be earned with the work of his own hands.

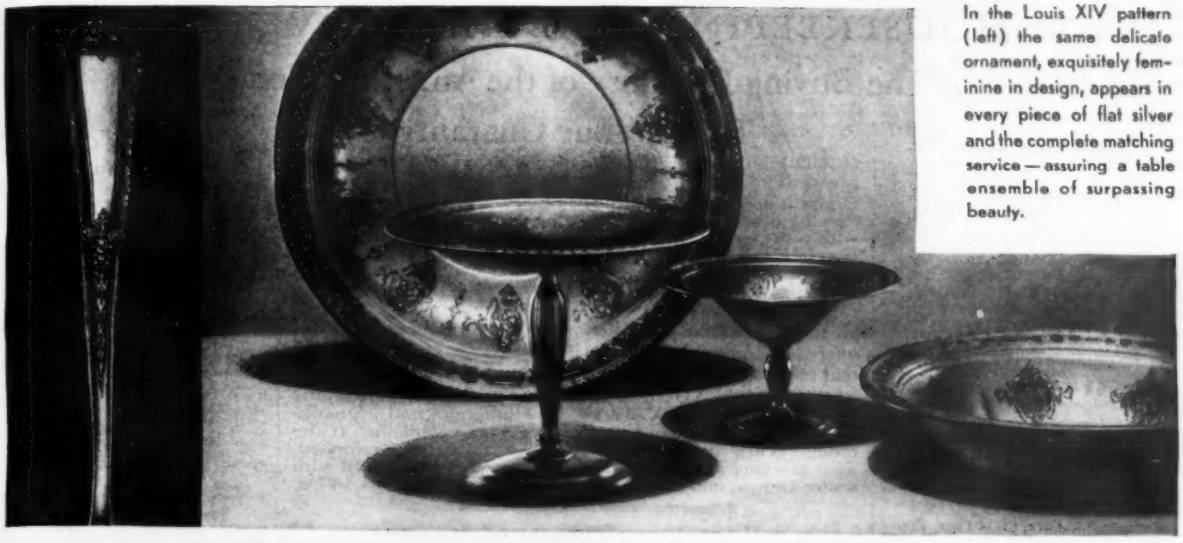
He had only one basis for his life work—integrity—and his passionate determination to live and die by it. Yet the power and the inspiration derived from that one asset carried a simple, unknown country boy with distinction through one college and another, set him teaching brilliantly as he had been taught, and finally took him into the high places of the land—whence his wisdom and his sturdy principles spread even into lands beyond the seas.

For his gospel he won literally millions of converts, and made truth the law—in so far as fallible humanity permits—of one of the greatest industries the world can ever know. Due to Dr. Wiley more than to any other man, the food of this country is honestly marketed—perhaps more honestly marketed than any other class of merchandise. To his efforts, and to the almost incredible spreading of his influence, every woman in this country owes a debt for herself and for her family.

Integrity was the foundation of his life. It might well be the epitaph upon his tomb.

MID-AFTERNOON of a summer's day. Arlington. The hushed quiet of a reverent crowd. Banked flowers, concealing the earth from a new-made grave. Soldiers at attention. Soldiers carrying a precious coffin in which, as unconcerned with circumstance as he had ever been, rested one of the nation's great men. Soldiers firing three volleys in farewell. A soldier sounding "Taps." And so, in that place of honored dead—as was his right—we left him sleeping.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR



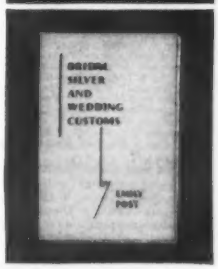
In the Louis XIV pattern (left) the same delicate ornament, exquisitely feminine in design, appears in every piece of flat silver and the complete matching service — assuring a table ensemble of surpassing beauty.

The flowing lines of the Lady Diana flatware are repeated in every piece of this lovely new pattern—from bowls and plates, candlesticks and compotes to the gracious tea and coffee services.

Choose your wedding or anniversary gift to match the recipient's table silver. Then it will contribute not only beauty but harmony—for the perfect table ensemble, decorators say, is achieved only when the Sterling is of the same pattern throughout. This is always possible in every Towle pattern—complete harmony from the tiniest coffee spoon and almond dish to the lovely bowls, compotes, serving plates and tea and coffee services.

TOWLE

STERLING SILVER EXCLUSIVELY



Emily Post, famous author of "Etiquette; the Blue Book of Social Usage," answers in this new and charming booklet all the most important wedding and trousseau questions. We will be glad to forward a copy upon receipt of 25¢ to cover mailing and handling costs.

The Towle Silversmiths, Dept. H-9, Newburyport, Mass. I enclose 25¢ in coin or stamps for Emily Post's "Bridal Silver and Wedding Customs."

Name_____

Address_____

City & State_____

My jeweler is_____

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S policy is to make its advertising pages a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy source of information.

Before it accepts the advertising of any product, Good Housekeeping carefully investigates its merit. Products which come within the testing scope of Good Housekeeping Institute or the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health must be tested and approved before they may be advertised in Good Housekeeping. Advertisements of these products in Good Housekeeping are marked with a star (★).

Good Housekeeping, further, examines every advertisement offered to it for publication and makes every effort to assure itself that essential claims are justified.

AND THIS IS YOUR GUARANTY: If you purchase any product advertised in Good Housekeeping and find it unsatisfactory, we will carefully investigate your complaint. If the product is defective it will be replaced or your money refunded. This guaranty applies to every product, whether marked with a star (★) or not, that is advertised in Good Housekeeping.

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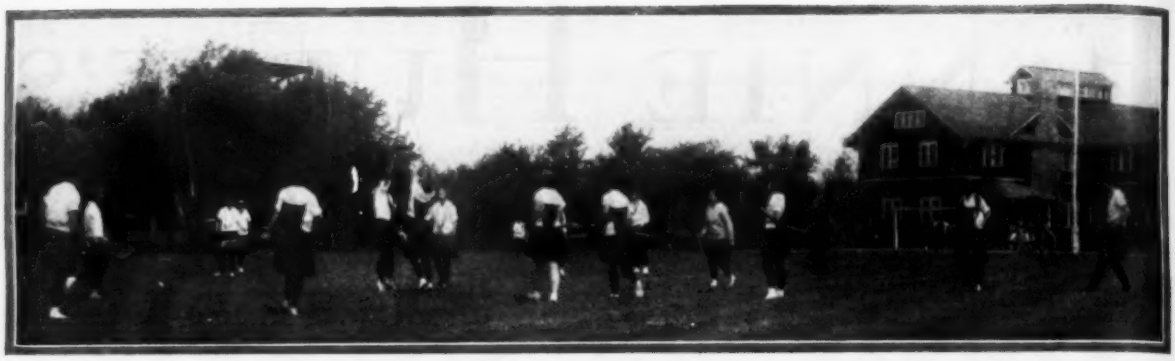

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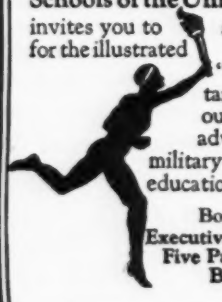

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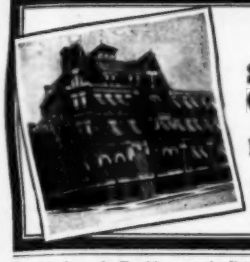

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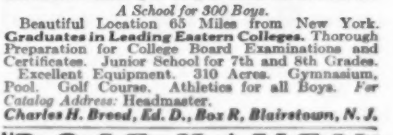

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In using advertisements see page 6

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The Los Angeles County General Hospital
1400 Beds. Course in nursing for American Citizens 18 to 35 yrs. old. 4 yrs. high school and good health required. $20 monthly allowance, board, room and laundry. Enter February 3 and September 3. 1100 N. Mission Rd., Los Angeles, CALIF.

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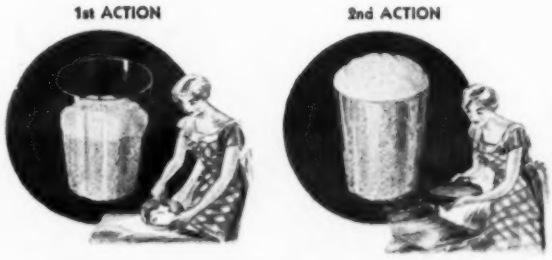
Prove it! Prove it!...*it does act twice*



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TEST CALUMET'S DOUBLE-ACTION THIS WAY

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's Double-Action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with Calumet Baking Powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how Calumet acts *twice* to make your baking better. Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's *first* action—the action that Calumet specially provides to take place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients.

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Enjoy this great satisfaction of turning out one baking triumph after another. Let Calumet's Double-Action make your biscuits lighter, fluffier than ever before—your cakes more delicate, more delicious.

Calumet's *first* action begins in the mixing bowl. It starts the leavening. Then, when you put the batter into the oven, the *second* action begins. It carries on the work of leavening. Up!... up!... it keeps raising the batter and holds it high and light until your cake is beautifully baked.

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action or in the amount that should be used. And not all will give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients, in exactly the right proportions to produce perfect leavening action—*Double-Action*, your assurance of baking success. That is why Calumet is *the largest-selling baking powder in the world to-day*.

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A Product of General Foods Corporation

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Please send me, free, a copy of the new Calumet Baking Book.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

Then he turned to page 3 –

and this is why I received another letter from a P and G home

The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
GENTLEMEN: After taking from the line the whitest, sweetest wash that I've ever had, I must tell you about it!

Really, that wash can be traced back to one evening when my husband read one of your "Visits to P AND G Homes."

"Why don't *you* use P AND G Naphtha?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," I told him.

"That's not like you," he said. "With your faith in other Procter & Gamble products, I should think you'd use everything with the P AND G label."

Well, I thought it over and there was no argument to his logic. So the next day I ordered P AND G Naphtha just to see. I saw!

"The Runabout," our small and lively daughter (and almost a redhead), loves to play at the brook. So every day I have a whole wash for her . . . three or four rompers and dresses, her socks and undergarments. Hitherto I have soaked them in suds—then brushed the soiled spots out on a board!

Well, today I soaked her clothes in P AND G suds. Thirty minutes later I came back armed with a brush and board, and—I can see you smiling to yourselves—*there wasn't any scrubbing to do!* Just a swish and the dirt was gone. Then I did some smiling, too—for I'd clipped 30 minutes from my work schedule. And, as I first said, the wash was so white and sweet. So Bill *was* right, of course!

Mrs. Geneva M. Vincent, Burke, Idaho

Mrs. Vincent not only said, "Of course, you may print my letter,"—she sent me photographs of her little "runabout."

Mrs. Vincent wants *everyone* to know that P AND G Naphtha is a wonderful soap! It even looks nicer—so white and firm and fine. Logically, it ought to cost more than inferior soaps. But it costs *less!* Perhaps you'd like to know *why!*

Well, Procter & Gamble buy fine soap materials at a great saving because they buy in huge quantities—literally shiploads of oils! And, too, millions of cakes of P AND G are made every year, so the price is naturally less.

You see—millions of women buy P AND G and save money—because they know that it *really is a better soap!*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—Every washday problem is discussed in this free booklet. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NG-90, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

White soap preferred by more and more women. In a recent survey which I made in Detroit, Michigan, I discovered that as many women are using P AND G White Naphtha Soap as all other laundry soaps put together! And the reason is easy to find: good housewives everywhere have found that this fine white soap gives them easier washdays and whiter clothes!

The largest-selling soap in the world

Before Autumn

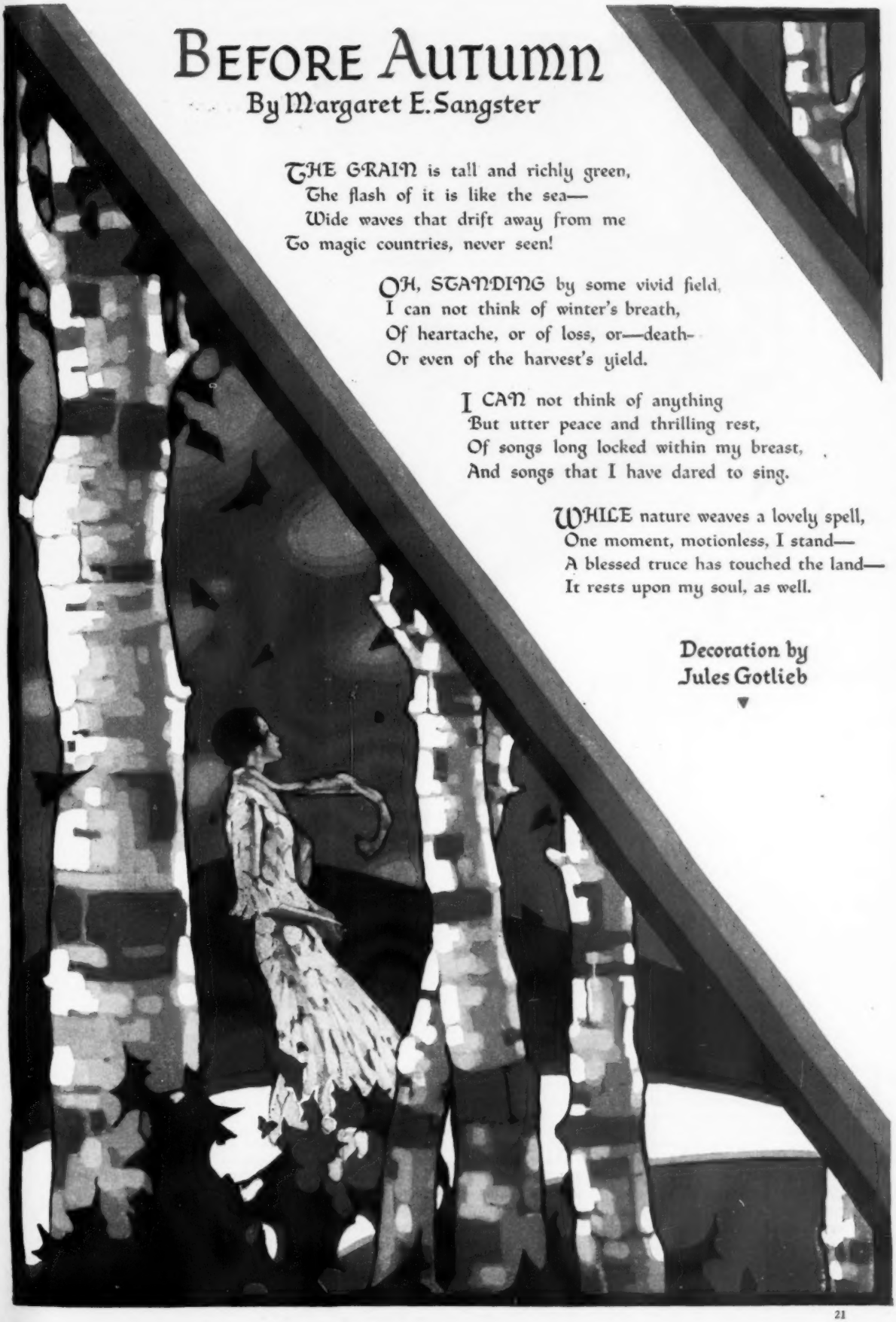
By Margaret E. Sangster

THE GRAIN is tall and richly green,
The flash of it is like the sea—
Wide waves that drift away from me
To magic countries, never seen!

OH, STANDING by some vivid field,
I can not think of winter's breath,
Of heartache, or of loss, or—death-
Or even of the harvest's yield.

I CAN not think of anything
But utter peace and thrilling rest,
Of songs long locked within my breast,
And songs that I have dared to sing.

WHILE nature weaves a lovely spell,
One moment, motionless, I stand—
A blessed truce has touched the land—
It rests upon my soul, as well.



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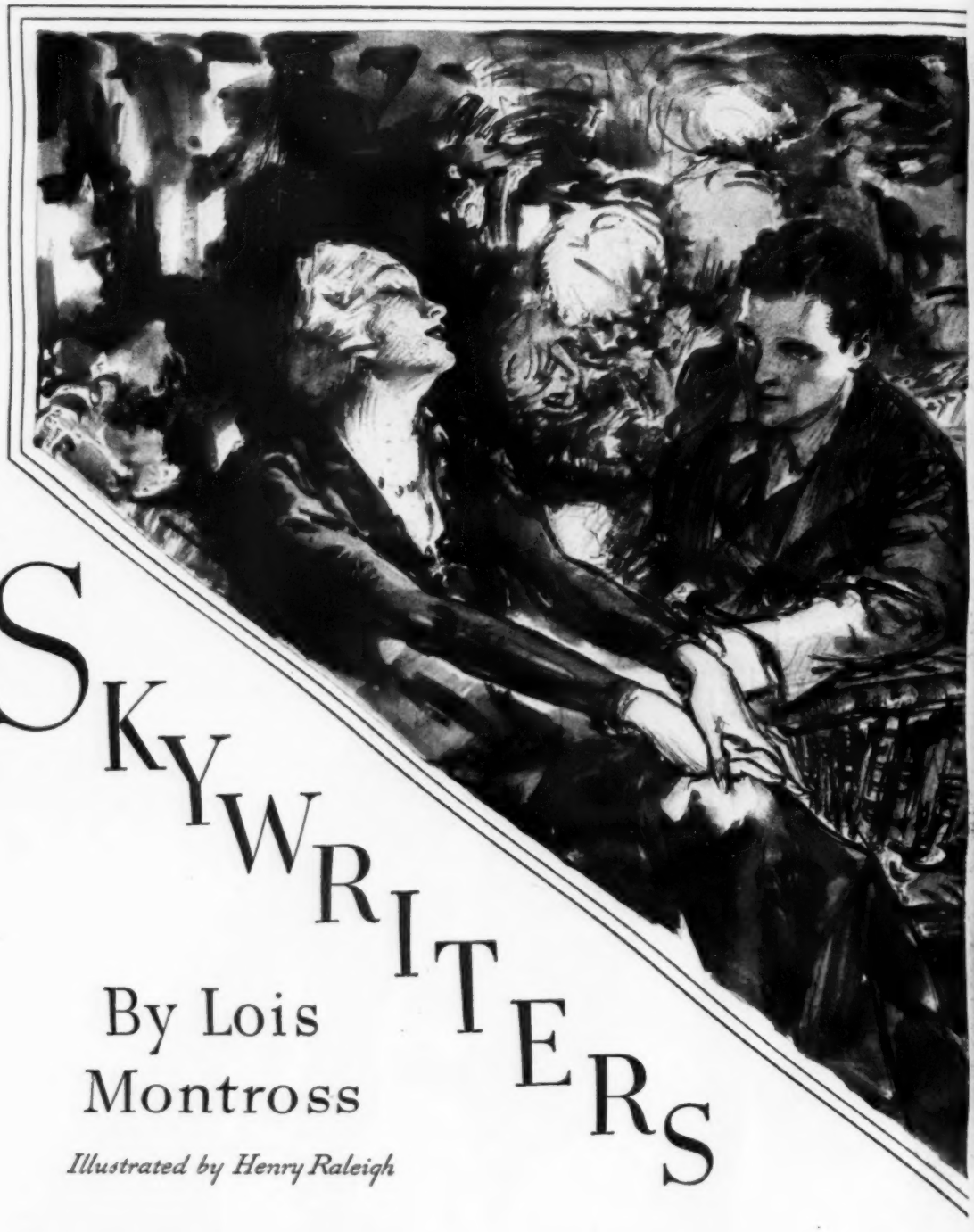

SKYWRITERS

By Lois Montross

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

EDWIN PRYNE was giving a party this September evening. All summer the small, suave, middle-aged banker had been the host at innumerable teas, receptions, and dances, for he was looking over the women of his acquaintance with a view of marrying again. He wanted a wife who would grace the pretentious house not with flamboyance but with handsome poise—a wife with taste and social dignity, who would make a study of elegant appointments for the dinner table (crystal glasses with long stems, candelabra, gold-etched service plates), the arrangement of flowers in Ming and Sèvres vases, the decoration of the remodeled dining room, the collection of etchings and old pewter, perhaps even the growing of rare orchids in the neglected conservatory. He longed for, had always desired, a mistress of his house who understood completely the art of gracious living.

His wife had been an odd creature who was not abashed at finding herself in riding breeches among a forest of dinner jackets and evening gowns. She would take no trouble to get ink off her fingers after she had been writing on her "Life of George Sand" (and what a subject if it came to that!), and fell into absent reveries at the tea table, or laughed with loud irrelevance at her private thoughts, or made awkward dashes out of a room, usually upsetting some *objet d'art* without even pausing for proper embarrassment.

Thirty years ago, when he had married Candace McLean, the daughter of a professor of biology at the State university, people had thought he was making a far better marriage than might have been expected. Perhaps he had seemed even a mediocre young man—quiet, almost foppishly meticulous in his dress, and not given to any form of boasting about ambition or prospects. But he had started in his uncle's bank here in the small city of Shelby with the inner assurance of some time becoming the president, of owning

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"I'm sure you don't need any remedies, Mrs. Forrester," said Scott, "but if I ever perfect my cure, I'll ask you to break a bottle of it over—" "—The yacht you will buy?" inquired Candace's father with a suspicion of sarcasm. "Over any ship I have coming in," replied Scott

Beginning A Novel of Modern Youth in the Same Old World

exactly the sort of home he now possessed and the kind of prestige which made it an honor to be invited to that home.

Among his guests were the newer aristocrats of Shelby—all of them rich, all of them startled yet, as Pryne was, at the money which had poured in these two years since the war ended. There was Faggott, for instance, who had sold a section of Illinois farm land at six hundred dollars an acre; Pete Bailey, whose chain of Sunlight Bakeries spread over five mid-Western states; Clough, who had grown wealthy in the coal and lumber business; Richard Goodenough, who had been shrewd in playing the stock market. With the acquisition of money they all felt (anxiously, even wistfully) that a more elegant social life was indicated to fit their fine new residences. Edwin Pryne was the undisputed arbiter, for he had commonly worn a dinner jacket and built his big house long before the war.

It was too bad that so charming a house had never been run properly. In his position of authority Pryne dreaded giving a dinner party, for the linen never seemed to be creased symmetrically, small luncheon napkins were likely to appear while the cocktail forks absented themselves, or Joel forgot the silver tray when serving, or the flowers would be crammed stiffly into a shabby old bowl, and the candles stood unlighted on the sideboards. No good talking about better servants! It needed a woman who could supervise these little details, and obviously his daughter, Candace the second, would never qualify.

He had grown used to the realization that she was alarmingly like her mother.

At first he had thought Candace was merely passing through a youthful phase; to correct her complete unawareness of social attitudes he had wanted to send her to a fashionable finishing school or at least to a woman's college in the East. But no! She would enroll at the State university her parents had attended, and once there,

the influence of her grandfather, Professor McLean, had surely not rounded off any sharp corners. She got ideas. She majored in biology and was graduated with a B. S. instead of a demure A. B. She messed with test-tubes and evil-smelling acids, and like her mother she was not abashed by stained fingers. One might have expected such things if she had been plain. But in Edwin Pryne's opinion her looks were really adorable, and if Candace had ever put a second thought on clothes she might have been even beautiful.

Think of tonight! Actually she had not wanted to wear the gown Pryne had commissioned his sister to send from New York. It was primrose taffeta made *bouffant* (one of the first *robes de style* in 1920) with quaint panniers and a tight bodice cut low in the back. Candace had preferred to wear what she called her "old black rag," and demanded reasons why she should go "disguised as a lady." Only at his suggestion had she thought to add the amber necklace and bracelet—his gift at Christmas—and she firmly opposed the matching earrings. Unnatural in a girl of twenty-two!

"Do I have to look," she asked, scowling at herself in the pier glass, "like a plush horse?"

It needed a certain *flair* to support the stately primrose gown, and Candace walked in it as if she might trip at any moment. In tennis clothes she was as graceful as a dark flame, but this evening she tried to look as much as possible like a sulky little monkey dressed up against its will. Her small, pointed face with its brown skin, her thin arms and epicene hips, alienated in some curious way all the charm of the rich taffeta; her angry brows and glowing black eyes seemed almost piratical. The young men looked timid or bewildered when she glanced at them or spoke in her vibrant banjo voice.

Dancing, to be sure, changed her mood. Floating on a rhythm, she became a lovely whole with the tender silk shimmering against her slim legs; but when the music died she stood straight with folded arms like a young Indian, as remote and as unamused.

When the guests started to drift toward the buffet supper and the punch bowl, Candace slipped in among them, took four of the little sandwiches and two of the big ones, and stepped unobtrusively through the French doors that led to the stone terrace. She wrapped her golden tulle scarf about the sandwiches and, after listening cautiously for a moment, began to run across the grounds with the taffeta flounces caught in one clenched hand—past the lily pool, the clump of spruce, the chrysanthemum beds, the huge lawn umbrella, and the tennis courts. Dragging her skirts ruthlessly through the barberry hedge, she stopped, breathless, in the driveway on the other side.

This drive led to a small garage standing behind a narrow frame house with a look of middle-aged contentment about it. The trumpet creeper sprawling over the jigsaw work on the front porch stirred sleepily in the moonlight. The shabby wicker chairs were crowded by a new and rather resplendent porch swing where somebody had left a clutter of books, tennis shoes, and ash trays. A stout, striped cat sitting hopefully by the door came down the steps toward Candace; she touched his head, and he followed her to the back of the house. There she crouched down, elbows on knees, and looked through a lighted basement window. The cat sat beside her. His name was Mister Archie.

Through the dusty glass the room in the basement seemed like the medieval haunt of alchemists. It was a curious and clumsy laboratory with a young man moving back and forth between the Bunsen burner sputtering beside an old iron sink, and a shelf covered with flasks and test tubes and pipettes. One corner held a laundry stove and on the opposite side was a row of wooden cages screened with rough slats. Beneath the gas meter stood a pair of stationary tubs with a long pipe splashing a thin trickle of water continually through a filter of wire netting. The charts and notes covering one of the joists were carefully ruled with red and black ink.

"What's Scott doing? What's he doing, h'm?" said Candace to the cat, who answered by rubbing her foot with his head.

Scott was evidently doing something not to his liking, for his lips were set in a grim line. He stared a long time at a flask, wrinkled his forehead, and emptied the flask. Then he stared into the sink unhappily, running a hand through his hair. He pulled down one of the charts, started to crumple it, paused and smoothed it out in a kind of desperate indecision. He lighted a cigarette, his face clearing gradually into an amiable dreaminess. He dropped something on a glass slide and put it under the microscope. As he bent over to look, he was so close to Candace that she could have touched him.

She studied him intently: the strong, high-bridged nose, wilful, adventurous mouth, lean cheeks with a little mole under the hard chin. At a casual glance it would have seemed the boyish, sunburned face of a young man interested in golf, women, and travel. But his upper lip was humorously long, and his gray-green eyes, set far apart, were not candid—speculative, rather, and self-conscious with the guilt which comes of introspection, analysis, and nerves. And yet they held a deep credulity, although one corner of his mouth curved close to cynicism.

He barely glanced up from the microscope as Candace entered the basement doorway.

"Scott, I let Mister Archie in."

"Hello, Troglodyte."

"Hello, Streptococcus." She crowded close to the lens. "Let me look. What is it?"

"Oh, you've seen it a million times. Just the eye of a drosophila."

"Do you want me to count facets?"

"No."

"Why not?"

Candace crouched down and looked through the basement window. "What's Scott doing?" she asked the cat

"Because I don't." He sat down wearily on the high stool, his black rubber apron falling in stiff creases. "But you might help me smash up all this stuff."

"Oh, Scott, don't be a crazy loon!"

"Don't be a little donkey. You know I've got to—and it's a big job and you might tell me how to begin."

"All our work!" she cried in an anguished voice.

He smiled indulgently at the "our," but let it pass. All summer she had been his eager, uninvited, and sometimes unwanted assistant. Last June he had also been graduated with a B. S. from the State university but he was years ahead of Candace in deftness, chemical knowledge, and accuracy. The basement laboratory had no reason save his own passion for research. He had transmitted his interest to Candace, but it was merely a feminine whim, he supposed, a summer mood in a girl grown bored with parties.

He reminded her that he was going away to New York the next day. "I've got to get rid of this stuff somehow, and I've got to do it tonight."

"You can't throw away the dear old drosophila!"

"I'm going to emancipate them. Imagine a thousand of them winging their way to freedom and thinking of me gratefully as the Great Liberator." He poked a piece of overripe banana where a mass of tiny fruit flies flew up into a black swarm. "One more free prison meal, my red-eyed beauties."

"But the white rats!"

"I'll have to kill them. Most of them are inoculated and may die anyhow."

Mister Archie was sitting in front of the white rat cage, his whiskers twitching greedily.

"Not for you, Mister Archie. You can catch yourself some nice, healthy brown ones."

Candace reached up for her smock which hung from a nail on the wall. "I want to count facets," she said stubbornly.

Scott looked at her, and his gaze changed from appraisal to admiration. "Don't put on that dirty smock."

"Why not?"

"Because . . . That's a lovely dress."

"I hate it."

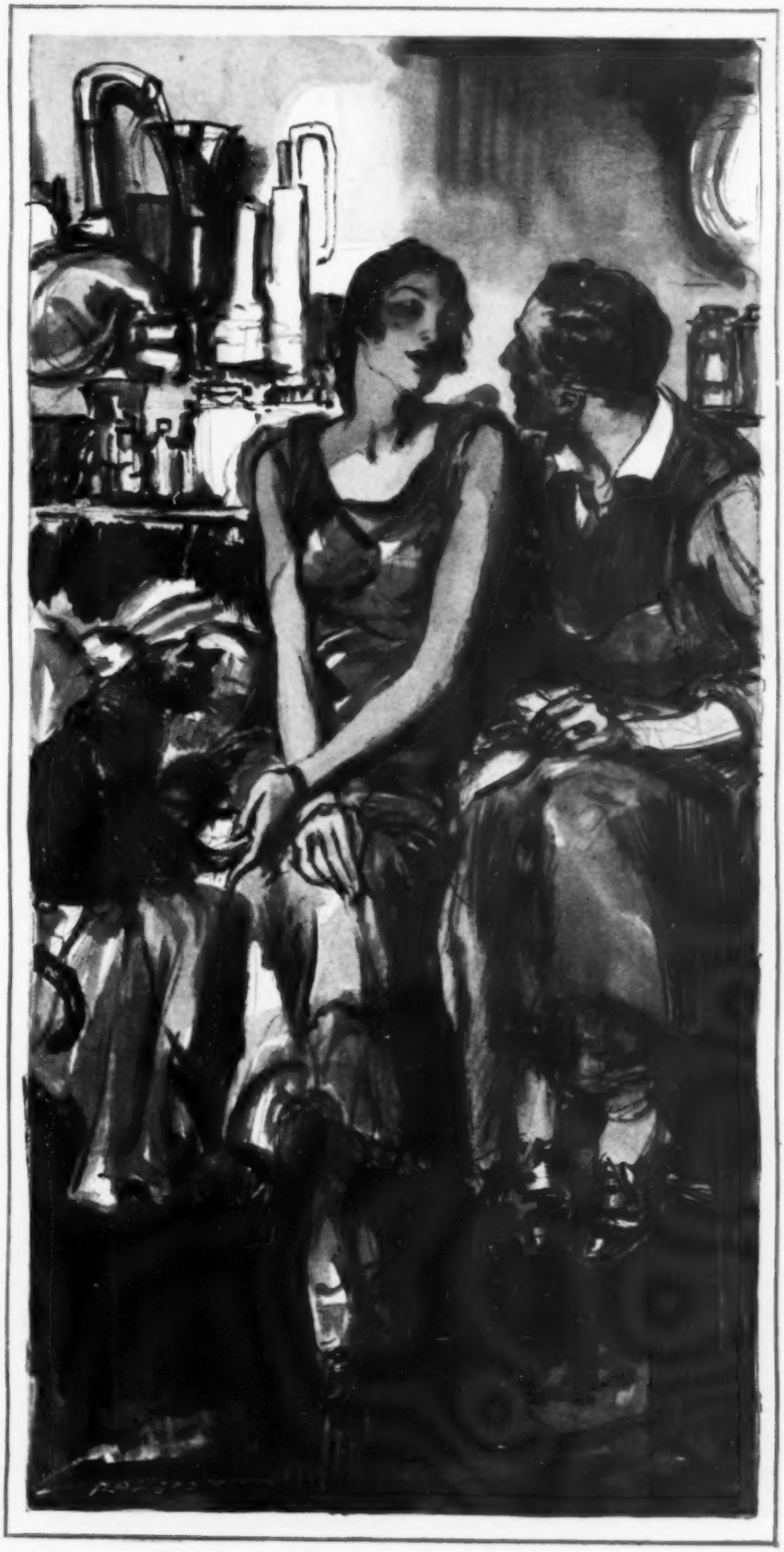
"I never saw you in anything like that before. I'm crazy about it."

"You're only a dumb-bell."

In a silly, youthful tussle he took the smock away from her by force, but his hair was pulled and his hand bitten, for she became as fierce and unmoral in play as a young tiger.

"You will, will you!" he kept laughing. "You will, will you!"

The struggle grew secretly more earnest (*Continued on page 266*)



"Scott," said Candace, "do you have to go to New York?" He had a sudden vision—a little apartment—a grate fire and breakfasts together—"Will you marry me when I come back?"

ARE YOU HAPPY IN YOUR WORK?

Illustrated by Stuart Hay

White-collar jobs, that require only a pleasant personality, lead nowhere; the future leaders of industry start in the shops, among the section gangs, in the stock-rooms

THERE is a certain bank president, a graduate of the class of 1899, who never misses a reunion. Last June he came back from his college to his office in a somber frame of mind. At the class dinner, which had been attended by seventy-five men, the toastmaster had conceived the bright idea of calling on the three most successful members of the class to make informal talks about their own activities.

"It's the kind of thing I hate, but we were given no warning," said the banker. "There was nothing to do but stand up and be as brief as possible. I told a couple of stories about the bank, added a few words on general business conditions, and sat down. The other two men did the same thing, and we thought no more about it.

"But two days later, when I reached my office and looked at my mail, there on the top of the heap were letters from five classmates. Here's one of them."

The letter which he tossed across the desk was written on hotel stationery and mailed from the college town, the writer evidently having lost no time in taking his pen in hand. The letter read as follows:

"DEAR BILL:

It was good to see you at the dinner. It seems to me you have changed less in thirty years than almost any of us. Perhaps there is something in being successful which keeps a man young. You have had some fortunate breaks, as you said in your little talk, but you have deserved them. I have never forgotten what a worker you were when you roomed across the corridor from me in sophomore year. Do you remember how you used to sneak out into the country in the evenings and take orders from the farmers' wives for aluminum cooking utensils? 'Fleecing the poor peasantry' we called it, but you never overlooked a bet even then.

"Well, Bill, the object of this letter is not to rehearse old times, but to ask you whether you can do a personal favor for a classmate who hasn't been so lucky. I want a job. I want to get out of Smithville where I have been buried ever since we graduated. I have a wonderful wife and three healthy kids, and I wouldn't trade a single hour of our happiness for a million dollars. But the fact is that Ellen and I would have been wiser if we had postponed our marriage until I was further along. We've had a living out of the lumber business, but only a living. And Heaven only knows how I hate it!

"Before I get to be an old man, Bill, I want a real chance. I want to get into a bank, which is where I ought to have started thirty years ago. I want to break through the narrow boundaries of Smithville into a man's-size town. I'm fifty-two this summer, but I'm younger in mind and spirit than I was on our graduation day. Can't you dig up something for me in your bank? I'm willing to start at very low pay, according to New York standards. I know that I can prove to you that I've got something on the ball."

"No need to read the other four," the banker said. "They are all alike. If I could do anything for one of those men, I'd do it in a minute. But what can I do? Each of them had the same chance that I did to choose work that would give him satisfaction. Now, after thirty years, they wake up to discover that their choice was wrong. They were picked men, endowed by society with an extra four years of education. Their parents sacrificed to make their education possible. Yet the only result is five unhappy lives."

If Not, Stop and Start Again,

Advises BRUCE BARTON, *in an Article Every Boy and Girl, Every Man and Woman, Should Read*

He went on to say how hard it is to analyze the causes of success and failure. He told in some detail the stories of two men who seemed to have very much the same characteristics and opportunities, yet have come out at opposite ends of the road. Let me condense the stories, modifying them sufficiently so they will not be recognized, and calling the men John Smith and William Brown.

The father of John Smith was a lawyer in the Middle West, who had achieved admission to the bar by the old-fashioned method of reading law in a country law office. His earnings were never more than three or four thousand dollars a year, but he had a comfortable home, was a deacon in the church, and an influential member of the community. Twice he had been elected to the state legislature, and when he died he was county judge.

John was the only son. He was a popular member of his college class and might easily have stood at the top, but the spur of necessity was lacking. His path stretched out too straight and smooth. His law-school expenses would be paid by his father; then he would establish a practice somewhere, and one day he, too, would become a judge. He liked the law. He liked the idea of having people address him as "Judge." All this lay in the future. Meanwhile, being young and an undergraduate, he would enjoy himself.

At the senior prom he met the Only Girl in the World, and they were married in July. John's father complained a little at the burden of having to support them both, but they assured him that two could live as cheaply as one, and, it must be recorded in fairness, they did their best to prove it. They lived in one room near the law school. She did the cooking and washing and mended his socks, and everything might have been different except for that Great Accident which is ever inevitable but never foreseen. In January the Judge died.

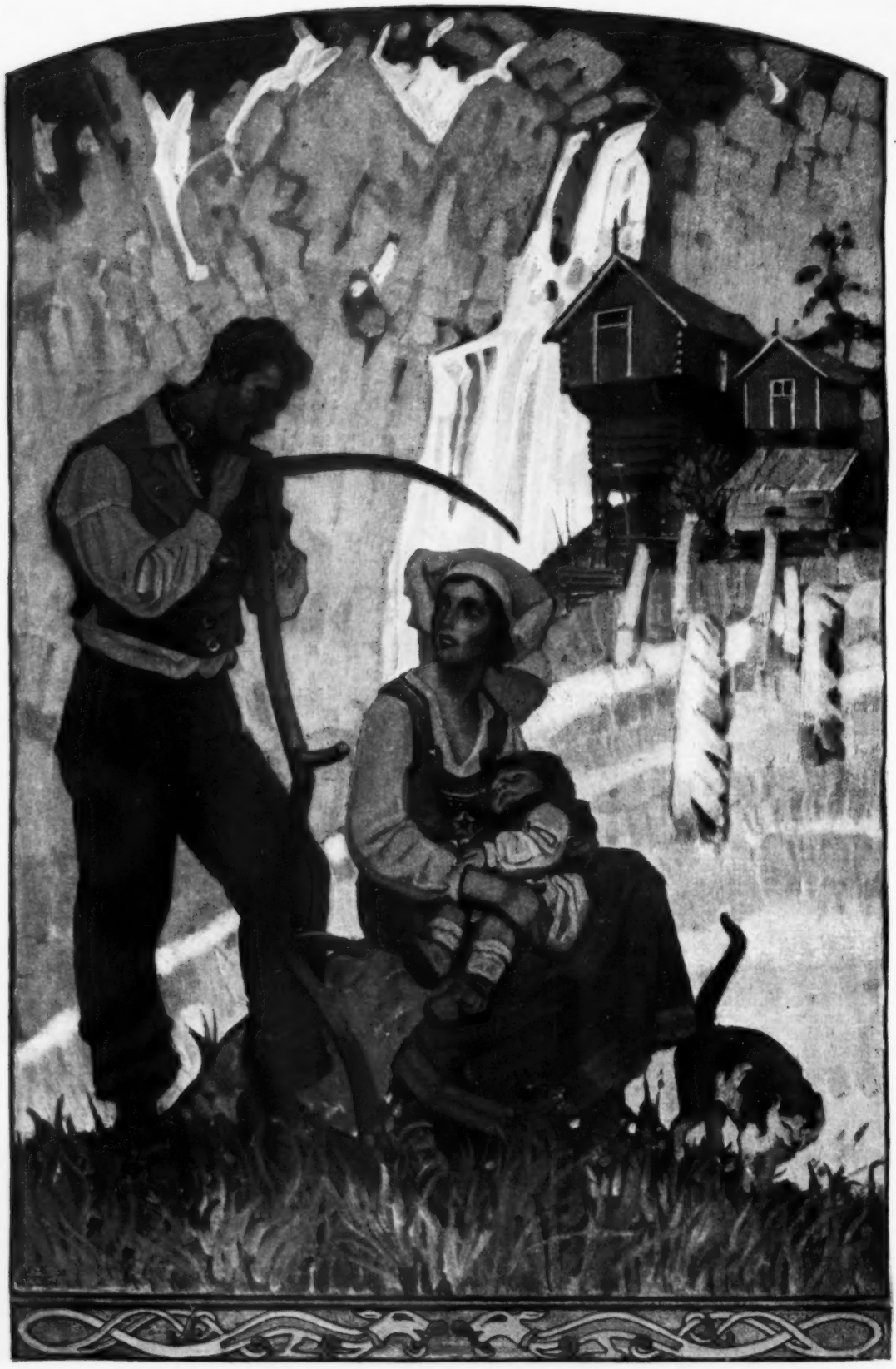
John's mother urged him to borrow enough from her insurance money to finish his course, but he felt it would be unfair. A few days after the funeral he sold his law books, moved to a near-by town, and went to work in the business department of the daily newspaper. From that point on his life has been a series of disappointments.

He feels that the world has been against him, and in a sense he can make out a very good case for himself. He has been faithful to most of the copy-book rules for success. He has espoused all of the negative virtues; that is to say, he has not gambled or loafed or used liquor, or been unfaithful to his family. He has worked hard. Indeed, it might almost be said that he has worked too hard; that his attempt to do too many things has been partly responsible for his failure.

While he was working on the newspaper he saw a chance to increase his income by selling real estate on the side. He was getting on fairly well in both capacities when he became acquainted with the general manager of the local electric light company, who hired him to take charge of its sales of electrical merchandise. He tackled the job ambitiously and, still eager to improve his financial position, played the violin in the orchestra of the local theatre at night. After a number of years of slow but steady progress, he concluded that all the big chances are in the cities, and that if he could get to Chicago and connect himself with the automobile industry, which was young and growing, his fortune would be secure.

He made the move and became a salesman for one of the first of the motor companies. His earnings were good, but his expenses were greater. His wife, who had enjoyed her friendships in the smaller city, felt lonesome and unhappy. The children missed their big back yard and were frequently sick. Moreover John began to doubt the future of the automobile. He had seen the bicycle become a sudden craze and then pass out; the motor car, he argued, would probably do likewise. He thought it safer to be connected with "something that people have to have," and so he went on the road to sell linoleum. Still true to his habit of trying to eke out with a side-line, he carried samples of bathroom fixtures and picked up an occasional order in the evenings.

All through these years he never entirely lost his interest in the law. If a big case were being tried anywhere in his territory, and he could possibly arrange his route so as to take it in, he would be found in the front row in the court room. He carried law books with him and read them in his hotel bedroom at night. The more difficult the problems of his daily life became, the more pathetically he clung to the dream of his youth. He firmly believed that if his father had lived, (*Continued on page 248*)



NEVER had there been a young one like that small John. When they were haying he lay in Marit's lap, cooing, and afterward he rode down the mountain in his father's arms

The Story of a Girl to Whom Love Came with the

WEST WIND

By

Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

Illustrated by James E. Allen

HE CAME with the west wind. Marit, opening the door, stood staring at him, one hand shielding from the gale the candle she held.

No one like him had come to her door before, no one so slim, so dark, with such an easy, careless grace. It was as Besta said afterward,

"He is an apple from another tree, that young one."

Marit bade him come in and bolted the outer door against the storm. Then, because he had said nothing further than that first hesitating "*God dag*," it came to her that he was not of her own people at all, but a stranger who could not speak her tongue, and she motioned him to sit before the fire.

It was good to see him stretch his long legs to the flame, to see his eyes smile their thanks. She saw that his clothes, sodden and rain-drenched as they were, were not like those of the neighboring men, and that his shirt was made of linen. And what man of her ken would wear a sprig of heather stuck like a gallant plume in his cap!

Besta's stick thumped on the floor of the room beyond, where she had lain in her bed these twenty years past, and Marit saw that her grandmother's eyes shone like little black buttons in the round face that was so much like the haws dotting the wild briar bushes along the roadside.

"Open the door wider so I can see," she whispered. And then: "How tall he is and young! Even taller than Knut and Hans."

She sighed, for it was on just such a night as this, with the west wind screaming down upon them, that her grandsons' boat had not come back from the fjord.

" 'Tis the west wind making amends at last," she said softly, for she was talking more to herself than to the girl.

Then: "Get him dry clothes from your brothers' things in the chest. Take the heaviest socks, the ones I knitted Knut out of the winter wool. His feet must be cold, tramping through all that rain."

The stranger came at Marit's call, bending his head as he came through the narrow doorway. Besta raised herself on one elbow, and her little eyes peered sharply up at him.

" 'Tis good to hear a man's step about the house once more," she said then simply.

So the stranger stayed on in the house that had been desolate of a man's cheer these three weary years.

There was a great to-do about it, but the two women had expected that, and things went on just as though nothing untoward had happened, except that a prodigal supply of delicacies poured in on Besta from all sides. And the women and girls who brought of their cherished preserves or newly baked cakes asked demurely after Besta's health, while their eyes brooded over the tall young man walking so unconcernedly about the kitchen, laying logs on the fire or taking the heavy water pails from Marit in a way no man had ever done before in the whole of Romsdalen.

" 'Tis well for us our neighbors are so curious about the stranger," Besta chuckled, "for while we have a man to work for us on the farm we have all these goodly things beside, for even the boldest of them could not gape empty-handed."

The heather was already turning to rust that night John Lovat came through the rain, and it had seemed a good omen to find a sprig still purple growing between the stones of the crooked path leading up to the lighted window he had seen through the dusk. He laughed, and if his laugh was more like a sob there was no one near to hear, and when he stuck the heather in his cap it seemed somehow as though he had come home.

It was almost like coming back to the Highlands after a trip to London. He had never been at home in cities. There was something in him that was kin to the wind and the hills and the moors. And here, too, there was wind—and hills and moors and heather growing by the doorstep.

The heather withered, and the bracken molded on the hills, and John Lovat tried to forget the crimson coats of the hunt club and the feel of a thoroughbred horse under his hard, young legs. There were other things to forget, too, and sometimes he walked over the uplands for hours, his head bared to the winds. If they blew hard enough they might blow memory away. If they blew hard enough he might forget the skirl of the pipes and the dogs lying on the stone floor before the fire. He might forget the sorrow in his father's voice. He might forget stars and music and her eyes and her voice and her hair.

He had come with the west wind, and it had taken him far, across the gray North Sea to a land he had known before only in joyous summer months, when he had fished for salmon in its jade rivers. This Norway was different from that gay summer country . . . this Norway with its ice-locked streams, its all-but-impassable roads.

Sometimes, when he sat at the table with Marit eating porridge and sour milk, he thought of those other days in the manor house where he and his brother had been guests for the fishing season. He remembered the table laden with platters of broiled salmon and browned ptarmigan garnished with wild tytebaer jelly; he remembered the wine in tall, crystal glasses and the soft glow from the candelabra falling on La France roses and throwing their shadow on the patterned ones in the old damask cloth.

There had been gay, bantering conversation, and his hosts had laughed at his Norwegian, but afterward they had discussed the old Scotch words that were so similar to the Norse, and John had vowed it would not take him long to master a tongue so like his own.

It was much harder than he had thought it would be, forming little sentences to Marit, depending on gestures and the tilting of an eyebrow or the shrug of a shoulder to convey the thoughts he wanted to tell her. Yet somehow Marit understood, and in time she spoke little formless phrases of her own in his tongue.

So much had depended on the flip of a coin, for there had been two ships sailing out of Leith that day, one north and the other south.

He had been glad when the coin decided for the fishing boat that was pulling up its anchor for the northern trip home, but later, when he stood in front of the manor house deserted for the winter, he wondered if fate had been kind, after all.

It was strange to be beginning life all over again at twenty-six. John Lovat thrust his hands in his pocket and threw back his head and started walking with the wind. He did not realize that he had walked ten miles before he saw the light smiling to him from the window. And then the heather and Besta's round, smiling face and Marit's calm eyes—there must have been a divine understanding behind that casual tossing of the coin.

Marit, sitting so calmly across from him, dipping her horn spoon into her porridge, could know nothing of all this. She only knew his eyes were darker than the eyes of any man she had ever known, and that when they looked at her she lost herself in their depths as though she were held captive in a dark forest.

There was something magical about this man who had come to her riding the west wind. What if the neighbors whispered among themselves and wondered what he was doing among them, this stranger with the courtly way about him? She could only whisper his name in her prayers and beg forgiveness that his came to her lips even before Besta's.

In the beginning, when things were faring badly for them, John Lovat brought wild fowl and fish for their dinners, and when the order from the city came for the wood on their neighbor Ola's hillside, John Lovat joined with the others in cutting down the tall firs. He came home singing, the night the task was finished, his ax slung across his shoulder like a spear, and poured the silver crowns he had earned into Marit's lap.

Afterward they dropped the coins one by one into the fat little pig that had been Marit's savings bank when she was a child, and John had laughed and pointed at the grotesque red animal and laughed,

"Not pig—horse."

After painful explanations he made Marit understand the money was to be used for a horse, and though at first she was dubious about such an extravagance, she could not hold out against John's enthusiasm.

It was amazing how that hoard of silver grew. Marit held her breath as the contents of the little red pig were emptied time and time again and put in the painted canister on the kitchen shelf, and Besta laughed with glee when John carried it in to her.

"It's nothing short of magic," she declared, and then—as is the way with the old—she cried for very happiness.

So what with cutting down woodland, and mending harness, and acting as a doctor to all the sick horses in the countryside (for even those who were most suspicious of him had to admit that there was no one like him to coax a mare out of a fit of colic) the day actually came when John Lovat walked to Molde to buy a horse of his own.

Marit never forgot that day. She had gone in to his room to tidy it as usual, and the moment she closed the door she saw the picture on the painted chest of drawers.

It had never been there before, and Marit remembered how one day she had surprised John in the barn, looking at a small picture in just such a narrow gold frame, and he had thrust it in his pocket when he heard her step beside him. There had been a look in his eyes that had never been there before, and her heart beat harder for remembering it.

For the girl smiling out of the miniature was like no one Marit had ever seen before. Her hair was a dazzling web of red gold in which a hundred sunbeams were held captive, her eyes held the coldness of green water, and the whole world was waiting there beyond her mouth. But it was at her shoulders Marit stared longest, slim and white and dazzling like those of a young Aphrodite rising out of the sea-green froth of her dress.

Marit stared at it, her fingers pressed against her mouth to keep back the small moan that rose unbidden to her lips.

Slowly she put the picture back on the tall chest, then an uncontrollable impulse made her take it again and bring it to Besta.

"She must be a wanton," she sobbed,

When Whitsunday came, they rowed across the fjord to the old church. Those
There was a prayer in Marit's heart for all the good that had come to her. Every-

looking on sighed a little enviously, as John helped Marit alight from their boat. thing seemed so secure . . . it was as though the uncertainty had never been

throwing herself on the floor beside her grandmother's bed.

Besta's small, bright eyes winked back the tears, and her old hand crept out and patted Marit's hair. She looked from the bright-painted face to Marit's tear-stained one, from the faintly mocking mouth to the other's guileless eyes. Marit's happiness was at the mercy of this painted girl, and Besta was suddenly afraid.

"A wanton's eyes are not cold, like hers," Besta said then. "No, Marit, it is more often the little generous ones such as you, who give of themselves with no thought, who turn wanton."

Marit's eyes looked up through a sea of tears. "But, Besta—her shoulders, so white and bare!"

Besta smiled, and her voice seemed to come from far away, as though the years had come between it and her thoughts. "When I was just a little chit like you, my shoulders were white like hers, and one evening, when your grandfather was courting me, I pulled my bodice down over my shoulders and stuck a cinnamon rose in my hair . . . just like a picture I had seen of a very great lady indeed."

"And grandfather, did he like you?" Marit asked, while all the while she looked at Besta with wondering eyes, trying to picture her young, with bare white shoulders and a rose stuck in her hair.

"He never got to see me," Besta sighed. "My mother bundled me off to bed without supper for my sinfulness. I lay in bed crying all the night, and I heard his step as he came to the door, and then I heard it again as he left. And I crying my eyes out for love and hunger and thinking of all the other girls who were waiting for him with their wiles.

"There was that in him that was like John Lovat, Marit, and men like them can kindle love in a woman's heart with their very smiles, just as a bit of birch bark can coax a forgotten fire to blaze again. And it's girls like you he'll be hurting without meaning to, and it's girls like her with her cold eyes he'll be thinking of all the while. Marit . . . Marit, my little one . . . there are other lads wanting to husband you, strong lads like Ola Haugen, with a *gaard* that is the envy of the county and a hillside of tall timber. When you grow older, you'll be knowing that the safe things like a hearth and a fire are more than a man's smile."

Besta's sigh contradicted her words, and Marit only buried her face the deeper in the counterpane, and her hot tears fell on the other girl's pictured face.

But later she almost forgot her fears when John came riding up the road on the roan mare. Marit clapped her hands and danced around the horse, which stared at her with mildly startled eyes.

Never had there been such excitement anywhere. John led the horse to Besta's window so that she could see, and his laugh echoed hers as she held her thin arms up in rapt wonder.

Then, after the mare was safely housed in her stall, (*Continued on page 180*)

The LADY of

The Story of a Girl For a Throne—and Changed

By E. Barrington

It was not a love-letter, God knows—and yet that morning Henry had thrust it into his breast, and he took it warm from his heart to lay it before his counsellor

"MAUD and Edith are my names," said the Princess, "and both are Saxon, and if I needed a further cause to hate the Normans, which I do not, it is that they call me Matilda! But Saxon and English I will be if the Normans leave me not so much as nine inches—the length of my foot—of English ground to stand on. What! am I not of the royalest Saxon blood, of the same stock as the great King Alfred and Edward the Confessor—and am I to listen to the boasts of the verminous Normans that overrun England feeding on the blood of my people? Thank God and our Lady I am in free Scotland, and not fettered England, and can speak my mind!"

Turgot, the priest, listened to the girl with amusement which he did not hide. He was not obliged to hide it, for the Princess Maud had been committed to his care as a child by her mother St. Margaret, the sainted Queen of Scotland. As tutor to an especially wilful child he had more than once beaten her with his own sacred hand, and many had been her meals of bread and water eaten under his austere eye. To the scowls he paid not the least attention, nor did her teeth-clenched endurance under the rod mitigate one blow of the number judged necessary. But in his heart he loved the child beyond her sister Mary, also in his care and extremely well-behaved and docile. There were times when he felt obliged to lay his hard case before the Heavenly Court of Assize, imploring the Eternal Judge to forgive his preoccupation with a little demon when he might far more Christianly have set his affections on a golden-haired cherub who was never known to have disobeyed orders.

Yet it was the rebel Maud whom he loved—Maud who never obeyed, who was more intent on catching a little, shaggy Scots pony by the mane to swing herself on his back and so away over the moors than on any prayer and book. Maud, who would keep them all hunting until she collapsed with laughter and was caught and led in to receive the attentions of the rod with a meal of bread and water to follow.

"A princess in adversity such as yours and with a royal saint for mother should set an example of piety to all!" said the good Turgot. "Consider, madam. The royal grandmother fled with her children from England where most certainly the usurper William the Conqueror would have murdered her and hers, and by God's providence her ship was driven ashore in

the ENGLISH

Who Left a Convent The Course of History

Illustrated by Elbert McGran Jackson

Scotland. And the good King Malcolm Canmore saw and pitied their sorrowful plight, and married your lovely mother—a saint indeed! Should you not be a very different girl from what I weep to see?"

Princess Maud looked at him out of eyes as blue as the ocean on a midsummer day. A Saxon beauty indeed! English to the bone. She answered, laughing:

"If God does not like me as I am, it is not my fault. You blame the potter and not the pot if it does not stand steady on its legs. How can I stand steady on legs that must always be dancing or running? Yet, Father, do you think I do not know you love me best?"

"God forgive me, I do. But that is only the sinner in me and when—"

"Never be a saint, or you and I part company!" said the inveterate Maud. "When I remember my mother! She kept the pattern of sainthood before her and stitched her copy after it like a girl at a sampler, and my poor father and ourselves were all pressed into the service of adoration."

For once the good Father Turgot was indignant with his darling.

"Princess I will not call you," he said "but rebel against all sacred things. The daughter of a saint whose virtues—"

"I have noticed," said this competent girl, "that the daughters of saints are often rebels. And that is as it should be. It holds the balance even. Now when the balance tips one way or the other, the world turns a somersault, which is not as it should be! *My* daughter shall be a saint. It is necessary, for I am a sinner!"

Father Turgot shook his head sadly. "You will never have a daughter, and that brings me to what I came to tell you. Now that your parents are dead and your father's brother has seized the throne of Scotland, he desires to be rid of you and your sister Mary. The Norman king, William Rufus, has demanded it, and the King of Scotland will not protect you."

The color fell from her bright face. She loved Scotland, and to see England under the Norman heel of the sons of William the Conqueror hurt her Saxon heart with agony like the thrust of cold steel. This was the second time the Normans had rendered her and hers homeless. It took a moment's silence to recover her courage, but presently it flashed in cold fire:

"And where will our Norman masters fling the garbage of the royal family of England?" she asked.

The good Father spoke sadly: "The

In a flash Maud tore off her veil and set her foot upon it. Her voice rang through the room and cut like a sword

Normans desire that you and your sister Mary should leave no heirs to injure their succession to the English Crown, and it is agreed that you two shall be sent to the Abbey of Romsey in England as novices. There your aunt, the Princess Christina Atheling, is Abbess of the Black Benedictines. You will be placed under that stern rule, and you will both become professed nuns when you reach the proper age. The Norman King hopes in this way to quiet the English clamor for their own royal family and to convince them that you prefer the Cross to the Crown. So I say truly you will never have a daughter."

His words are cold, written, but in reality they were warm with the kindliness and pity in his eyes. The truth is, as I have said before, he loved the ground she walked on, and could he have seen her sitting crowned as rightful Queen of England would have died for it any day and taken his chance of Purgatory. It was because she loved the old man as truly that she spoke her mind to him. With others she could be cold and silent as her mother's wonder-working image in the church near by.

"Now, Father, you challenge me," she said with a brightening eye, "and I challenge you! What will you wager that I have no daughter? It is only my will against William Rufus's—the bestial Norman! Which will you back? I *will* have a daughter. I swear it in the face of the Normans themselves!"

He threw up his hands in the necessary horror. That concession made to propriety, he lowered them and returned to the colloquial.

"My daughter, the future is black and doubtful. My own heart's desire is that you should marry a Norman prince and so unite the Conqueror's claim with the ancient right. If you did this, he would perhaps restore your brother to the Scots throne and so all be peace throughout the Island. But William Rufus is bestial, and go you must. But I will find some place within reach of you, and we will pray for better days."

"You shall pray, Father, and I will work for them."

There was a moment's silence. It grew so emphatic that Father Turgot turned and faced the Princess almost in suspense. She suddenly threw up her right hand into the air and held it palm out.

"I swear before God and His Holy Apostles that I will not be a nun— No, not if they drag me to the altar. You are my witness! May I have a thousand thousand years in Purgatory if I abase myself to the Norman will!"

SHE lowered her hand, dropped her tragedy air as suddenly as she had shown it, and said with humor: "Set a thief to catch a thief! I match myself against my Aunt Christina and the Normans, and she is worse than they. Well—when is it the Norman pleasure that we ride to Romsey?"

It was the pleasure of the usurping King of Scotland and of the Norman King William Rufus that it should be soon, and the two disinherited princesses, arrived at Romsey Abbey, were duly frozen by the icicle eye of their Abbess aunt, and jolted uneasily into the conventual routine. To Maud it was a minor hell. Every cyclone has its center, and in her case the cyclone revolved about the terrible, black horsehair veil which the Abbess with her own hands placed upon their heads and dared them to remove. Mary obeyed and went about a pale little moth in a black chrysalis-covering. When those sacred hands placed it on the head of Maud, she took it in two stalwart little hands of her own and wrenched it off, leaving her golden vine-tendrils in wild disorder, and with one foot upon it glared at her aunt and Abbess.

"You dare!" she choked out. "I tell you I will never be a nun—no, not if you beat me till my back is raw!"

The great Christina did not argue. People obeyed without argument, and if they did not she had other means. A stalwart nun of peasant extraction was called and, not unaided, administered a discipline to the Princess not more minutely to be described than in her words above. She took it in grim silence. The Abbess replaced the veil, and the moment her back was turned, it is the solemn, historical truth that Maud danced upon it with language at which history blushes and passes mutely on.

THE years slipped by. The Abbess was promoted to the great Abbey of Wilton near the royal city of Winchester. Never was conventual rule so strict, never were the Normans so soundly hated as in Wilton. Never were two princesses in a fairy-tale more rated and driven by any cruel witch than the unhappy Maud and Mary. Maud found her sole joy in her books and teachers, her sole hope the steady growth of a secret purpose in her heart. But of that she spoke to no one now.

Time went by. It was a heavenly day in October. Not a russet leaf fluttered to its fall, and no bird sang. It was early morning and silent—the earth's orisons not yet finished. The Princess had walked (with her veil flung over her arm) through the abbey garden under apple trees stripped of fruit but still lovely with the red leaves, through the herb and flower garden tended by chaste hands, and she had now come to the forbidden door in the wall leading to the vast forest outside. It was kept locked with a great, hidden key and their aunt's lips had tightened and her frown blackened as she spoke of the Normans who haunted those glades for hunting even within the convent acreage. They were clad in green. They carried bows and arrows. They rode swift horses who would make nothing of a shrieking maiden bound behind the rider. And they had the glance and gaiety that appeal to all that is sinful in the heart of a woman. Well might the key be massive!

The Princess Maud arrived at the gate, remembered these warnings, and despised them. She sighed, and in sighing her eye fell on a hole in the wall and in it—the key. The Abbess said afterward that the Father of Lies had undoubtedly placed it where a kindred eye would catch it.

Let us do Maud the justice to say that she put on her black envelope before she applied the key to the lock and, looking cautiously through the slits, turned it. It revolved as smoothly as infernal keys have always done. She locked it behind her and stood in a woodland glade where a few innocent gray rabbits hopped in peace. The glades, sparkling with dew on the russet leaves, were peaceful as the glades of Paradise.

Where could be the harm in a thickly veiled religious taking a few steps into the loveliness of the free world?

She walked with resolution down the glade for at least twenty minutes, rounded a great oak, and came upon a man sitting beneath it notching an arrow with diligence. His unstrung bow lay across his knees.

He heard her black robe rustle among the rosy carpet of leaves and saw a grave religious advancing. He sprang to his feet, snatched off his cap of green, and bowed deeply. To be courteous to any religious was an easy short-cut to heaven's favor. He addressed her in Norman-French of the purest mixture of French and Danish—and as *"Ma mère."* The Princess Maud bowed also.

He was tall and extremely well formed, and the low morning sun shot an arrow through the glades that lit gold in his brown, curling hair. His eyes were brown as the forest pool by the oak and gay with quick-witted glances. Instinctively Maud hunched her shoulders under her black. In that young man's company fifty years would be a much-needed fence. She could not jar the young silver of her voice with age's quaver, but she could do her best to appear an old woman otherwise, and did. She bowed again and turned toward the Abbey. The young man carelessly, as it were, placed himself in her way.

"Ma mère, I see you are a nun of the Black Benedictines of Wilton Abbey. May I ask three questions of your sanctity? If I say I have left the hunt and sat here three days in succession in hopes of seeing some person connected with the Abbey, you will believe I am in earnest."

His voice was extremely pleasant to the ear, deep and with possibilities of hidden laughter. Keeping her young hands hidden in the great, dropping sleeves, Maud of Scotland began to enjoy herself. A breeze of youth went singing down the glade and stirred the young leaves of her heart. But she only bowed in silence. He looked embarrassed—for a moment.

"Madam, I am a squire attached to the train of Prince Henry, son of William the Conqueror of England, and brother to the present King William, known as Rufus from his ugly red head. My master Prince Henry is a fighting man, but he is also extremely learned in all the arts and sciences. And because he is thus a learned young gentleman (though a fighter and a huntsman) we Norman-French call him Henry Beauclerc."

UNDER her veil Maud's heart beat quicker. Could it be possible that Providence had played traitor to Aunt Christina and had lured her through the locked door for its own wise purposes? She bowed in silence, but her supple body listened; her expression was all ears and eyes beneath her veil.

The young man went on cheerily: "Madam, you have in Wilton Abbey the heiress (on the English side) of the Crown of England. If my master has a curiosity on earth it is to know what that demoiselle is like? First question: Dark or fair? Willow or scrub? Second question: Is she skilled in the arts and sciences or a niminy-piminy doll? Third question, dependent on the others: Is she a charmer of hearts? For it is possible to have beauty, grace, and knowledge (*Continued on page 255*)

A girl in black with the morning sun tangled in the tendrils of her hair till they gleamed like a saint's aureole stood staring at the door with clasped hands . .

"I shall show you that whether or not you begin as a boy or a girl as a juvenile delinquent and perhaps wind up in the penitentiary depends immensely on what part of the city you live in"

CHEATED CHILDREN

By Albert Edward Wiggam

YOUR Honor and Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury:

You have heard the evidence for the prosecution. You have before you the case of the people of Illinois *vs.* this boy Tony, aged nineteen, and his two pals, William and Joseph, each aged eighteen. The indictment charges that these three boys held up the proprietor of a fruit store in the Loop district of your city of Chicago, and robbed the cash box of one hundred dollars. Since these boys have no money and their parents have none, the Court has appointed me as counsel for their defense. I gladly assume the responsibility with which the Court has honored me.

Now, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you have sworn before God and man to consider the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in order to secure justice for Tony, William, and Joseph. You will admit that in doing this, it is your bounden duty to consider every possible circumstance that could in any way enter into the alleged misconduct of these boys. And remember you are not acting for these boys only, but for the boys of the whole city and of the nation. You are, for the moment, the guardians and trustees of all boys and girls everywhere, and they are pleading with you not to give them what they call a "bum rap" or, as you and I would express it, to give them a square deal.

The learned District Attorney has summed up for you what he calls the "facts" in the case. It is true he has related to you a number of occurrences which are said to have taken place *at the time of the entry* of the fruit store by these boys and of their appropriating the money. But do these constitute the real facts that you should consider in order to arrive at justice?

I expect to prove that he has not given you a thousandth part of the facts which you must take into account if you are to give these three boys a genuinely square deal.

In order to bring out what some of these deeper facts are which the District Attorney has entirely overlooked, let us admit at the beginning, for the sake of argument, that Tony, William, and Joseph did conspire together to commit this crime. In such an event it is, of course, a natural impulse of human nature that our first thought should be punishment, the thought which seems to have entirely dominated the District Attorney's mind. Until recently this attitude toward crime has dominated the whole world, and I regret that the District Attorney has expended so much energy and eloquence in setting forth this point of view.

But I am sure, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you are not going to permit his eloquence to mislead you. You are fair-minded men and women; I am glad to learn that a number of you have boys and girls of your own. Yet I fear the adroitness of his appeal may, notwithstanding all your education and fairness of mind, lead you into the same profound mental error into which the mind of the prosecution has fallen. It is precisely the same error that

EVERY CITY IN THE LAND IS MAKING CRIMINALS

Of Children Who Would be Good if They Had a Chance

has, until recently, blinded the minds of the entire public with reference to the causes and treatment of crime. That error is this: you are likely to compare your life, your notions of right and wrong, your idea's, your schooling, your family, your neighborhood, and what the neighbors expect of you in the way of right conduct, with the lives, notions, and ideas of these boys. If you do this, you are going to give them a "bum rap" indeed. You have not considered the real facts at issue at all.

For, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I am going to show you that the reason you are today in the jury box while these boys are before you on trial is largely because you have each lived in different parts of Chicago. I shall show you by massive evidence, collected by your ablest students of social science, that if you had lived where these boys have lived and they had lived where you do, it is quite probable that some of you would be here on trial and these boys would be in the jury box trying to decide what to do with you. I shall show you that whether or not you begin as a boy or a girl as a juvenile delinquent and perhaps wind up in the penitentiary depends immensely upon what part of Chicago you live in.

And I do not think that Chicago is any exception in this matter. I believe the same thing is true in every city of the world. I believe it is true of every man and every woman, that his conduct, his notions of right and wrong, depends—to an extent we have not heretofore appreciated—upon what his neighbors expect him to do, upon the kind of gossip and talk about what is right and wrong that goes on about him, upon how his neighbors have likewise been educated as to what is "good" and what is "bad" human conduct. I shall show you that crime on the one hand or good citizenship on the other hand is, to an almost unbelievable extent, a real estate proposition —a matter of good homes and bad homes, a matter of unified, logical community life, or of chaotic, disorganized community life.

In order to prove these statements, I shall submit documents prepared by your social students which, I think, will prove conclusively that crime is largely a *cultural pattern*, a thing that boys and girls learn just as you men learned baseball or marbles, or as you women learned styles of dress, the kind of manners that were proper for your dances and parties, and your general ideals of approved social conduct.

Some ten years ago one of your ablest sociologists, Dr. Clifford R. Shaw, of the Institute for Juvenile Research of your city, which under the leadership of your distinguished State Criminologist, Dr. Herman M. Adler, has become the foremost institution for the scientific study of juvenile delinquency in the world, began to collect the home addresses of your juvenile delinquents and criminals.

In 1926 your citizens, among whom were policemen, social workers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and people of most modest means, raised a sum of money for scientific research into human behavior, known as the Behavior Research Fund. This was given to Doctor Shaw to forward his work, and he has plotted out on a series of maps the home addresses of sixty thousand school truants, juvenile delinquents, and adult offenders, covering a period of thirty years!

This enormous research does vast honor to your city. Nobody ever knew before precisely where all these vast numbers of maladjusted people lived and how they lived. Summing it up, these students have found that fifteen percent of your truants, delinquents, and criminals have lived in one half of your city's area while eighty-five percent have lived in the other half. Nobody ever knew (*Continued on page 241*)

"Crime on the one hand or good citizenship on the other hand is, to an almost unbelievable extent, a real estate proposition—a matter of good homes or bad"

When you put people previously good into bad homes, you tend to make them bad; and when you put people previously bad into good homes, you tend powerfully to make them good

Once There Was a Happy Family—

And Then Came

The DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

I KNEW that my friend, Mr. Massey, of Logansville, Illinois, had been altering and enlarging his summer cottage at Mary's Neck on the New England coast, and also that he had been putting in quite a little time in his new motor-boat, so I was not surprised by his failure to drop in upon me at Cobble Reef during the whole of August. After a morning call he paid me in the early part of July I did not see him again until an afternoon in September almost at the end of the summer cottaging season; then he found me fishing in the sunshine from an abandoned wharf and settled himself down beside me comfortably with his back against a pile of forgotten, gray, old planks.

"I certainly have been having a time of it since I saw you last!" he said, and thereupon began a narrative to the whole of which I listened with my usual interest in any and all of his experiences.

I DON'T think it would have happened [Mr. Massey began] if we hadn't enlarged the living room of our cottage. Of course my daughter Enid's intellectuality was the primary cause of this thing's occurring, as you might say; but if we hadn't extended the living room thirty feet out into the yard, her intellectuality wouldn't have been stimulated to bring about the results it did, or perhaps I ought to say it wouldn't have found room to produce them in. She and Clarissa certainly proved what large architectural ideas they have. Mrs. Massey was pretty well concentrated outdoors, satisfying an ambition she'd always had for a real garden, and that left me at the mercy, as you might say, of our two daughters. They'd been reading a good deal about interiors, looking at pictures and so on, and what proved unfortunate for me in the argument was the fact that the two of them had a unanimous idea for a living room exactly sixty feet long.

Enid's nature is serious and artistic, and when she gets an idea in her head, she nearly always carries it out

I think likely Clarissa's notion was that in rainy weather, if they had to stay indoors, she could keep her own set of young people kind of segregated at one end from Enid's at the other, because the two girls have such different tastes, Clarissa being more merely flirtatious, you might put it. On the other hand, Enid's nature is so serious and artistic I doubt if she ever wasted a thought on the mere sociable intercourse for which a room of that size could be used. After it was finished, along toward the end of July, the first thing I heard her saying about it was, in kind of a musing tone,

"Absolutely perfect for lectures and readings!"

It upset me a good deal, right there, because when Enid gets an idea in her head she nearly always carries it out, or at any rate gives it a good try.

Of course, the carpenters barely got out before two saxophone players, a drum artist, and a piano player walked in. Enid conceded this much to Clarissa, and upstairs Mrs. Massey and I had a night I'd almost as soon have spent at the dentist's; but the next day at lunch it began to seem to me that maybe trying to sleep above a jazz orchestra mightn't be the worst thing that could happen to a father. Enid said the cottagers at Mary's Neck let their minds stagnate all summer long because all anybody offered them was mere entertainment and nothing cultural. Yet there were plenty of people in the place who sought deeper things in life than just golf and bridge and jazz and motor-boating, she told us, and she went on to say that if a living room like our new one were put to use as a cultural stimulant and center, the idle life of the summer would be greatly enriched culturally. What made me all the more uneasy was her mentioning that a party we were going to

"This is the exquisite ceremonial caldron," said Dr. Gilmerding. "I shall hold it so that all may see the perfect neo-primitive motives"

By

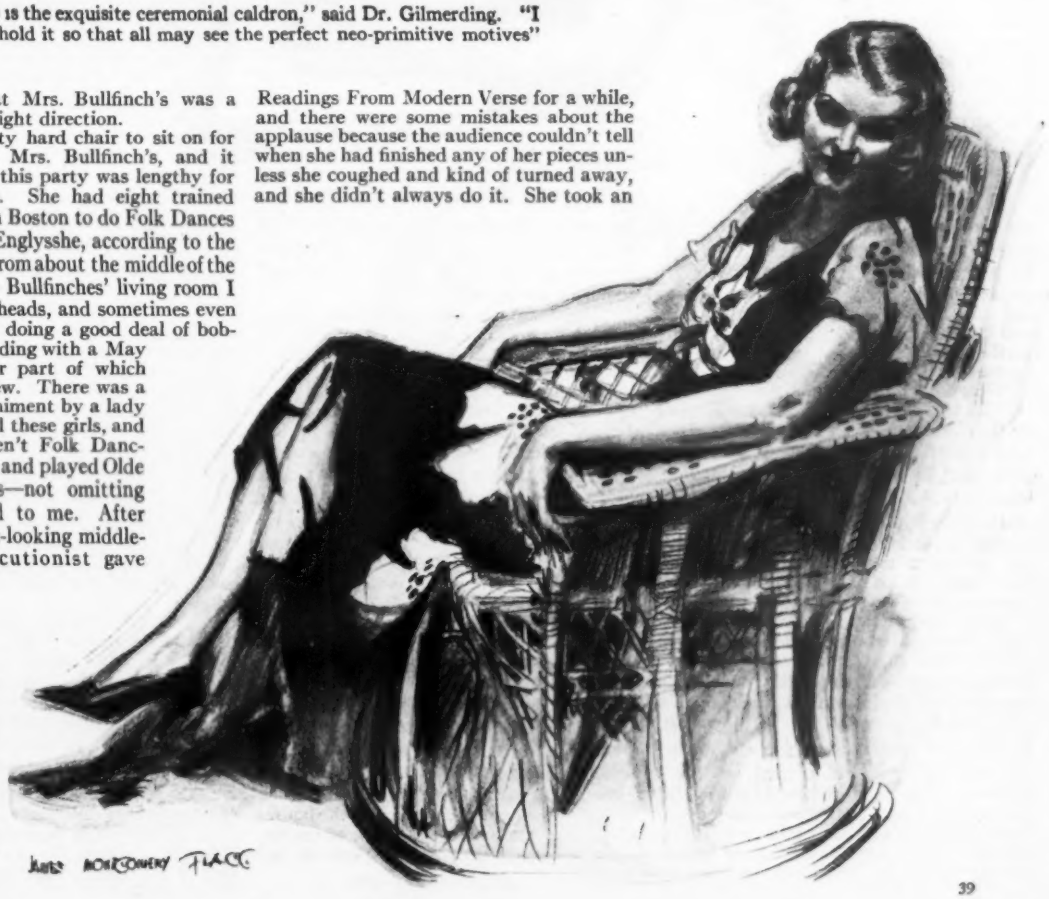
BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

that evening at Mrs. Bullfinch's was a gesture in the right direction.

I had a pretty hard chair to sit on for three hours at Mrs. Bullfinch's, and it struck me that this party was lengthy for a mere gesture. She had eight trained young girls from Boston to do Folk Dances —mostly Olde Englysshe, according to the program—and from about the middle of the audience in the Bullfinches' living room I could see their heads, and sometimes even their shoulders, doing a good deal of bobbing around, ending with a May Pole, the upper part of which was in plain view. There was a violin accompaniment by a lady who had trained these girls, and when they weren't Folk Dancing she stood up and played Olde Englysshe Aires—not omitting any, it seemed to me. After that, an intense-looking middle-aged lady elocutionist gave Readings From Modern Verse for a while, and there were some mistakes about the applause because the audience couldn't tell when she had finished any of her pieces unless she coughed and kind of turned away, and she didn't always do it. She took an encore, because the audience wanted to show the Bullfinches they were appreciative and thought it couldn't last much longer anyway; but this was an error on our part that we had to pay for, because she brightened up and said she would render some old favorites. She recited "Genevra," "How We Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and one I used to hear pretty often in my youth about Down on the Rio Grande, and Life and Love and Lasker.

Enid had a talk with this lady, I noticed later during refreshments, and at breakfast next morning said she'd got some splendid addresses from her—lecturers and readers and so on—that she was going to write to before making a selection.



Clarissa's tastes are more merely flirtatious, and the carpenters had hardlywalked out of the house before a piano player walked in

I had a conversation with her mother privately, after we left the table, and she was a little severe with me, telling me I mustn't make objections. Enid was at an age when serious young people are pretty sensitive about being interfered with, Mrs. Massey said, and had a perfect right to carry out her plans. I'd undergone a whole night over jazz for Clarissa's sake, Mrs. Massey reminded me, so I might at least bear an evening of culture for Enid's, and, as the matter was practically settled anyhow, it would be more graceful on my part to wear a pleasanter expression when Enid talked about it.

Well, having no option, I tried to do it. The mail brought Enid a good many pamphlets and circulars from lecturers, readers, vocalists, quartettes and other cultural leaders; she talked these over with her mother, and Mrs. Massey told me it was touching to see how determined Enid was to maintain her economic independence and do the whole thing, except the refreshments and invitations, out of her regular allowance. Most of the prices for an evening of music, literature, or science were too high for her; but she finally had one circular that both delighted her intellectually and fell within her economic powers. Mrs. Massey told me it was a lecture on the Ceramics, Basketwork and Tribal Life of the Ogilluwayas.

"Who?" I asked her.

"The Ogilluwayas," she told me. "They're probably the most interesting of all Indian tribes, Enid says. Dr. Gilmerding is the expert on them. He gives an exhibition of their earthenware art and basketwork along with the lecture, and Enid's specially delighted because the whole thing's only seventy-five dollars and expenses.

"He's a doctor?" I asked her.

"Not the kind that practises. His name on the circular is A. S. Folstner Gilmerding, with things like A.B. and so forth after it that Enid says means we must call him 'Doctor.' She's arranged for him to come on the fifteenth of August and asked me to look after getting the invitations engraved and sent out to practically everybody. She's having a lot of perfectly healthy excitement out of it, so you mustn't spoil it."

I said I'd try not to, and I certainly did my best. On the afternoon of the fifteenth, the Mary's Neck village undertaker filled our living-room with rows of the same hard-hearted little chairs Mary's Neck had sat on at Mrs. Bullfinch's, and along about five Enid drove off in our big, open touring-car with the chauffeur to meet Dr. A. S. Folstner Gilmerding at the station. Her mother and I were sitting at a window upstairs, about half an hour later, when they arrived. There were a number of bulky-looking things in coffee-sacking piled up around the chauffeur in front, and more of them in the tonneau, so that Enid and the lecturer seemed to be quite a good deal scrouged for room.

Mrs. Massey and Clarissa had note paper and pencils, and Dr. Gilmerding had begun to teach them the Ogilluwaya sign language. He called me, but I said I had to go upstairs a minute

"Those are the art exhibition," Mrs. Massey informed me. "It's the ceramics and basketwork. I do hope they get them into the house safely."

Enid got out, looking flushed and keyed up, and then Dr. Gilmerding unwormed himself from among the coffee-sacking and followed her. He was a tall, pale, limber-appearing, middle-aged man, with a thin mustache, not much chin, nose-glasses, and a kind of eager, absent-minded expression, although those terms seem to be contradictory. He had on skimpy-looking clothes which I judged were from three different suits, and the first thing he took out of the car was a smallish valise.

"What's he doing with that?" I asked Mrs. Massey. "You gave me your word Enid was going to have him stay at the hotel."

"Oh, yes, certainly," she told me. "It probably has some of the more fragile ceramics in it that he wants to bring in, himself. As soon as they get the rest of the exhibition out of the car and into the house, she'll take him on to the hotel, of course. Stop worrying, because it's perfectly all right."

Enid had Zebias Flick, our handyman, and Mr. Sweetmus, the gardener, waiting to help, and they began to carry the coffee-sacks into the cottage; but Enid and Dr. Gilmerding walked up the path and disappeared from our view under the roof of the front porch, and then we heard their voices down in the hall below, Enid's sounding excited and deferential. Pretty soon Clarissa slid into the room where her mother and I were looking out of the window; she'd been hanging over the stairway rail and listening, but had to give that up because Annie, the housemaid, was bringing Dr. Gilmerding upstairs, she said.

"Upstairs?" I asked her. "What do you mean? Enid gave your mother her word she'd arrange for him to stay at the hotel—"

"She did!" Clarissa told us. "She expected him to; but I guess she forgot to mention it in her letters. Anyhow I could tell from her voice that she's so excited she's rattled. As soon as they came in, I heard him tell her he'd like to go to his room, and she just didn't seem to know how to say he wasn't intended to stay here. He said he'd like to have a room where he could get at his ceramics as quickly as possible, in case of fire, because they are priceless, and of course she saw that he had no idea of anything except staying here. So

she told Annie to take him up to the Blue Room." Clarissa peeked out of the door. "Anyhow he's there now, and I guess Papa'll have to stand it."

She gave one of those taunting giggles that daughters do sometimes and I was looking at her for it, when something happened downstairs. We could hear Zebias Flick and Mr. Sweetmus stomping across the floor to put the ceramics and basket works on a long table Enid had fixed for the exhibition, and, being outdoor men and not used to ceramics, they made a good deal of noise. All of a sudden there was a fatal kind of earthenware crash; Clarissa had the door open now, and I heard Enid give a choked outcry, and Mr. Sweetmus saying, "Well, I declare! well, well, well!" kind of meditatively. Dr. Gilmerding didn't appear to have heard anything, his door remaining closed; but I went down stairs and found Enid driving Mr. Sweetmus out of the house and telling him, in a hushed, fierce voice, never to come into it again. Clarissa and her mother had run down ahead of me and were trying to pacify her.

"It's only one of those bum-looking baked clay kind of red kettles with some terrible-looking black zigzags on it," Clarissa told her. "I'll send Zebias down to the drug store in the car for some of that new patent cement and have it fixed up within half an hour so that Dr. Gilmerding'll never know it, or scarcely know it anyhow. Probably he'll never notice it, so stop your worrying!"

Her mother was telling her much the same thing at the same time in the same urgent kind of whispering, and Enid was taking on about Mr. Sweetmus in the same kind of voice. So I didn't have to speak very loudly in order to make myself heard.

"Look here!" I said pretty sternly. "I've consented to undergo the lecture and the art exhibition and I haven't uttered a word of objection, no matter what I've been feeling; but now, the way you've got it fixed, he's not only going to be here for the lecture, but for dinner, and expects to stay right here in the house overnight and probably for breakfast, too. I'd like to know what train tomorrow—"

At this they all three turned on me as if I were some kind of object they couldn't believe existed.

"Good heavens!" Enid said, and she stamped her foot. "At a time like this! Haven't I got enough on my hands? Have I got to stop and explain that I expected him to go to the hotel, but it's an honor for you to have as distinguished a man as that in your house. Your own gardener has just utterly smashed a ceramic he'd hardly finished telling me was absolutely priceless, and now *you* come to me—*you* who—"

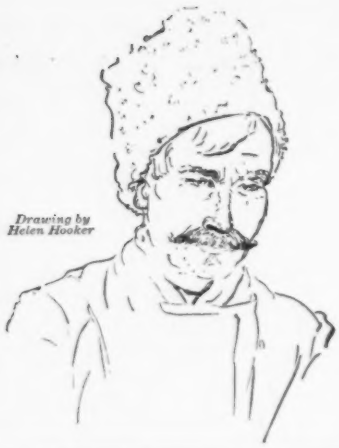
Well, that's all I stayed to hear. She seemed to be agitated, and her mother and sister had a strong appearance of agreeing with her, so I didn't wait for her to follow up "you who" with any historical facts. I just quietly strolled upstairs to my own room and smoked until it was time to get into my celebration clothes for the party. I'd got 'em on and started another cigar when Mrs. Massey looked in and asked me how long I was going to keep dinner waiting, because it had to be early.

"See here," I told her. "There's only one thing to do: we've got to ask him what he means by 'priceless.' We're responsible for getting that ceramic broken, and we've got to pay for it."

She put on one of her worst expressions right away. "For heaven's sake," she said, "don't distress Enid any more than you already have! With the whole responsibility for the evening's success on her shoulders, how much more do you think the child can stand? She said herself that if you took the accident as a mere question of dollars and cents she'd simply go crazy. What upset her so terribly was the mortification of letting a priceless work of Indian art get broken and thinking what Dr. Gilmerding would feel about her if he knew it. It's all right now if you don't interfere, because when Clarissa was mending it she found it had been broken before, and she's got the new fractures cemented so neatly that you can hardly see where they happened. Please try to spare Enid any more suffering over it and be a little tactful, if you can!"

It's curious, but tactfulness is a quality my family always (*Continued on page 190*)

The lower half of the ceremonial caldron dropped into Mr. Carmichael's lap first, and from there to the floor, because Mr. Carmichael didn't show any presence of mind



Drawing by Helen Hooker

Two Girls Set Out to See Ikons — And End Up As

Prisoners of the Cheka in RED RUSSIA

A sketch of the Cossack who drove the author and her sister under arrest to Soviet headquarters. At right, Ikon of the Virgin of Bogoliubov, sold them by a museum

EARLY in the morning I was up and out. It was heavenly to be in the sun again.

We visited the cathedral by daylight to enjoy its frescoes and shrines from the artistic point of view. It was the most sumptuous interior I had seen in all Russia. A little gray nun was in charge. She had been in the Pokrovski convent until it was closed. We asked about the priest who had conducted the much-disturbed service a few days before, and told her what a sympathetic personality we had found him.

"Why don't you go to see him? He is so kind and would love to receive two foreigners," she said.

We decided to go, and she made a rendezvous for us at eight o'clock that evening.

I tuned up my camera and started off to photograph everything in sight. We walked down to the prison at the edge of the village. However grim it may be inside, the outside is a glorious sight. There are several churches inside, but the crimson walls, the white battlements, hid them from view. The red entrance tower was frosted with white arches and trimmings. Helen gave a pleased whistle and lost no time in taking out her sketch pad.

Soldiers were buzzing about and looked at us curiously. I took pictures conspicuously as I did not wish to appear to be doing it on the sly.

A soldier shook his finger at me. "*Nelzya!* (Mustn't do it!)" he said.

I carried on a bit in my simple way and thought I had got away with it.

He asked Helen who she was and what she was doing. She told him, but he thought it queer. He said nothing more and walked on; so did we.

We walked back in the shadow of the red battlements, and wondered about the people inside.

For a convalescent I was being pretty energetic, but could not bear to leave a stone of Suzdal unexamined.

We were leaving at the crack of dawn next day and hoped to catch the noon train from Vladimir to Moscow. I trembled at the thought of a bath. What did our friends in Moscow think had happened to us? We were expected to lunch with the Finnish Minister three days before. The wires were down, and we could not communicate with him.

One of the photographs —the Rizopolozhensky

By

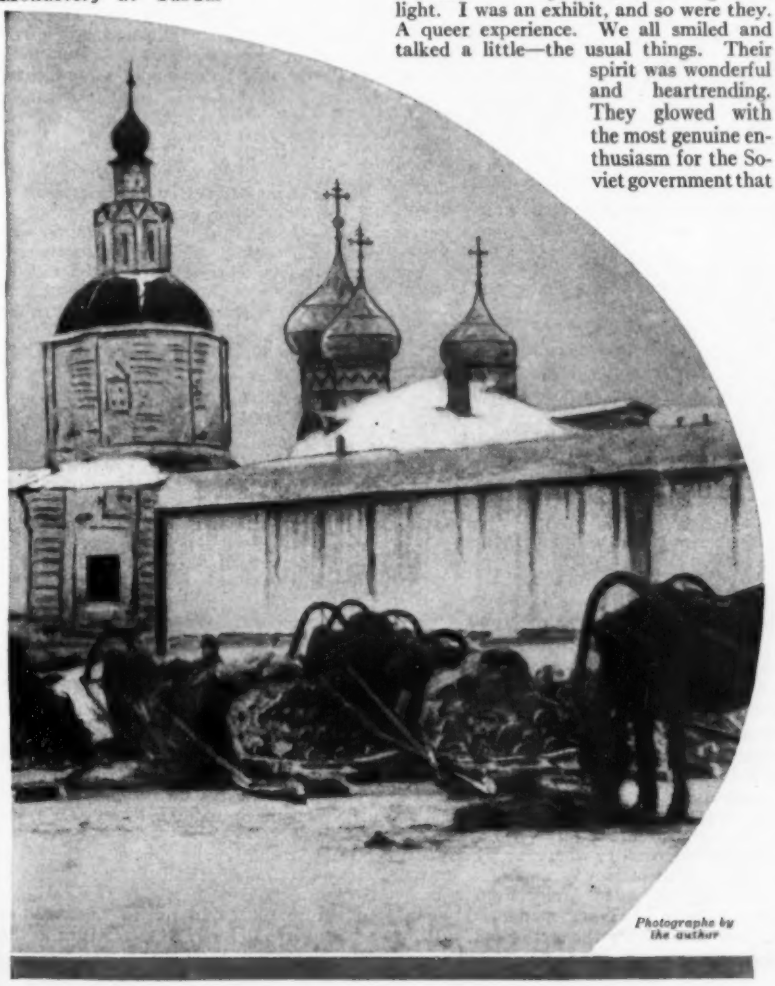
Adelaide Hooker

The Spassa - Yefimsky Monastery at Suzdal converted into a prison. "Why did the citizenesses paint and photograph the prison?" the secret police asked

I went to the Red Army Home. This is a new building, but I think they caught some old air somewhere and let it loose in there when the building was opened. I went into only one room, where four soldiers were sitting on their cots. They were in uniform, one of quite a high rank. He was dumb. Shell-shock, I imagine. One had both legs gone. One was entirely bedridden, and the fourth had half of his face shot away. It was ghastly. There was no furniture in the room. The man who took me up brought a stool, placed it in the center of the room, and motioned me toward it. He pointed to me and said to the men by way of explanation, "*Amerikanka!*" He picked up a pail of water from the corner of the room and walked out.

There was only one candle to give us light. I was an exhibit, and so were they. A queer experience. We all smiled and talked a little—the usual things. Their spirit was wonderful and heartrending. They glowed with the most genuine enthusiasm for the Soviet government that I had heard in all the six months I was in Russia. They lived in a condition which we would consider squalid, and had nothing but the deepest appreciation for it. Their bodies had been broken and torn in the service of an ideal, and now they were reaping the benefits therefrom. But what benefits!

confiscated by the Cheka
Monastery at Suzdal



Photographs by the author

They hoped we would soon be rid of our Capitalist slavery so that our wounded soldiers would also be cared for. I had to smile inwardly. My usual patriotic eagle began to flap his wings, but I calmed him. If a world of illusion and misinformation could keep these pathetic creatures happy, who was I to prick the bubble? I only hoped that all the veterans were as happy as these. If they are, it is one more proof how much more satisfying is a life wrapped in idealism than one of materialism. And yet, paradoxically, materialism is the Bolshevik ideal!

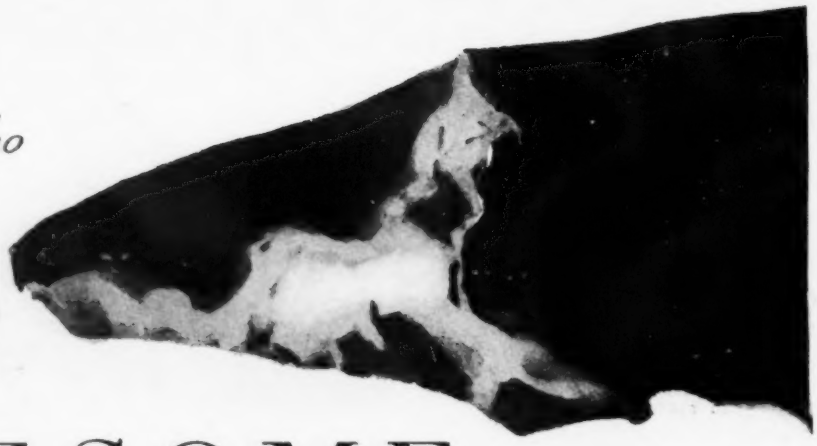
I rose to leave and shook hands all around. The dumb officer, who had several medals, clicked his heels and bowed. His eyes said what his tongue could not.

I met Helen, and we went to our rendezvous with the Archiyerei. We hoped no one followed us, as Russians who are not Communists are sometimes nervous about visits from foreigners. It often means a visit from the G.P.U. afterward. Several people in Moscow begged us never to telephone from the hotel, because they did not want it recorded that they had even been called by foreigners. It does make one feel rather like forbidden fruit or a secret sin.

The Archiyerei opened his door and welcomed us in. He was a tall, gaunt man with gray-streaked hair hanging about the shoulders of his long, black robe. His black eyes were sunken deep in his cheeks, and though he smiled in a friendly manner, he was subconsciously apprehensive. He asked us to be seated, and if there was anything he could do for us. We were interested in the Russian Church, I said, and had so enjoyed his beautiful service that we wanted to call and talk to him.

I think it was as painful a visit as I have ever made. He never quite trusted us and was very guarded in his answers to our questions. It is hard to talk for the Church without talking against the Government. Accordingly our interview was most unsatisfactory. He was fidgety and ill at ease every minute and asked us eagerly about Christianity in (*Continued on page 228*)

The Story Of a Man Who Had to Go All the Way to



LONESOME RIVER

To Find His Own Soul

Why Dick Came to Lonesome River

IT WAS a pay-ward case in a small Seattle hospital, and Dr. Richard Grant was in attendance. As the anesthetist was fitting the mask, the patient spoke,

"Dr. Grant?"

"Yes?"

"Don't let me die. There's something I've got to do. I just can't die until I've gone up there and helped 'em all I can—"

"I'll do everything possible," Grant answered.

In record time the work was finished. The man, who had given his name as William Johnson, had received a knife-wound in a gambling brawl. The operation was a last desperate effort to save his life.

For thirty-six hours William Johnson fought death bravely, but it was hopeless.

The second night after the operation his brain cleared. Dr. Grant was with him, alone. The dying man's voice came clear and level in the hushed room.

"I've got a feeling that I'm not going to pull through. Sis and Dad will wait by the landing, and I won't ever come."

"We'll pull you through if it's possible," said Dick Grant, "but it's always best to be prepared. Is there anything you want done in case you don't get well."

"The most you can do for me is give me a decent burial and write a letter to my folks explaining why I can't come. . . . My real name is Richard Foster. . . . My father lives in Alaska, at Lonesome River. I haven't seen him since I was ten. . . . My mother and he separated, and he took my sister north with him. . . . Since Mother died we've been writing, and he sent me a thousand to come on. . . . There's a fortune waiting for me. . . . They wouldn't even know me. I'd have to tell them who I am. But Dad hasn't forgotten his little boy, and Sis hasn't forgotten her big brother."

The shadows were darker on the boy's face. "I'm going, Doc," he whispered. "Goodby, little sister Molly. Goodby, Dad. Goodby, Dick."

That he called the Doctor by his first name was probably only the last vagary of a dying brain, but to Dick Grant it seemed profoundly significant. Suddenly he knew beyond reason or thought, that this man's death would change all the current of his life.

In the suitcase in the closet were the dead man's papers—his ticket to Alaska—letters from the father and sister he had not seen for twenty years.

Four days later, Dick Grant, every identifying trace of his past life erased, set sail for Alaska on Dick Foster's tickets, to claim Dick Foster's fortune.

The long voyage gave him time to think—to perfect himself in his difficult part. But in spite of his determination his pulses beat fast when he reached the landing.

A girl came to meet him. "Dick?" she asked breathlessly.

He took a certain foolish satisfaction in the fact that his first words to her need not be a lie. "Yes, I'm Dick."

She kissed him with exquisite tenderness, then almost dragged him up the bank to meet her father. Dick had no need to fear detection. These people were too happy to see him to be suspicious.

On the long ride to their home his masquerade was threatened only once—when an accident of the trail disclosed the fact that Molly's father was a doctor. He must be doubly careful now, not to disclose his own medical knowledge.

Soon Dick knew the answer to both the questions he had pondered over. The treasure Dick Foster had spoken of was furs—the toll of twenty years medical practice in a country where fur is currency. And the need of him was manifest on the day when he saved Molly from a murderous attack by a liquor-maddened Indian. Liquor was ruining the settlement, tearing down Dr. Foster's life work.

Copyright, 1930, by Edison Marshall

Molly's father was urging her marriage to Stephen Hathaway, the trader at the settlement. His ill-health made him wish to see her settled in life, and he trusted Stephen as he trusted Dick. But Dick soon knew that Stephen was a conscienceless adventurer, worse than himself.

CHAPTER VIII

DICK could see plainly now. If there was such a thing as retribution in this world, Molly would be the agent of it. If she found him out, she probably would not prosecute him in the courts, or try to bring harm to him in any way, yet she would punish him as he had never dreamed he could be punished in this world or the next.

Why should he care so much? Certainly he was not in love with Molly. He had committed his share of folly in his lifetime, but he did not think he was fool enough to fall in love with the absolute unattainable. Molly thought that she was his sister. As long as she thought so, she would give him only a sister's love. If she ever learned the truth, she could not bear him in her sight. Yet her love for him gave his life new meaning. It meant more than anything he had ever imagined; more than he could tell. It went down into his body and reached his very soul.

She must never know that he was a fake, even after his purpose was accomplished. Therefore he must plan his exit from the scene in such a way that she could retain a happy memory of him. Perhaps he would go on a journey, and word would come back of his drowning in some far sea. Then, resuming his own name, he could make a home in a foreign land, far from these ranges.

In the meantime he must play the game with all the cunning and care he possessed. No more could he regard it as a thrilling adventure: the stakes were too high. What a hard game it was! At every turn in the trail, it seemed, there was a trap for him.

For a few long, tense silent seconds Dick held aim, until the wolf's eyes opened up again still in his line of fire. With a steady finger he pressed the trigger

By
Edison Marshall

Illustrated by Dan Content

Hardly a week later an incident occurred that might easily have spelled disaster. In rearranging the contents of his trunk, he had uncovered his small doctor's kit; impelled by some strange whim he had taken it out to look at it, try the edge of the knives, and feel again the familiar tools in his hand. He was just closing the kit when Molly burst into the room. Busy with some household task, she had not stopped to knock.

"I didn't know you were here, Dick," she began. Instantly her sharp eyes fell on the little black case. "What is that?"

He cursed the day he had brought it. Why had he not thrown such an incriminating article into the sea? He knew why—because he was a doctor in spite of himself, and his professional habits had been too strong to break.

"I'll let you guess," he said, smiling.

"One—two—three—four—five," the soothsayer counted slowly. "Five little smokes curling up to sky. But when spring come we only four. One of us fade away"

He was playing for time and would take his cue from her next words.

"It looks like a doctor's satchel."

"That's exactly what it is. Have you any idea what I'm going to do with it?"

"I can't possibly imagine."

"I got it as a present for Father." The words flowed forth easily now. "I think I'll give it to him on Christmas."

"How thoughtful you are, Dick! It's a wonderful gift. What are the initials R.G. on the case?"

"The initials of the doctor from whom I got it. It's a fine set, Molly—small and compact, probably much better than Father's old one. Incidentally it's not a bad thing for any one to carry in these wilds—it has ligatures and other emergency equipment. Until I give it to him, I think I'll pack it around myself."

"I think you're the most wonderful son that any father could want." Molly hugged him ecstatically. "I won't breathe a word about it to any one."

So the day was saved. Not a shadow of suspicion flitted across Molly's mind. In a way Dick was glad that the incident had occurred, because from now on he need not hide the kit from Molly. When they rode abroad, he could carry it in his packsack and not deny his strange, childish, almost irresistible desire to keep it always in reach. On the other hand his confidence had been severely shaken. No doubt there would be other close calls in the future: one of them he might not survive. It was only too apparent that he was skating on thin ice.

Only a few nights later the ice creaked and cracked again. This crisis rose without warning, on a chill September evening when Stephen was Molly's guest for dinner.

After the meal, when Dick, Stephen, and the Fosters were seated about the fireplace, some one brought up the subject of ghosts. It was a fitting night for ghost stories. Winter was on the march; his scouts were riding hard. The wind moaned in the spruce trees; a cold, driving rain, half-sleet, beat at the windows.

After Doctor Foster had told a weird tale of old Nome, Molly jumped up with shining eyes.

"I'm going to the kitchen and ask Needa to come in here," she said. "She's always at her best on a night like this."

Dick stirred uneasily. He had always feared the deep, occult eyes of the old Indian woman. "What do you want her to do?"

"I want her to tell your fortune. She's wonderful, when conditions are favorable for her. I think she's a real medium."

Dick did not believe in mediums, yet he had no desire to challenge Needa, and when Molly vanished through the kitchen door, he felt a distinct warning of danger.

But it was too late to protest. Molly reappeared, leading the old squaw by the hand. Dick's only consolation was that he was not alone in his misery. Stephen's handsome, bronzed face wore a look of dismay: plainly he, too, harbored secrets he did not wish revealed.

"I think this is childish," Stephen said sourly. "Molly, take the old woman back."

"It's childish, but it is astonishing just the same," Foster replied. "No one with a clear conscience can possibly object to a little fortune-telling. It looks bad, Stephen, for you to protest."

He was jesting, but Dick was afraid to turn such jests toward himself. He had been about to second Stephen's protest, but now he thought better of it.

While Molly was placing a stool in front of the fireplace, Needa stood like a statue of bronze. She seemed to be looking through the walls to some mysterious source of things hidden in the dark forest that was her home. Her eyes drew farther and farther back into their cavernous sockets; a rapt look came into her wrinkled face.

Molly switched off the electric lights. Only the flickering firelight remained; shadows cavorted in the corners of the room.

Needa moved slowly toward the hearth and crouched down on the stool prepared for her. She seemed to be watching the little wreaths and streamers of smoke from the back-log, and the lapping of the red flame. There were none of the usual histrionics that go with a spiritualistic séance—merely an old Indian woman looking steadfastly into the fire. But this made her divination seem all the more authentic. Dick waited with growing uneasiness.

"What do you see, Needa?" Molly asked softly at last.

"Needa, she see plenty trouble," was the muttered answer. "But when spring come, trouble he gone."

"Will all of us be alive to see the spring come?"

"One—two—three—four—five," the soothsayer counted slowly. "Needa, she see five little smokes curling up to sky. One smoke he go, two smoke he go, one smoke he come back. One—two—three—four. When spring come, we only four, not five. One of us fade away."

Doctor Foster smiled quietly, but he was startled, none the less. "Are you sure, Needa?"

"Needa, she sure."

"Is it your smoke that is gone, or mine? We are both old, and our candles are almost out anyway. Don't be afraid to speak the truth."

"Smokes, they whirl and change. Needa no can tell. Maybe her, maybe doctor, maybe Dick, maybe Stephen. Molly, her smoke go strong. She see spring come sure."

"I guess you don't mean me," Stephen broke in. He uttered a short contemptuous laugh. "This is the worst drivel I ever heard."

Dick's eyes kindled angrily; he liked this man less than ever. He too put little faith in the prophecies, but it was not even decent to make light of the somber old woman in the firelight.

"Of course, she doesn't mean you, Stephen," Foster said.

But Dick would not let the matter rest. "What do you see for Stephen, Needa?"

"Stephen's smoke, he strong now. But him twist and turn. Fire, it crackle loud . . . it speak to Needa . . ."

Dick felt a queer tingle in his scalp. It was true that the fire was crackling with a strange vehemence. It could easily be explained by the sudden igniting of charred fuel, yet the effect was uncanny. For the first time since they had met, Dick suspected Stephen might be a moral coward, for all his physical bravery. His face looked gray in the dim, red firelight.

"What does the fire say?" Dick went on remorselessly.

"It say something Molly read in book . . . Long time ago Molly read it aloud to Needa, out of Big Medicine book . . . Needa, she no understand. It big, big medicine."

"Can you repeat it?" Molly asked.

"'He—who—kills—by—the sword—must—be—killed—by—the sword.' That's what fire say to Needa . . . Needa no understand."

Neither did the others understand. What had called forth this prophecy, the most terrible of all prophecies, from the squaw's inscrutable mind?

"It's from the New Testament, isn't it?" Dick asked. "How could she have ever learned it?"

"I probably read it to her long ago, although I don't remember it," Molly answered quietly, so as not to disturb the soothsayer. "I used to read to her out of the Bible when I was a little girl."

Evidently Stephen was much relieved by this explanation. The solemn phrases had impressed him more than he liked to admit; on the thin lips of the old savage they had seemed to ring with truth.

"The words sounded big to her, and she remembered them," he said scornfully. "Now she's spouting them to impress us. Well, when I start killing people with a sword, I'll be (*Continued on page 210*)

The roar of the storm in Dick's ears could not drown out the memory of Molly's farewell words. If she knew the truth she would not let him ride with the white-haired veteran in front

Good Housekeeping Studio of Architecture & Furnishings

Helen Koues, Director

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING Studio is happy to announce that it will add to its presentation of interiors some of the better examples of domestic architecture — houses of moderate size and cost. Just as the furnishing of rooms has been illustrated and discussed, so now the building of houses and gardens, with their many-sided interests and problems, will be illustrated and discussed by our foremost architects under the guidance of a board of architects, headed by Dwight J. Baum, a winner of the gold medal of the Architectural League of New York, and a distinguished member of the American Institute of Architects

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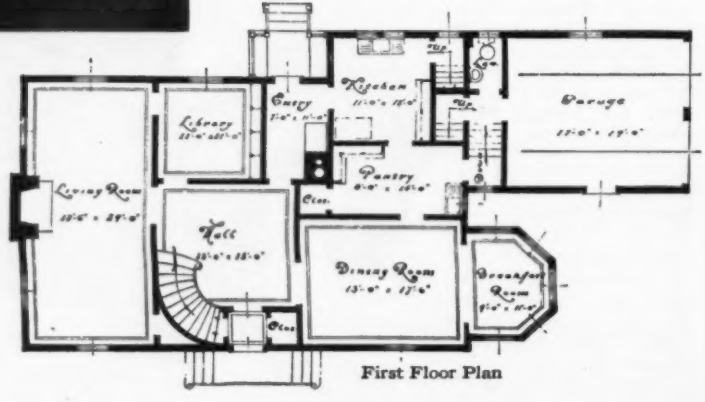
Chicago

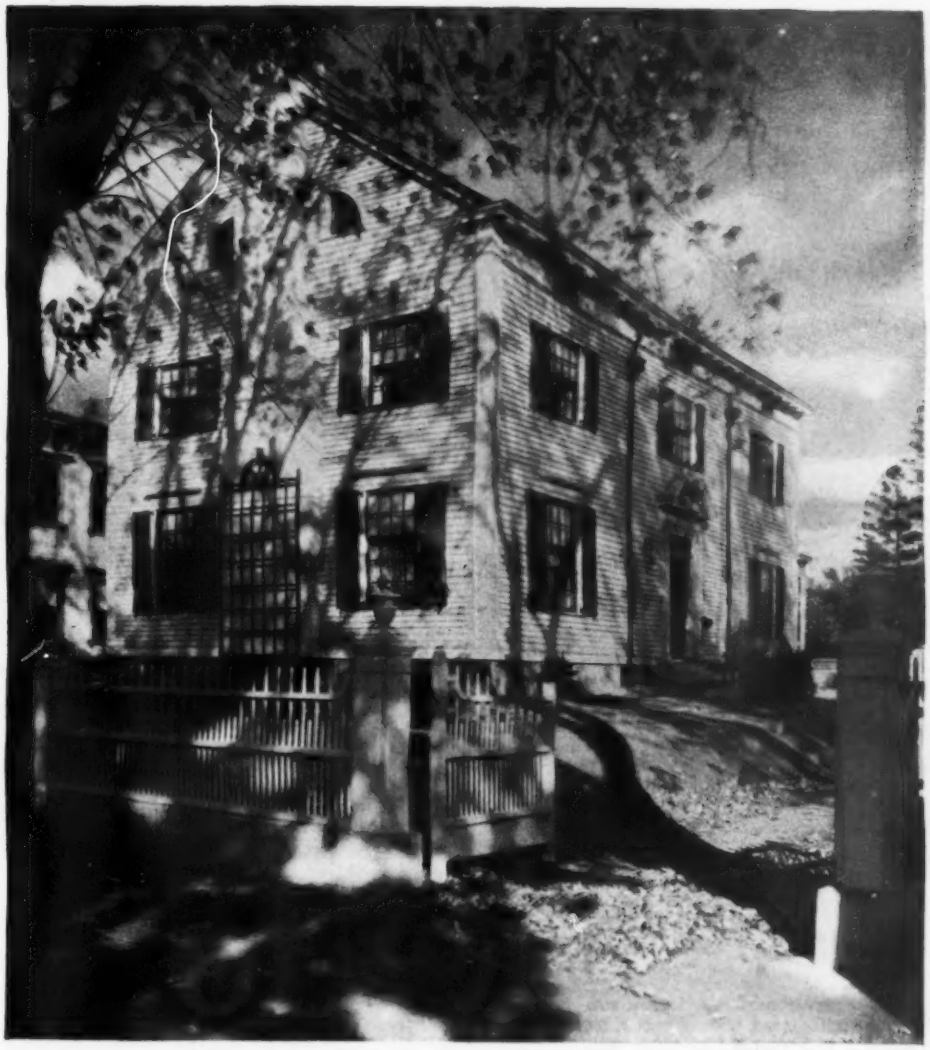
Myron Hunt F.A.I.A.
Los Angeles

Henry Ives Cobb, Jr. A.I.A.
New York

The fine proportions of early Rhode Island architecture are preserved in this modern house. Its exterior is of white pine, painted white, with shutters and roof of olive green. With garage it is 65′ long on a 75′ x 125′ lot. It contains approximately 64,000 cubic feet, and in many localities could be built in the neighborhood of $30,000. The materials used were: Shingles, Cabot's Creo Dipt; window glass, Allegheny 26 oz. crystal; sidings of white pine; copper meters, gutters, and flashings; plumbing and hot water heating system, American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.; interior woodwork of white pine painted with Devoe & Raynolds' eggshell enamel gloss; interior walls, three coats of plaster over metal lath; oak floors throughout

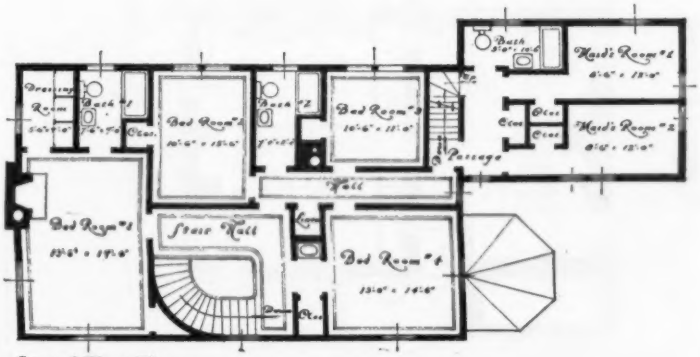


First Floor Plan



A Rhode Island Type of New England Architecture

By Dwight James Baum, Architect



Second Floor Plan

TO a great many of us all over the country the houses of early New England have a strong appeal, perhaps because they combine a delightful quality of livableness with an architectural formality and purity of design which we are quick to appreciate. Simple as they may seem, it is their fine proportions and well-designed cornices and doorways and details of interior architecture that give them distinction. In building a new house in Westerly, Rhode Island, the owner and architect turned to the old houses of that locality for type, and recaptured the feeling of a century ago in the house illustrated.

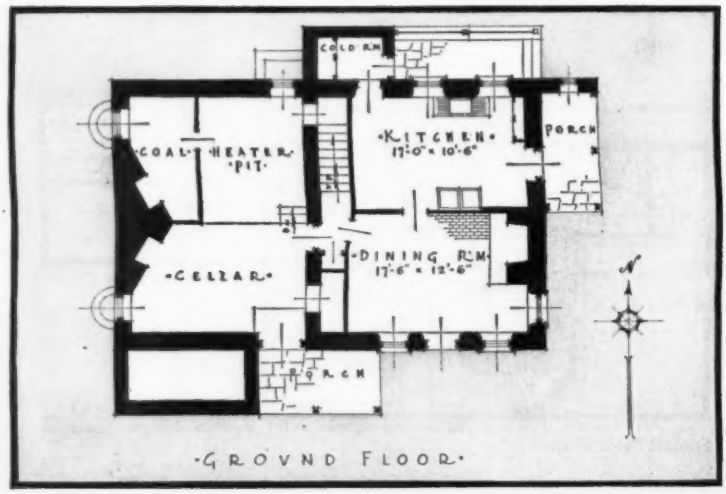
A primary interest in all houses is how they are set on the land which they occupy and which (*Continued on page 282*)

This charming old house at Wayne, Pennsylvania, was recently restored by R. Brognard Okie for Herbert J. Egmore, the owner. It is an old farmhouse with thick walls of Pennsylvania fieldstone, whitewashed, with the earlier part (to the left of the tree) built probably in 1750, and the later addition, bearing an irregularly-shaped old soapstone in its wall, dated 1780

Preserving the Early A Pennsylvania Farm

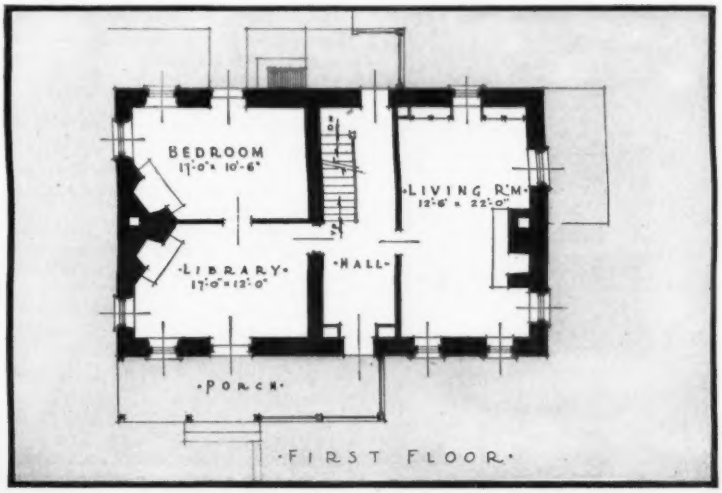
THERE is an interest in an old house, a romance that time has given it, which no new house can possess, however charming or fine it may be. Through eastern Pennsylvania there are many such old houses which speak for themselves of the worthy building of more than a hundred and fifty years ago. In the city houses of Philadelphia or the manor houses along the Schuylkill River, symmetrical exteriors and spacious rooms with fine woodwork and high ceilings bespeak formality, while the simple farmhouses have a quiet livable quality which leads us today not only to restore them, but also to imitate them as best we can. Since there is such a widespread interest in building new houses of this truly Early American type, it is well, perhaps, to make a study of such old houses as are to be found in good, original condition.

Twelve or fifteen miles from Philadelphia is the old farmhouse typical of the locality and early period, illustrated above. Like so many houses of the time it was built on the



American Tradition House Built in 1750

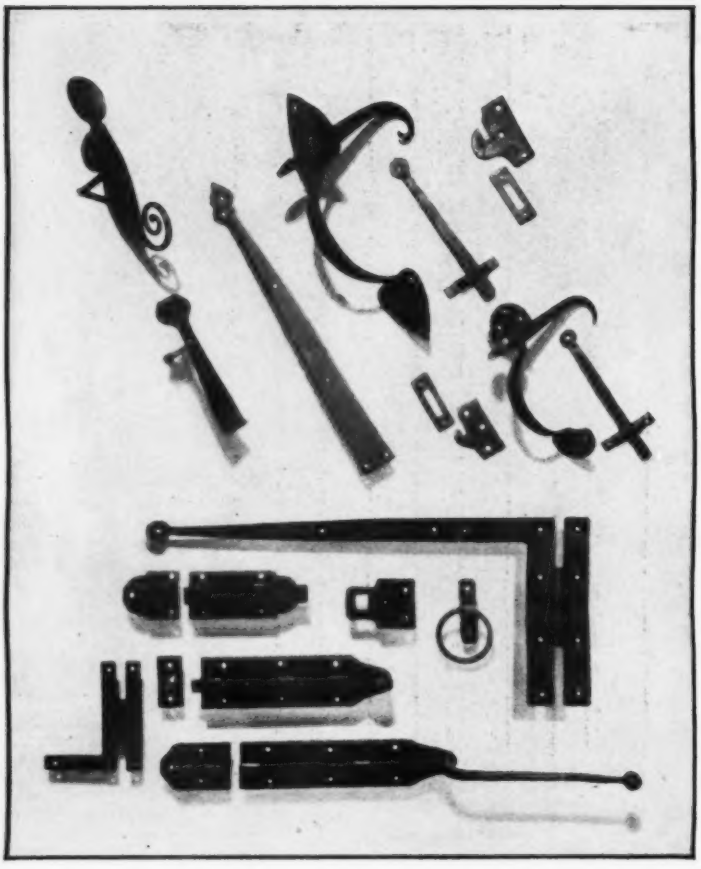
Batten doors and shutters, painted white to match the cornice and window frames, are fastened with old wrought-iron hinges, latches, and bolts painted black. The house contains 42,000 cubic feet. It could be built for from $25,000 to $30,000, according to locality. The house is heated by a Warm Air Heater from Richardson & Boynton. The plumbing fixtures are from Crane Co.



side of a hill with an orchard and woods to the north and a stream at the east. Great old trees tower above it, but are no more enduring than the sturdily built house itself, which proved most interesting to restore.

It was built evidently at two different times. Field stone, a common building material in Pennsylvania, was used to build walls eighteen inches thick, giving the recessed windows and doors which are so attractive. The west side, or earlier portion of the house (to the left of the big tree in the picture), probably dates from 1750, although there is no corroborating date stone as in the later portion of the house, where an irregularly-shaped soapstone, quarried years ago in the vicinity, bears the date 1780. The lettering on the stone is clear and well done.

Perhaps the most interesting features of this old house are its levels, the old stone work and straightforward construction, the batten door, batten shutter, old wrought-iron hinges, bolts, shutter rings and catches, and



Old wrought-iron strap hinges for the front door, thumb-nail latch, bolt, shutter bolts, rings, and catches for the exterior are shown, as well as H hinges and latches for the interior

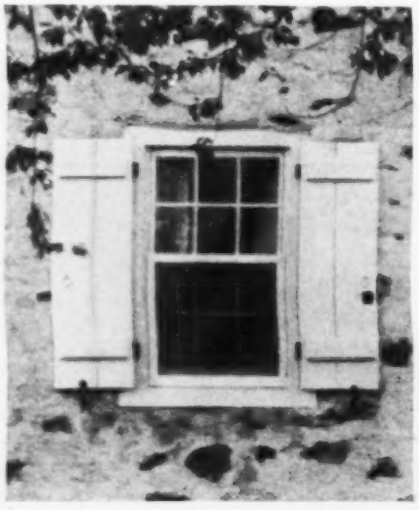
There is no more important consideration than the right lighting fixtures. Here are old wall lights of tin, electrified today, but with back to prevent the smoke from marring the wall

Old Wall Lights and Wrought-Iron Hardware

the interior hinges and latches. The west side or early part of the house appears to be a three-story house with a cellar under it, while the other side has four living floors.

On the ground floor (see floor plan) the quaintest of dining rooms with a great old fireplace was made out of what had probably been the original kitchen but which, for years before the present owner of the house purchased it, had been used as a combination wood shed and chicken house! This room has a door opening on the ground level in front of the old spring house. The floor of this room, as well as that of the kitchen, is of old paving brick, laid with the worn side up and ⅝″ wide mortar joints between the bricks, the joints being flat with the top face of the brick. The kitchen is back of the dining room, with a cold storage room leading out of it on the back, and a covered porch on the side. Cupboards in the kitchen replace a pantry, while to the left is adequate space for a heater, coal, and storage, all so arranged as to make the house comfortable for the winter.

Stairs lead up to the first floor, where the house is usually entered from the porch. The first floor of the original house contained two bedrooms and a closed-in stair from the ground floor level. The later addition consisted of a hall and two additional bedrooms, which have now been turned into a large living room 12′6″ x 22′, with a fireplace over that of the dining room. On the other side of the hall the two bedrooms are now a library and a sitting room or extra bedroom. A corner fireplace illustrated on page 53 is perhaps the most interesting feature of these rooms, as well as the fact that the door from the back room is level with the ground, while that in the front opens on the porch above the level.



The third floor shows a hall through the center of the house with two rooms thrown into one larger one over the library and sitting room, with a bathroom adjoining it (in the center of house), while on the other side is another bedroom and bath (see plan). The fourth or upper floor has two rooms and a bath for servants, and an attic for storage.

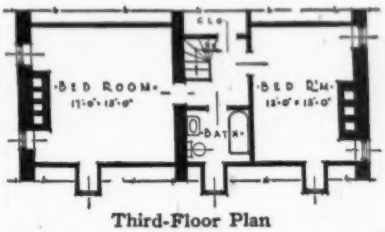
It is interesting to note that the floors of the first-floor rooms are oak in the west side and pine in the east. The oak is the natural color acquired from age and use, while the white pine floors are painted a soft green-gray and stained over the paint. The floors in the second- and third-floor rooms are all of painted pine.

The ceiling joists in the dining room are of logs, hewn on the top and bottom surfaces. The joists in the library and the main bedroom over the library

The corner fireplace, whitewashed wall, exposed ceiling beams, and wide floor boards are characteristic

are also exposed but are of hand-planed oak, with beaded bottom edges, the floors of the rooms above forming the ceiling.

The window frames are made with solid heads and sills, and with the jambs mortised and pinned into the heads and sills. Some of the original white oak window frames were used again, and the new ones were made to match them exactly, except that for economy red gulf cypress was used in place of white oak. The original white oak door frames were retained as well as the original outside doors. The first-floor doors are the typical double thickness, showing panels on the outside and (*Continued on page 282*)



Third-Floor Plan

Typical of the houses are these interiors. Above is a corner of the library, while to the left is another view of it, showing hooked rug, Windsor chair, and Currier & Ives prints. The hall also bears witness to the owner's taste as a collector of Americana. Note the wall lights, and the plank door with its old wrought-iron latch and hinges

Inviting armchairs with tables conveniently placed near them to hold lamps and books are drawn up on either side of the hearth

Early American Room Built by the Studio

By the Director

THERE is an amazing enthusiasm all over the country for early American houses and furnishings. With the development of suburban and country life, and our own interest in the type of house in which we live, we have come to realize the livableness and charm of this type, and like our neighbors have also caught the antique fever.

Round about nineteen hundred, the fortunate possessors of old houses in our eastern states, especially New England, saw the charm of furniture of pre-revolutionary days and brought it back from the attic to its former place in living room or bedroom. Antiques were being imported from England and France, so why not use our American antiques?

And so the interest grew. Everywhere people searched for the quaint furniture and furnishings of their forefathers, especially the Pilgrims. Old farmhouses were remodeled and restored. They were found practical and attractive, and modern houses were built on the same plan, demanding the Windsor chairs, tavern tables, and other quaint, sturdy furniture of the early eighteenth century in

Flowered wall-covering, a patchwork quilt, and clear glass lamps and vases make this bedroom an attractive one for a young girl

A Colorful Bedroom Designed for Girls

America. But there was not enough old furniture to go around, so naturally old pieces were copied—at first, only a few pieces, but now faithful copies are manufactured in great numbers, and whether you live in the great Northwest or in Texas, you, too, may claim your American heritage and furnish your house—or build your house, for that matter—in this pleasant fashion.

It is because of this interest—this fashion, if you will—in the furniture of pine, maple, and the fruit woods, that the Studio built this room, exhibited not only in our own building in New York, but in great stores in other parts of the country, where you can visit it.

There is something so practical about a combination living-dining room, especially in this type of furnishing, that the Studio has chosen it for illustration this month. Such a room may be in either a house or an apartment. In fact, nowadays many small houses as well as apartments have this combination room adjoining a small pantry and kitchen or a kitchenette. The main characteristic of an unfurnished room of this sort is a low ceiling—8′ 6″ or 8′. The fireplace adds greatly to

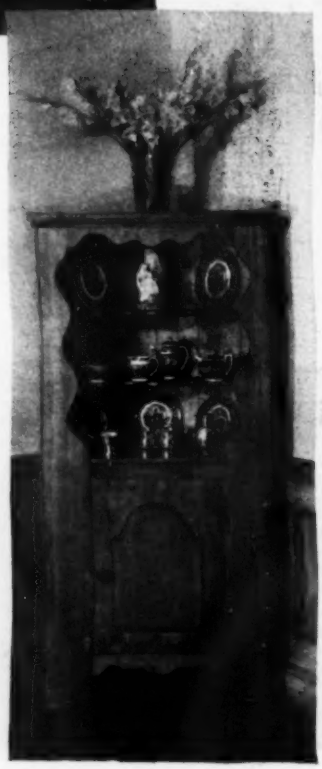
A well-built little maple chest stands in a corner by the windows, underneath a charming print of an old clipper ship. A chest of this type is particularly useful in a living-dining room to hold extra linen and silver for the table

the room, and where possible should be built in, but if this can not be done, then the wainscoting and beams should be added. The room, a fairly large one 15′ 8″ x 23′, has the fireplace on one long side, and two windows at one end. The walls are painted a soft buff except for the end between the windows, which is paneled in pine. A dado of pine to chair-rail or window-sill height, 3 feet, is used on the other three sides of the room. In a house the ceiling beams may be a part of the actual structure or added, while in an apartment where there may be steel construction the beams, which are usually plastered white and left exposed, may be boxed in with pine to give the look of actual wooden beams. This paneling was made up of 1″x 12″ boards, as they were less expensive than veneered panels, but veneered panels could be combined with strips for styles, trim, etc. To finish the wood a clear filler was used. It was then waxed with a little walnut stain worked in with the wax to give a mellow color.

And now to consider the furnishing. This is the sort of room which should grow as it is lived in and used. The pretty bits of luster and pewter, the china animals, ship prints, and silhouettes, all give atmosphere, but back of them and more important are some fundamentals of comfortable living. First, analyze the fireside group: two easy chairs with gay slip-covers are invitingly placed, with a light by each. An old candlestand to hold books is placed by one chair, a small table with a lamp and Windsor chair by the other. Between the windows in a good light is a desk. A Salem rocker with a comfortable cushion is in one corner, and light chairs near by which may be easily drawn up if a group gathers in this part of the room. All this makes a comfortable living room without the dining table intruding, and yet it and the dresser to hold china, silver, and linen are in the room and add to it from a decorative standpoint.

So many people dislike the trouble of putting lamp and books on a table after a meal is over, and removing them before it, that instead of using the table for two purposes, which of course may be done, the Studio has placed it in a corner of the room near the door to the pantry, and near a serving table and china cupboard, with six chairs frankly drawn up around it. It looks hospitable and inviting even when not in use for a meal, and it is convenient. The twofold usefulness of the room, to live in and to eat in, is manifested pleasantly and practically.

My readers and visitors to the Studio constantly ask me how we make our rooms so distinct in type. The answer is simple, and



Good Housekeeping Studio
Cordially Invites
You To Visit These Rooms
Now On Exhibition At
The New England Furniture
& Carpet Co. Exhibit
Minnesota State Fair

Abraham & Straus
Brooklyn

The Complete
French Provincial Group
And
College Girl's Room
The John M. Smyth Store
Chicago

A Welsh dresser has a charm all its own. The one shown here is sturdily built of maple. Its shelves hold china and pewter while its capacious drawers may be used for flat silver and linen. The clock below runs by electricity

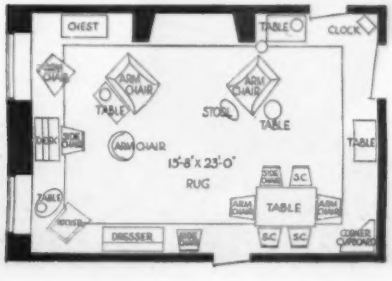
one which I have frequently stressed in my articles. I decide to build and furnish a room of a certain *type*. I follow the type in building and gather together furnishings only of that period or type and assemble them. No detail is too small to consider. I follow a single track, as it were, in planning the room. It is discussed with the decorators and assistants working with me, so that there is only a single idea back of the room and the work that goes into its making. If we are furnishing an Early American room we do not put a Directoire lamp and shade in it, no matter how pretty that lamp and shade may be. It is this adherence to type that produces an atmosphere of a given type. Of course there are rooms (and the Studio has built them) that are frankly of no type, and they may be most attractive. Personally I believe charming results are gained by combinations of different periods provided the scale is right. But that is another story.

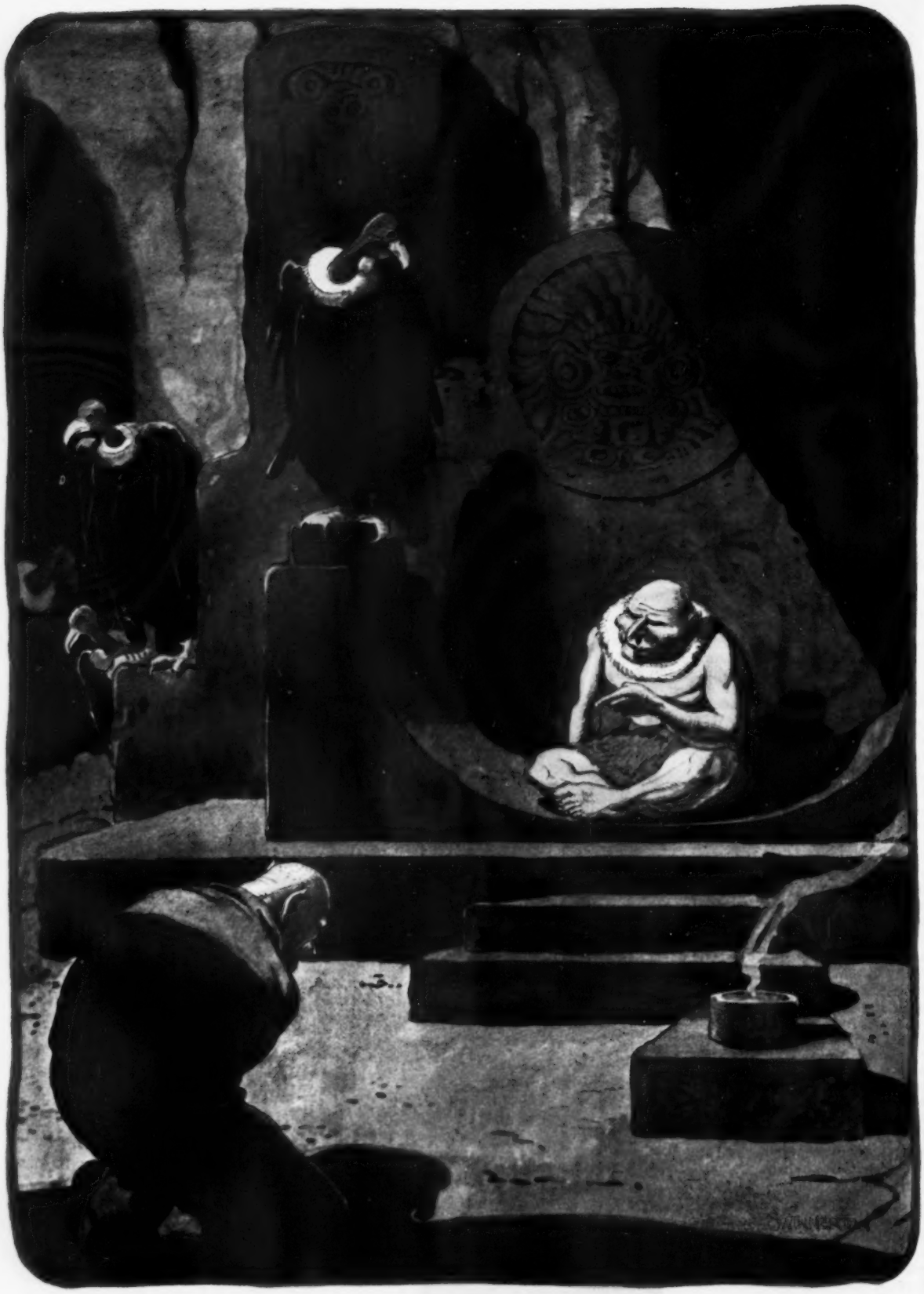
So much is known of the Early American furniture that it may be sufficient to enumerate the pieces we selected. They are all of pine or maple with a mellow finish approximating that of antique pieces. Pine is a little lighter and more yellow than the maple, which has a slightly reddish tinge. The pieces are a drop-leaf desk, a fretted, wood-framed mirror of Chippendale type, ladder-back chairs with rush seats, Windsor chairs, a 76″ by 33″ (when fully opened) table for dining with two arm-chairs and four side chairs of Governor Carver type drawn up around the table; a stool, candle-stand, tavern table (behind wing chair); a bureau (used to hold linen) on the other side of fireplace; a corner cupboard with correct hardware of good type; a dresser and Salem wooden rocker shown together; a butterfly table by the window, and a two-legged table and easy chair by the fireplace. Many of these pieces are faithful copies of museum pieces, well made and adequately finished.

The *color* in this room shows the buff walls, pine wood in paneling and chairs, desk, tables, and cabinets, an old hooked rug pattern in a large rug (which is a matter of choice), and gay-colored chintz on a black ground for curtains and slip-covers. To give variety, the seat cushions for the Governor Carver chairs are soft pinks and greens in an old-fashioned pattern on a pinkish ground.

The thing which really gives character to a room is its *individuality*—the thing about it which makes it quite different from all other rooms of the same type. Here the amusing little ornaments and the prevalence of pewter as a decorative motif give the room its own special atmosphere.

Cooperating With Us: Furniture: H. T. Cushman Mfg. Co.; Salisbury Bros.; Conant Ball; Heywood Wakefield; E. L. Chandler Co.; French & Heald; Beechers Falls Furn. Co.; Sprague & Carleton Furn. Co.; Nichols & Stone. ***Rug:*** M. J. Whittall Associates, Inc. ***Fabrics:*** F. A. Foster Co. ***Accessories:*** Foster Bros.; Poole Silver Co.; The Gorham Co.; M. W. Carr & Co.; F. Pavel & Co.; Lindemann & Zenishek; Kanné & Besant; Acme Lamp Shade Co.; Mary Ryan; S. M. Howes Co.; Revere Clock Co.; Burlington Venetian Blind Co.; Mittledorfer Straus; Wm. H. Plummer





AWAY down under the ground, on his throne of dark green rock, sat the bad dwarf, trying to think of a way to make people unhappy. At last he had an idea. He called one of his servants and said, "Slave, take jealousy and avarice, meanness and greed, to the upper world"

Drawing by
James Swinnerton

The CORN That CAME ALIVE

The First of a Series of Fairy Tales from Old Mexico

By Idella Purnell and John M. Weatherwax

IF YOU were to sail on a big ship far away through the green Atlantic Ocean, south to the blue Gulf of Mexico, after a while you would come to a little town called Progreso. On the shore you would see tall coconut palms growing. You would see a white sandy beach, with big pelicans falling ker-plop into the bay. Pelicans are most awkward and do not alight gracefully on the water, as other birds do.

Progreso, you see, is in the State of Yucatan, far away in Mexico.

In Yucatan the little girls do not dress as they do in other countries. They wear a long, white petticoat called a *pic*, which is pronounced *peek*. Over the *pic* they wear a short robe that would look to us like a white nightgown with colored flowers embroidered at the hem and at the neck. This is called a *huipil*, and is pronounced *we-peel*.

The boys wear white shirts and trousers, and a small blue checked apron from waist to knee to keep their trousers clean. Their sandals are made of a sole, with a leather strip over the toes, and another strip for a heel, with a pretty little strap around the ankle.

It was to a little Maya boy named Tilim that his grandmother told these stories. He always called her "Grandmother" in Maya, and it sounded like *Cheech*, but it is spelled *C-h-i-c-h*.

Tilim and his grandmother lived at Dzitás, a tiny Maya town near Mérida. The houses there are as oval as eggs, and they have peaked roofs of palm leaves. The people in Dzitás earn their living by raising corn.

Tilim, too, raised corn. His grandmother Chich would make cornmeal *tamales* for him, and sometimes would mix cinnamon and chocolate and cornmeal and milk together into a creamy *zaa* for her dear little grandson Tilim. *Zaa* was ever so good to drink at *prima*, when the sun rose, and for lunch at eleven, and at dinner.

When the twinkling stars came out, little Tilim would take his Chich's hammock and tie it up from the cross-beams of the palm-thatched house. Then he would tie up his own hammock.

After taking his evening bath, he would stretch out in his hammock. His grandmother Chich would give him another big drink of *zaa*. After that, his little tummy content and warm, he would beg her for a story. And so his grandmother would rock back and forth in her hammock and tell him tales until he fell sound asleep in his swinging bed.

This is one of the stories that grandmother Chich told little boy Tilim, one evening at sunset, as they swayed in their hammocks in faraway Yucatan.

In the big jungle the cicadas and crickets were whistling and humming. In the *tzonot*, the well, from which little boy Tilim brought water for his grandmother, the frogs were croaking, *ter-onk, ter-onk, ter-onk*. Inside the little palm-thatched house Tilim and his grandmother were happy and quiet. There was no sound at all but the gentle sound of Chich's voice, as she told this story.

I

THE CORN THAT CAME ALIVE

LONG ago and long ago, the world was new. Ku had just made it, and everything in it was beautiful, and every one was happy. People were generous and kind. Whenever one person had more than another, he was always glad to share it. Meanness and selfishness were not known.

In those days men were always happy, because of the love in their hearts. Because they were happy, they thought the world the most beautiful place imaginable. In those old days people sang and played and danced. And because every one worked, there was enough for everybody of corn, and coconuts, and hammocks to sleep in.

Every spring the people would go singing into the fields to plant the corn. Then the rains would come, and soon a green mist of tender little cornstalks would be over the land. And later the green mist would turn into a rippling ocean of corn.

When the corn ripened, the people were always happiest. Then they made a corn festival. They sang songs to the sun and the rain, and the good brown earth that had given them such big crops of sweet, even-kerneled corn. And the people would have corn *tamales*, and fresh corn *zaa*, and corn cakes, and they would feed the stalks to their animals.

In those days it was not as it is now. There was never any plague, never any locusts and creeping and flying insects, or animals to eat the corn. There were never rails or stone fences between the fields.

But away down under the ground, in his dark halls, sat Malinchu. He was a bad dwarf who didn't want anybody to be happy. He was happy only when other people were weeping and unhappy. His days and nights were filled with anger at the thought that the Corn People were always singing. He sat on his throne of dark green rock and gnawed at his fingers, trying to think of a way to make people unhappy. Then he had an idea!

He called one of his servants. He said to him: "Slave, go to the upper world. Take jealousy and avarice, meanness and greed, to the world!"

Now, in the tribe of the People of the Corn was a family named Nal, which means Corn. They had a daughter, a beautiful daughter, whose name was Nicté, which means Flower. They had a strong, big son whose name was Balam, which is Tiger. Nicté was a girl who was always happy. Balam, like the Tiger, was always strong, and had a fine young body.

The family of Nal worked hard in the spring and the summer. When the fall and winter came, they had great houses full of corn, to give away to every one who asked it. Old people, and little children, and people who hadn't been able to work as much as the family of Nal came to the Nal house. They knocked on the door. When it was opened, they said,

"We have come to ask for corn . . ."

They never had to tell why they needed it. Nicté and Balam would run quickly outside to the big store room. They would bring back baskets full of corn, enough to last for a long time.

"Come back when this is used up," they would say. "There's always more where this came from!"

If the person who asked for it was old or feeble, they would help shell the corn off the cob. So, of all the happy people in the happy land of Mayah, the Nal family was the happiest. They had the fairest daughter and the strongest son, and they worked the hardest and sang the longest.

One night there was a big, black storm. Nicté and Balam stood peeking out of a crack in the door, looking at the rain, and bearing the hail splash on the broad leaves of the green banana tree. What was that they saw moving like a dark shadow under the leaves?

"Oh, look, look, Balam!" cried Nicté, seizing his arm. "It is a poor old woman, getting terribly wet!"

Balam opened the door wide, and a big gust of rain (*Continued on page 226*)

CARNIVAL CITY

Frances Parkinson Keyes *Arrives in Lima, Just When It is Celebrating Its Glamourous Past and Radiant Present*

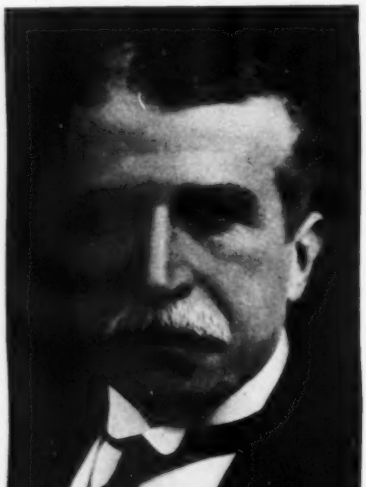
DEAR VERA:

Imagine . . .

Showers of confetti sprinkling the sidewalks; strands of paper ribbon strewn from street to street; gay-colored streamers tossed from one passer-by to another; pompons perched upon slender sticks swishing and rustling; painted plaques, simulating gigantic clowns' heads, pilloried on the palm trees; chains of infinitesimal glass globes—crimson, green, orange, azure—strung along the avenues and looped about the plazas; laden automobiles circulating incessantly, their tops folded back, and five or six boys and girls perched precariously upon these, in addition to five or six more in the body of the car, and two or three beside the imperturbable driver; young and old, rich and poor, high and low, pouring out in a ceaseless, human stream from the doorways of their homes and merging with the multitudes upon the pavements; all in holiday mood, all wearing costumes, all wielding *chisguetes*—the small siphons filled with a mixture of ether and perfume, which sting and startle and stimulate: all, in short, celebrating carnival time in Lima.

It begins on a Saturday. The shopkeepers pull down their shutters with an air of finality; the cafés begin to fill and then to overflow; the first fluttering streamers are laughingly cast out; the first buffoons and bullfighters, the first colonial ladies and *contadinas*, the first poke-bonnets, laced bodices, tulle skirts, embroidered *mantas*, high combs, white wigs, and artificial flowers make their appearance. The Queen of the Carnival of Lima—"Her Majesty Aida I," has already been chosen and has begun her reign, escorted by the auxiliary Queens, each selected by popular vote in the movie houses of the different districts—for, though even the most aristocratic forget their exclusiveness during the carnival, it is essentially a festival of the people, for the people, by the people. "Celeste Aida," and these exquisite ladies-in-waiting of hers—Irma, Graciela, Rosa, Olga, Maria, Matilda, Carmen, Edelmina, Raquel—hold the center of the stage at every gala gathering—at the races, at the fancy-dress balls, in the preliminary parades which precede and prepare for the great procession of Tuesday.

There is only one other person who seems to be as omnipresent, as outstanding, as zestful, as merry, as idolized, as these pretty, popular Queens; and that is Señor Don Augusto Leguia, President of the Republic of Peru. Slim, suave, smiling, he shares the spotlight with them. For a few days at least the cares of the distinguished office which he has graced for so long are forgotten or laid aside. The President adores carnival; the people adore the President; and the delight



Only one person surpasses the Carnival Queen in popularity—Señor Don Augusto Leguia, President of Peru

The wide, sunlit spaces of the Plaza facing the ancient Cathedral of Lima are bordered with stately palm trees

© Publishers Photo Service

© Publishers Photo Service

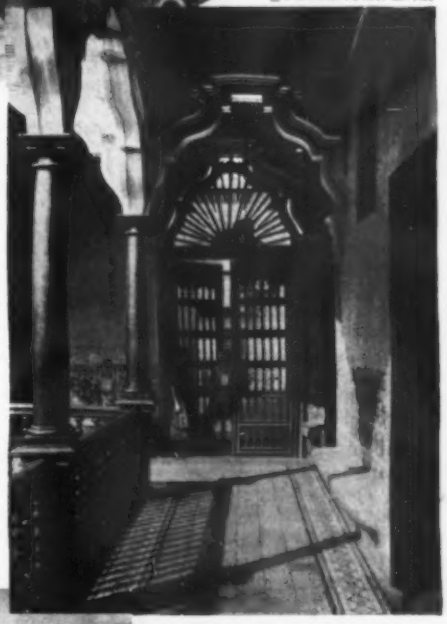
The Torre-Tagle Palace is the most perfect example of seventeenth-century domestic architecture which still survives in South America

being so mutual, joy is indeed unconfined.

After four days of merry-making so incessant that the average sturdy Anglo-Saxon who has participated in it, even moderately and intermittently, has begun to show signs of strain, and the average Latin, on the contrary, has become more and more blithe and buoyant, the climax comes. The sidewalks of the great Paseo Colon are packed with an expectant populace; the official pavilion at one end of it, facing its fine length, is hardly less crowded; but the wide avenue itself has been completely cleared. In the midst of the turmoil there is an expectant hush, succeeded by roaring waves of applause; and beating across this sounds the even clatter of horses' feet. There is a flash of brilliant colors, a flutter of pennants, a glitter of metal shining in the streaming sunshine, a gleam of helmets; for one gorgeous, amazing moment it seems as if a band of victorious *Conquistadores* were sweeping down again upon their "City of the Three Kings," the illusion of past pomp and circumstance is so complete and glowing. For this troop of cavalry, superbly caparisoned, which acts as a vanguard to the open landau drawn by four horses, in which the President rides, is a splendid sight. The crimson of its livery appears to be a veritable red badge of courage; the immobility of its fixed lances symbolizes the steadfast strength of steel. With swiftness and stateliness, with majesty and might, it advances, approaches, passes; and behind it, its power and significance concentrated in one person, comes that slim, suave, smiling man, Señor Don Augusto Leguia, the President of Peru.

Bowing in every direction, alert, erect, animated, he springs up the steps of the pavilion where he is so eagerly awaited. His costume is flawless and formal; he carries a silk hat in one hand; but in the other is a *chisguete* with which he sprays his guests as he greets them. In an instant he has become enmeshed in a tangle of streamers and sprinkled with a shower of confetti.

A band is playing, vociferously, jubilantly; and as it blazes forth its clamorous music, the carnival floats begin their progress up the Avenue, pausing, in their triumphant march, before the pavilion to receive and return the salute of the President. There is a battleship, and a pirate ship, and many other ships; and there is a whole menagerie of animals! In front of one of the floats the immense figure of a snowy-white, winged horse—a veritable Pegasus—plunges and rears; another is dominated by an elephant so solid and substantial that a loyal Republican longs to (*Continued on page 158*)



The balcony of Torre-Tagle seems peopled with courtiers and Conquistadores, and lovely ladies of the past

Around the palace of La Perricholi circle streams from a diverted river—to satisfy the whim of a woman who loved the sound of running water

A WOMAN Who

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Illustrated by T.D. Skidmore

HONORIA MOORE came in with Marie, Thomas, and the baby, at half-past four. She would have been glad to remain later in the winter street, or in the bright hot shops and markets, or in dim old St. Paul's. She was always glad of any time-filling delay that shortened the long day with the children. But today it had not been possible. Marie had a head cold that made her fretful and lazy; Thomas, at a stout, heavy three years, was slow of motion, and her arm ached like one solid pain under the weight of Francis Joseph.

Half-past four. After endless time it would be seven, and they would be asleep. Poor, little, cross, weary creatures—. They were all wailing as they toiled up the stairs; she could have wailed with them.

Marie was tearful with physical discomfort, little, red, wet nose and red, wet hands stung by icy winter cold, little legs aching. Thomas wept heavily, tears on his fat, pallid face, his faithful, round, short legs toiling upward patiently even as he cried, his mouth opened to emit forlorn wails. The baby cried suddenly and surprisedly, when they left the street and came in and began to mount the stairs.

The house was full of darkness and smells and the weeping of children; men came home from work and shouldered by them rapidly, roughly in the gloom. Doors slammed on cries, laughter, and the hissing of steam. Now and then the vista of a room showed; coals in a kitchen stove glowed redly and were shut away into blackness again.

The Moores lived on the top floor, the fifth. It was a long, slow way up for Honor, but she got them out into the air every day, nevertheless.

"If you didn't, you'd lose your mind at them!" she sometimes said.

Now she urged them along affectionately. "Mama'll blow your nose for you in a minute," she assured Marie. "Go on, Tom. Don't stop. That's Mama's boy!"

But she was exhausted when she slid the baby along the aching muscles of her arm to get her hand free for the key. Somehow they stumbled into the flat, and Honor sat down in a chair for which she groped in the dark. She could not speak for a long minute, in which the children's crying rose to piercing screams of despair. Her whole body was heaving with her difficult breath, her throat dry, her legs trembling.

After a while she put the baby down on a bed invisible to any senses but hers, and lighted a gas jet. The sordid little crowded room, a bedroom with a kitchen alcove, leaped into view. It was poor—to touch, to sight, to smell. The big, brass-knobbed bed overbalanced it; there was a heavy bureau. with a mirror reflecting from a corner all the confusion and litter. The place was cold. Cold.

"My God, you'd think it would get tired of bein' so cold—" Honor said gently.

She set about comforting the children; she made tea. When it was drawn, she half-filled china cups with it and poured in blue milk from a bottle furred with snow, lifted in from the window-sill. Tommy and Marie struggled with the handleless cups, while their mother warmed milk, put it into a bottle for the baby. She held him in her arms, and gently wiped his face, as he eagerly drank, with a worn, thin hand that trembled with fatigue.

She had had pretty clothes for Marie five years ago;

"Honor—" the dear, heartbreaking, hoarse voice in it. He stood there in the doorway, hesitat-

COULDN'T BE TEMPTED

To Compromise With Wrong

said faintly. It had a new touch of timidity ing. "My God in Heaven, it's Frank!"

eiderdown blankets, and a fuzzy, white cap heavily laced with blue satin ribbons. Thomas, too, had been suitably equipped in red wool—cap, sweater, gaiters, mittens. But poor little Francis Joseph was bundled in rags. They were clean rags: strips of worn, big sweaters, squares of washed and thinned blankets, folds of shawl. But rags.

As she fed him, and as the warming children fell to mumbling and mouthing drowsily at their bread, she drew the end of an old comforter from the bed about her shaking shoulders and sat in a stupor of weariness and stillness. The noises of the house crashed, muttered, and drummed about her and below her; there were other noises far down in the dirty street—bells, gongs, shouts, grinding of wheels. She heard them all without hearing them.

The gas, the stove-plate, and the tea were warming the kitchen; the children were all but asleep with their dirty, sticky faces against the torn, red oilcloth on the table. Honor yawned, and the drowsing child in her arms wakened and began to smack his lips noisily once more.

Presently she put him into a welter of tumbled bedclothes in a crib, leaning over him to arrange covers, rolling them about his little feet. Then dazedly she turned back to the stove, laid her thin, worn hand upon the cooling teapot, scratched another match. She sat down at the table near enough to the stove-plate to manipulate the kettle without rising.

Marie had crawled up on the big bed, her worn, little shoes sticking out from under the covering she had tugged half-way across her. She mumbled as she went off to sleep. Thomas, gnawing wetly upon a spongy doughnut, paraded wearily to and fro. The air was thick with the smells of gas and tea, wet clothing, dirt, bread and butter.

Honor drank gulps of hot, milky tea and slowly ate a piece of bread and butter. Her eyes, fine dark Irish eyes heavily fringed with purple, were fixed somberly on space.

"A body'd wonder what to do—" she said once aloud.

Thomas tugged at an old belt caught under the leg of her chair. He could not loosen it; he burst into angry tears.

His mother soothed him mechanically. She got up, sighing, brushing a loosened lock of hair out of her eyes. She went over to the bed and began to take off the little girl's shoes, her thick stockings boggled together over holes, her soggy little woolen dress.

Marie awakened alertly. "I don't want to go to bed, Mama. Thomas is up!"

"Well, then, you can just lay here for a while," Honor said gently.

She went back to the table.

Passing the bureau, she picked a photograph from the miscellaneous rubbish that strewed it, and when she sat down, she stared long at the picture. A bright-faced young Irishman, with a saber mustache and a rich scallop of black hair. Bold. Brave. Her heart changed the bright face, made it angry and sneering; her heart etched upon Frank's fine forehead the ugly, blue lump the cop's stick had put there.

Thomas was importunate at her knee; she hauled the heavy, boneless little body up to her lap.

"Who's that, Thomas?"

"That's Parper," Thomas said.

"Poor, poor papa! Kiss it, dearie," she directed him.

He slobbered his little mouth obediently upon the glass.

"Papa winted on a ship," she stated. That had been her story to the children. "Papa winted on a ship."

"Poo', poo' parper!" the little boy mumbled sleepily in a voice rich with love and pity.

"He loved harses, Tom," Honor said in a low voice, half to herself. "You'll never stop to speak to a harse in the street but what I'll think it's your papa speakin' in you. He was always a great hand wit' harses."

Thomas was not interested. He lay in a sliding position in her lap, having continually to be hauled back to place. But when Honor casually tried to undress him, he awakened to protest. Marie was alert again and busily hauling a wash-basket about the littered floor.

Honor put the other child down and began lamely to go to and fro with cups and plates. She put the half-loaf into the closet and the little scraping of butter beside it. Wind ruffled gently at the room's one window; the bells of Saint Paul's rang the Angelus, for the eve of Christmas Eve. Outside there was pitchy blackness now; the kitchen light fell dimly on the iron rods of the fire-escape, furred with soot-pocked snow.

The heel of the loaf, and the scraping of butter, and some tea left in the twisted, leaden package. Honor went to the door, and opened it, and looked into the malodorous, dimly-lighted upper hall.

At first she thought it was empty, and her heart rose on a wave of relief. Then she saw that the old man was still there, sitting on the upper step of the stairway, with his hoary old head resting against the stained plaster of the wall.

The Neills could have taken him in, or the Macy girls. The Macy girls had three rooms and made good money in a department store stockroom. And Joe Neill had all his money for just himself and Myra.

Honor went to the silent old figure. He might have been Father Time, bearded and bent, going out with the old year.

"Stip over, thin, to the kitchen," she said, "and have a cup of tay. You'll blue-mold in your thracks out here."

He seemed dazed—stiff. He followed her meekly, like a child. She had to push him into a chair at the table, unwind his unspeakable muffler, warm his crumpled, cold, shaking hands in her own.

"God bless ye!" he wheezed, looking up with rheumy eyes, over the hot cup.

The heel of bread had reappeared now; the milk bottle would be empty after his second cup.

"Sure God has forgotten me entirely, but I'll not burthen the poor old soul wit' that," Honor thought.

In her mind she had been dividing this scanty fare among the children for breakfast. Now she must plan to get the creatures out on the street early and make the long trip to the Charities fasting. This was the end.

The Charities had helped her once; they would help her again. But she had a fierce, consuming fear of them. Thim young ger'rls looked very sharp at a convict's wife; they resinted the very existence of Marie, Thomas, and Francis Joseph. Honor was always uneasy under their questions, their bright suggestion that she could work, could earn money, if the children were once placed in institutions.

But now, with this poor old beggar eating up the last bite and sup on her, it must be the Charities again, or starvation.

There was a knock at her door; it was Mart Creel.

"Come in, Mr. Creel," she said.

Her Irish eyes narrowed and lowered into hostility. She pulled forward a chair, plumped Marie and Thomas upon a big, tumbled bed, where they remained, staring.

Him in his big belted coat and gloves, and Frank in jail this eve of Christmas Eve. Mart Creel, indeed!

"How you getting on, Mrs. Moore?"

"We're ahl right," Honor answered, in her soft, sad voice.

"Pretty hard struggle," the rosy, sharp-eyed, fox-faced man said sympathetically.

"There's har'rder things than this," Honor commented briefly.

"Well, of course!" he said heartily. "But now, about these kids—what about their Christmas—?" he began cautiously.

Her thin face reddened ominously. "We're ahl fixed for Christmas," she said stonily.

"Now, *come*—" he protested, coaxingly.

"We need nothin' from you, or yure like, or yure gang," Honor said.

Her control was shaken, a first tremble of anger and contempt came into her voice.

He glanced at the old man mumbling and sucking over his tea, leaned forward, became confidential.

"The boys know you're having a rough time," he said.

"There's nothing rough that I wouldn't bear, and thank God for," she began with the low, deadly steadiness of a sibyl, "there's no poverty or want or sickness I'd not called blessèd, if Frank Moore was back wit' me, unstained by what you done to him—by what you made him do!"

"Now, lissen, Mrs. Moore—"

"I'll listen to nothing! A boy that was as honest as the morn itself—as straight as a line—an' you get holt of him, an' it's this an' that, car'rds, drink, goin' over to Mart's—his face gettin' quieter an' darker—him always cuttin' off of an avenin' to the Sons of Justice Club!" said Honoria Moore with a bitter twist to her lip. "I'd club the whole dir'rty, inthriguin' lot of you!" she began again.

The man laughed, as if the little play on words had been indeed in the spirit of play. But immediately his red, sharp face grew persuasive again. "Now lissen, Mrs. Moore. Whatever Frank done—"

"Whativer he done, he done becuz you putt it into his head!" she finished the sentence, breathing hard.

"But it ain't right to punish the kids for that," the man argued.

"The kids is punished, Mart Creel, in that their father's doin' two years for forgery!" she countered quickly.

"Ah, don't talk like that now, don't talk like that," he pleaded in a sort of deprecatory whine, with a deprecatory gesture of his hands. "We can't undo what's done. But that's no reason you and Frank's kids should suffer."

"I wouldn't take help from you, if it was to keep them off the streets this night!" Honor whispered, as if speaking to herself.

"Now that's no way to talk."

"It's the way *I* talk."

He was silent a moment; began again gently. "The boys feel terrible about it."

"They don't have to think about it!" she muttered stubbornly.

Mart Creel took out a greasy, limp wallet stuffed to bulky curves, opened it. She saw his fingers handling the glorious green and yellow twenties—those slips of thick, soft paper that looked so well on the grocery counter, that helped one to walk into a market, head up.

"We want you to take five of these," the man said.

"I'll put the children in Riverdale first," she answered. But she was shaking.

"Please—" he asked, fanning one hundred marvelous dollars into a curve on the dirty, old, red oilcloth.

"There's blood on it," Honoria Moore said coldly.

Her hands, thank God, she could occupy with the teapot; she bent over the grizzled, filthy old head of her guest, pouring the brown, hot fluid carefully.

"You're a fool," Mart Creel said quietly.

FELLOWSHIP

By Grace Noll Crowell

I THINK *that I can truly say today*
That I am glad
For all the sorrow I have had.
I came upon one weeping by the way,
And I had words to say
To comfort her, because I, too, had known
A sorrow that my heart had borne alone.

I KNOW *that I am glad that pain has stayed*
Awhile with me,
For through it I learned sympathy
With every fellow mortal, hurt, dismayed,
Who prayed as I have prayed
For quick release, and then has turned to wait
The answer that will come, though soon or late.

OH, IT *has taken longer than it should*
For me to see
That grief and pain might work in me
Some ultimate reward, some lasting good,
I did not dream it could.
But now I know that only through these things
Can we reach out and touch Life's hidden springs.

"We want you to take these," said Mart, taking one hundred dollars from a bulky wallet. "There's blood on it," said Honoria coldly—but she was shaking

He was gathering the money up again—it was out of sight. She felt weakness, sickness, sweep over her. "But if you won't, you won't," he finished with a shrug.

"Ye can save yuresilf the throuble of callin' for this next sivin mont's," she said.

He was on his feet, his face burning red. "That's all right, Mrs. Moore. You haven't got to kick me out," he said in a sudden spurt.

"It wouldn't be the first time you'd been kicked out!" she commented briefly, dispassionately.

For some reason he made himself regain his patience, made himself smile kindly. "Say, I'm as sorry as you are about Frank," he said. "An' I see your point—he got runnin' with a crowd that was too swift for him, an' he couldn't stand the pace. But he'll not be out until June, an' meanwhile you've got to live. I don't say it was a good thing for him to come down to the Sons of Justice. But he done it, and we all like him, and we think he's a fine, straight feller—"

"He might have been," she said wearily, "if you'd 'a left him to me. If he'd been home nights, he never would 'a signed Jim Garvey's name to a check."

"Sh-h-h!" Mart (*Continued on page 121*)

FASHIONS

Helen Koues, Director

AGNÈS HAT MAX FUR

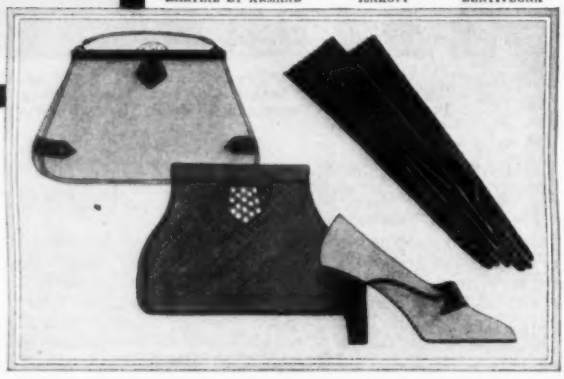
FROM Paris, at this time of year, come the first predictions of autumn fashions to answer your questions on what will be worn this winter. Near the top of the list is the new interest in all feminine accessories—fur scarfs, gloves, bags, shoes, shoulder flowers, and jewelry. And this is as it should be, for with the more elaborate form of dressing, accompanying accessories should attain proportionate importance.

First in this group is the tied fur scarf or neckpiece. The new ones designed in Paris are not made of an animal skin, but of sewn fur, and may be looped or tied around the neck in any becoming fashion. These are of short furs, especially mole, caracul, and the broadtail varieties, and are particularly appropriate to wear with the cloth street dress, which promises to be an outstanding costume for autumn. The silver fox will remain as a standard fur piece, of course, but will be used a great deal this winter for trimming.

Hats are due to change, and one that shows a complete reversal of line is the felt hat on this page, shaped like an Alpine hunter's hat. Madame Agnès has made these in all colors, always trimmed with quills, and for some reason they are becoming to almost every one. Other varieties of smart hats are numerous—the sailor shape, the draped turban effect, the hat with folded brim, the hat with no brim, small hats, and large hats, in felt and woolen materials, and velvet.

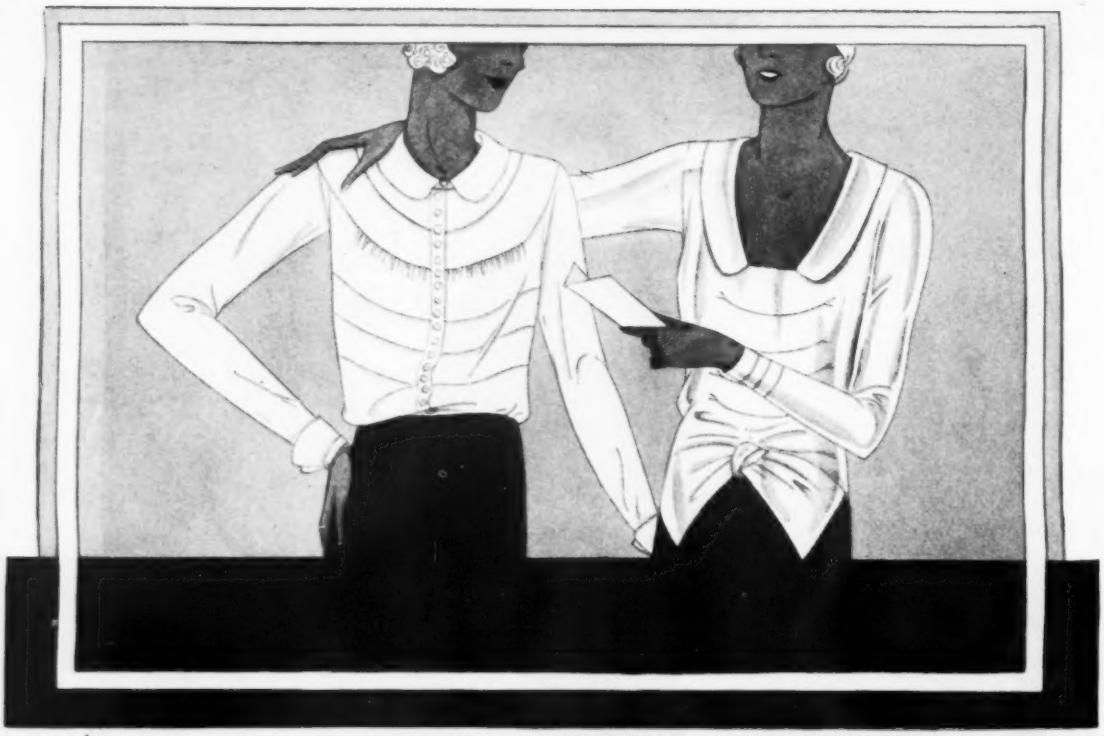
Next to the cloth street dress, which you will surely want in your autumn wardrobe, is the suit. Some of the newest have long coats; others, such as the broadcloth one on the opposite page, designed by Worth, have short jackets. In either case, whether with long or short coat, the suit is nearly always fur-trimmed, and together with broadcloth the closely-woven men's woolen materials are smart, as well as fine tweeds. Black continues to be the color favored by the smartest women, and there is every indication it will be the best for autumn. In the less somber group come brown, red, green, all in dark shades, especially the browns and reds. These high-spots will give you a brief idea of the new fashion trends, on which you may make your plans; next month we shall show you pictures and tell you about the actual models from all the important Paris openings. You will then know what is smart and in good taste for autumn and winter.

MARTIAL ET ARMAND ISAKOFF BENTIVEGNA



Agnès designed this Alpine hunter's hat with quills; Max designed the moleskin fur neckpiece that ties; Martial et Armand, the dark-red antelope bag with tabs; Isakoff, the black Russian leather bag with dots; Bentivegna, the brown antelope and calf oxford

The Forecast of Autumn Fashions from Paris Reveals the Importance of a Tunic Silhouette, Still Longer Skirts, and Fur-Trimmed Suits



RÉGNY AUGUSTABERNARD

Draped Blouses, Small Hats and Cravat Furs Are Approved by Paris

SINCE the suit is this year's cool-weather costume, blouses have reached a point of inspiration and variety unheard of for years. All sorts are good, and fine handiwork has an opportunity to show itself again in a charming way, especially in blouses from Paris. All materials are used by the French designers—linens, crêpes, satins, brocades, and chiffons—and the short-sleeved blouse or sleeveless caped blouse is as important as the long-sleeved one. A short-sleeved blouse is more comfortable under the usual tailor-made suit than an extra pair of sleeves, and just as suitable, and the sleeveless blouse will remain through the winter for afternoon occasions. There are neck-lines for every one, from the close little collar that comes to the base of the neck, to the diagonally draped line of Vionnet and other houses. The fichu effect is noticeable, too, and seems to belong to the ones in softer fabrics. There is also a return of the over-blouse to smart fashions, in a new over-effect that indicates the normal waist-line, as illustrated in the Augustabernard satin blouse, above, at the right.

Now that we are accustomed to the great change in the mode from a year ago, when longer skirts and higher waists made their country-wide appearance, it is easier to accept in the main all the feminine accompaniments to the mode. And although the tailored suit, the tailored cloth street dress, and the usual sports things are important members of the current fashions, the mode is feminine—a lovely, soft, elaborate mode,

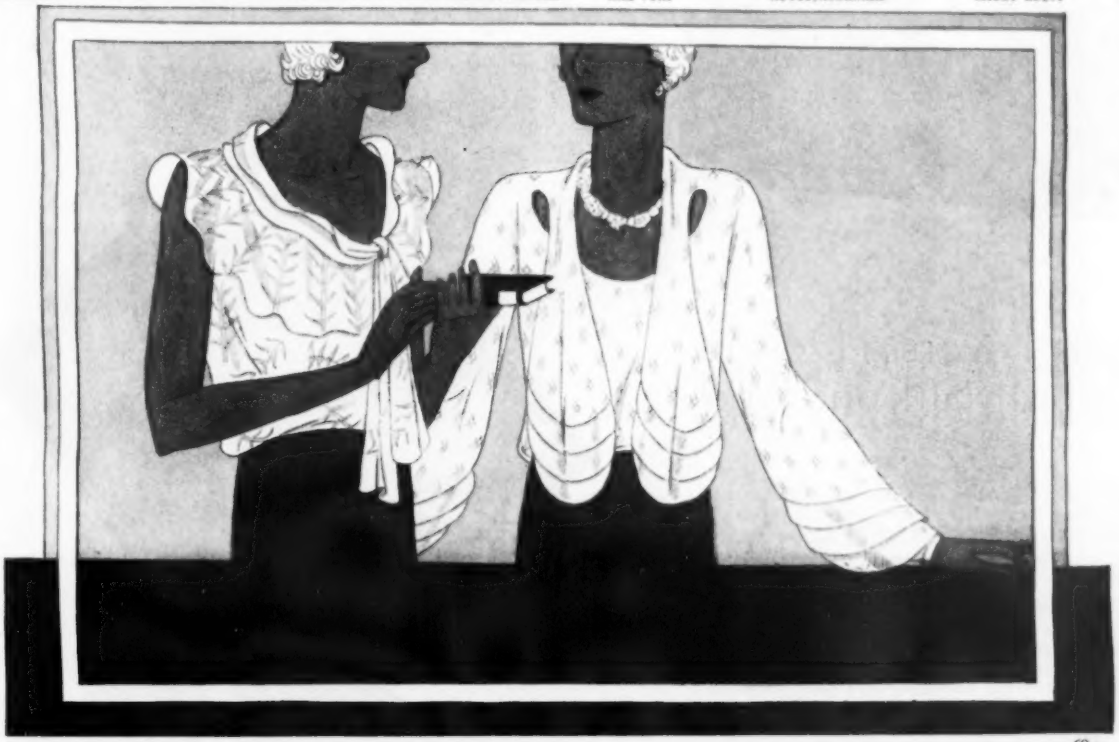
AGNÈS HAT MAX FUR

LEMONNIER HAT

PERUGIA FOUGUET

with blouses, furs, hats, gloves, flowers, and fur muffs all a part of it. Gloves, for instance, have taken on a new prominence, especially dark gloves. These come well above the wrist, and black and dark brown seem a bit smarter than the beige and tan shades we have been accustomed to wearing in the daytime. Shoulder flowers for both street and evening will be fashionable for autumn and winter. They are of every variety, and the smartest ones tie up with the costume in a definite way, such as a black-and-white flower worn with a black dress; sturdy, perky ones with tailored suits; and softer ones with evening gowns. The short fur coat will be good for day wear, especially in the flat furs, including seal. Max has designed the one of black breitschwantz, with a small muff to match, illustrated on this page. The hat worn with it is from Lemonnier, a small hat of felt, ideal for wear with a big fur collar, and trimmed only with a touch of the breitschwantz. The hat on the opposite page, worn with the caracul neckpiece designed by Max, is of starched jersey, small, much cut up in the front, and caught with a sapphire pin. This is an Agnès hat. The blouses were all designed in Paris, the first, below, white chiffon, by Augustabernard: the second, Maggy Rouff's, white crêpe satin.

MAX FURS AUGUSTABERNARD MAGGY ROUFF



MEYER

COUDURIER-FRUCTUS-DESCHER

MEYER

DUCHARNE

Paris Favors a Design On Both Silk and Wool

REPORTING the showings of autumn and winter fabrics by the important designers in Paris, our Editor says: Rodier sponsors closely-woven woolens of the coating variety, as well as tweeds like the Scotch weaves, often diagonal. Meyer makes many silk and wool mixtures, as well as suitings and coatings. Coudurier-Fructus-Descher stresses velvets, and raised velvet patterns, such as velvet dots on a crêpey wool base; also satins and taffetas. Ducharne uses many small designs, makes a thin, soft moiré, and sponsors brocaded velvet on chiffon, and lamé on thin materials.

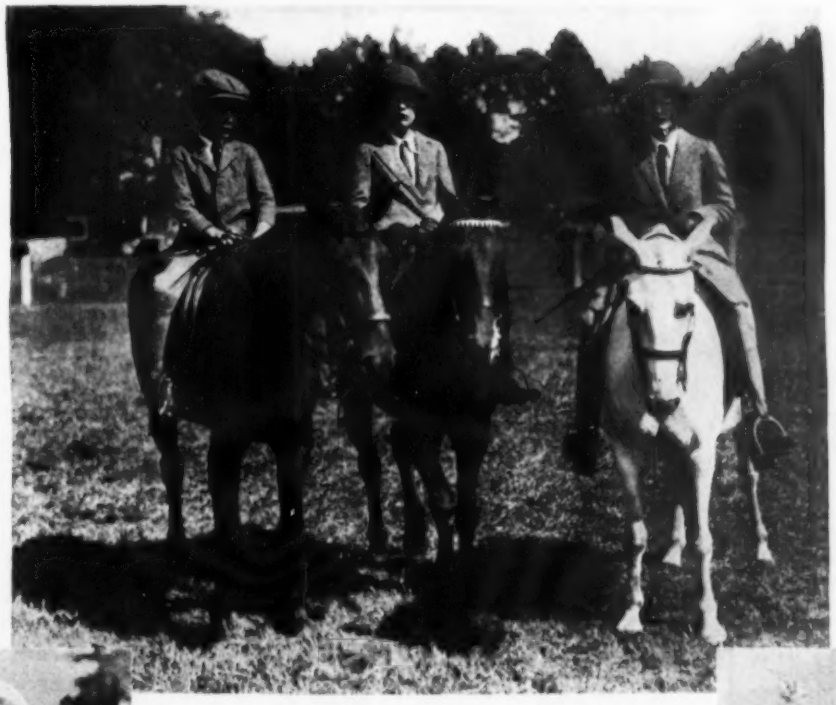
Autumn's Colors—Red, Very Dark Brown, Green

TO illustrate the new fabrics, these sketches were made in Paris, each shown with a model suggesting its use for autumn or winter. On the opposite page: Meyer, a heavy black, gray, and white tweed; Condurier-Fructus-Descher, brown wool crêpe brocaded in velvet; Meyer, a finely woven coating in iron-gray; Ducharne, black moiré with mauve and green flowers. On this page: Coudurier-Fructus-Descher, brocaded gray crêpe de Chine with tiny figure; Rodier, a black and gray suiting; Rodier, a beige and brown bordered suiting; Ducharne, dotted black chiffon.

Smartly Dressed At Golf or Races

Taken at White Sulphur Springs, the pictures above and below show the correct costume for golf—particularly smart is that above, consisting of a tweed skirt, tuck-in sweater, cardigan, wool béret, socks, and Peele oxfords

Characteristic of the sports mode for early autumn is the tweed coat at left, which shows a cravat collar of self fabric and the belted silhouette now in vogue. The fitted tweed costume at right, for the older woman, has a bag to match



Three types of riding habits are here shown: above, jodhpurs of whipcord with a tweed coat and low boots; at right, light breeches, a brown worsted coat, and soft felt hat; below, a formal habit of yellow breeches, black Melton cloth coat, and high silk hat

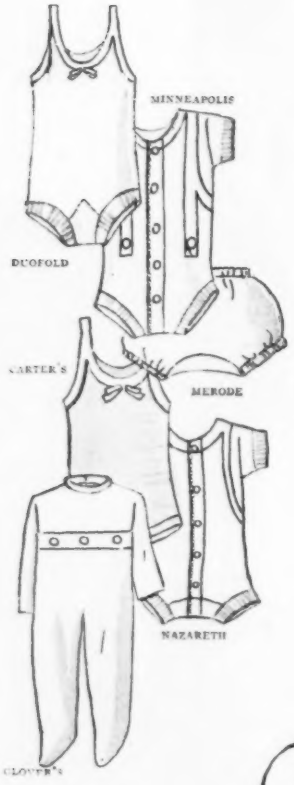
Of special interest in the autumn are sporting events such as the races or polo matches, and to be smartly dressed is essential; just right is the suit at left, in one of the new knitted weaves, with a harmonizing blouse. Note the white gloves now so important

Riding Formally And Informally

Boys' and Girls' Clothes that Carry a National Trade-Mark

IT IS WISE for mothers, in selecting their children's autumn wardrobe, to consider the importance of trade-marked merchandise, as here illustrated. First to be considered are children's suits and frocks. The Finchcraft jersey frock, below, with its plaited skirt and contrasting vest and collar, is nice for the growing girl. A slightly older girl might like the Jack Tar Togs three-piece suit of fancy knit with a tuck-in plain jersey top. Typical for boys between two and eight is the Kaynee Oliver Twist suit with a broadcloth shirt and jersey trousers, while little sister looks cunning in the hand-smocked L'Aiglon frock of printed broadcloth with bloomers to match. During the cold winter months no small child can be without a Zip-On three-piece suit of suède-like cloth—leggings, blouse and helmet, and not to be forgotten are Buddy Lee play suits and over-alls, which, although not illustrated, are recommended.

Underwear calls for a variety of trade-marks, all well-known to mothers, as shown at left. The unionsuit at top of group is of Duofold fabric, two thin separate layers with air space between. The outer fabric is worsted and cotton with a mercerized stripe and the inner layer all cotton. Of ribbed cotton is the Minneapolis unionsuit while Merode's Junior breechette, made of worsted and cotton, is a play garment. Carter's unionsuit is a dainty garment in rayon, wool, and cotton, and Nazareth a part-wool waist-suit with rayon stripe.



Practical for general wear are the knitted two-piece suits, below, which are obtainable for either boys or girls. The Braeburn suit has a button neck and turnover collar, while the Augusta Tots Togs sweater suit prefers a novelty crew neck

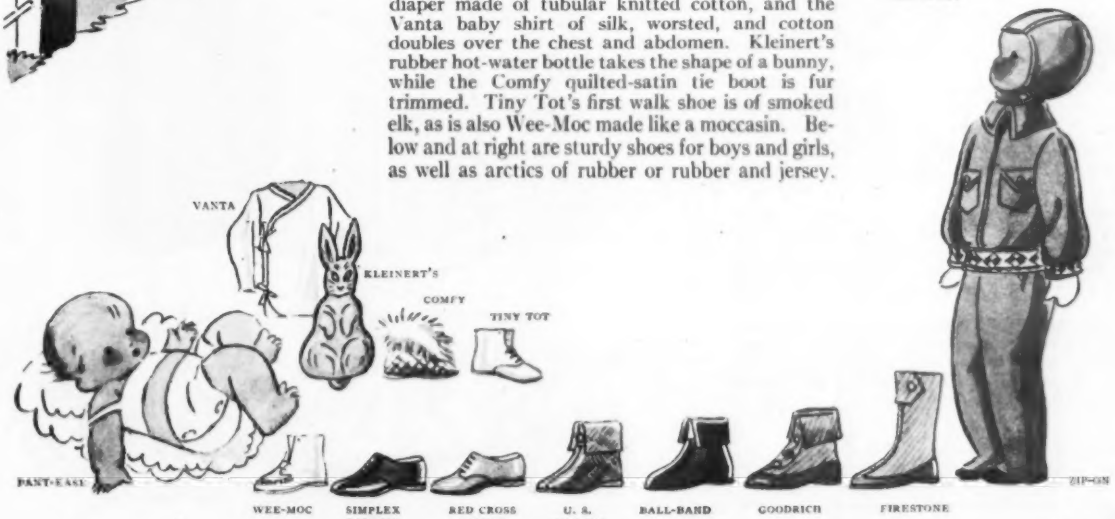
ASK YOUR DEALER

The trade-marked children's clothes on these pages have been selected from reliable manufacturers whose distribution is wide enough to insure your finding them in your local shops. If you are unable to find them, write Good Housekeeping

Glover's flannelette sleeper has detachable trousers.

Three types of hosiery are offered at right: McCallum's all-silk sock, Randolph Cuties' fine lisle Durene stocking, and Gordon's wool hose. The infant's colored capeskin one-clasp glove and wool-lined mitten are trade-marked Danforth.

The baby below wears Pant-Ease, a side-pinning diaper made of tubular knitted cotton, and the Vanta baby shirt of silk, worsted, and cotton doubles over the chest and abdomen. Kleinert's rubber hot-water bottle takes the shape of a bunny, while the Comfy quilted-satin tie boot is fur trimmed. Tiny Tot's first walk shoe is of smoked elk, as is also Wee-Moc made like a moccasin. Below and at right are sturdy shoes for boys and girls, as well as arctics of rubber or rubber and jersey.



Frocks of Unusual Value From Fifth Avenue Shops

HOW TO ORDER

All you have to do to buy these smart frocks for the first cool days is send check or money-order, with description of size and color desired, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.; they will be promptly shipped. *See page 78 for others*

New in every way is the beautifully tailored frock (1st, above) of fine wool crêpe with inner, detachable, georgette collar, plaited edge, a double-breasted front, both plaits and godets; in black with white, or brown or Independence-blue with eggshell; 14 to 40; $16.75

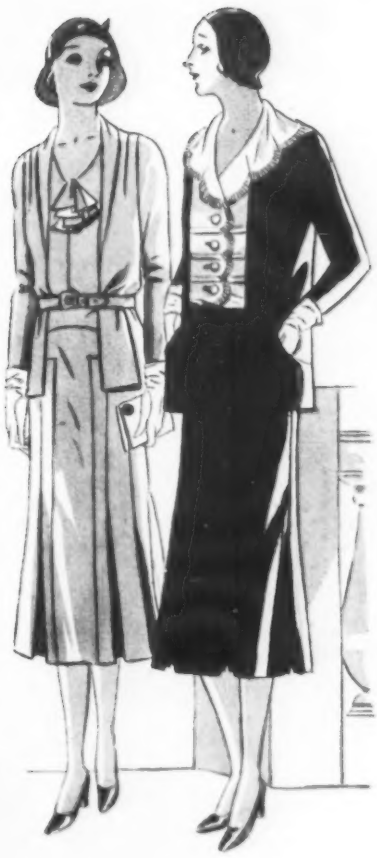
Semi-made is the inexpensive and becoming wool tweed frock (2nd, above), with detachable, white piqué collar and cuffs, and low flare in skirt; belt and pearl buttons; all difficult sewing finished; just sew up seams and hem; brown, blue, green; 14 to 40; $5.95

A woman's dress for autumn street wear is the smart frock (3rd, above), in a new novelty silk and wool crêpe, detachable silk piping, closing tied at side, two flat godets in front; navy, green, black, brown, or dark red with white design; sizes, 34 to 46; $19.75

For afternoon bridge parties, this lovely, semi-made frock (1st, right) comes in black, navy, rust, or dark-brown satin, the cowl neckline with tiny, beige lace vest, the skirt with circular godets; all difficult sewing finished; sizes, 14 to 40; and only $10.50

Semi-made, with every bit of difficult sewing completed, a flat crêpe afternoon frock (2nd, right) has a detachable vest of flesh georgette trimmed with a bow; surplice closing; wide hip-yoke in back and front; circular skirt; black, navy, brown, green; 36 to 46; $9.95

Let Our Shopping Service Buy These Frocks for You



HOW TO ORDER

Just send your check or a money-order, together with size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Avenue, New York City, for any one or more of these new autumn frocks and suits, at new fall prices. See page 78 for others you may like

Semi-made clothes please the smart woman who is also thrifty, and the semi-made wool crêpe dress and jacket (above, 1st) are new and specially priced, the long-sleeved dress with plaits at sides, piqué at the neck; navy, brown, green, or black; sizes 14 to 40; $9.95

Semi-made is the novelty-stripe, wool-crêpe suit (2nd, above); seamed and collarless jacket, skirt closed at side, circular plaits; white or beige crêpe de Chine blouse with scalloped, plaited collar; brown, black, navy, or green; 14 to 40; suit, $8.95; blouse, $4.95

This semi-made coat frock (left) of wool crêpe with woven dot is one of the smartest autumn fashions, with side plaits, buttoned closing, detachable white piqué vest and cuffs; all difficult sewing finished; green, navy, brown, or black with white dots; 34 to 44; $6.95

In new autumn shades of Burgundy-red, dark brown, dark green, or in black, comes this charming silk crêpe afternoon frock (left, center) with detachable vest of beige, white, or flesh georgette, the skirt gracefully flared; comes in all women's sizes; 34 to 46; $19.75

Lace edges the becoming beige georgette collar on the lovely, semi-made, flat crêpe afternoon frock (left, 1st fig.), which also has a low-placed, circular flare in the new fashion; really a charming dress; comes in wine-toned red, navy, brown, or black; 16 to 42; $7.95

Let Us Buy for You in New York These Frocks at Special Prices

To fit into this year of economy and thrift, we have chosen the best values at the new low prices for fall. Such a one is the semi-made novelty wool frock, below (1st fig.), trimmed with contrasting silk at collar, on the cuffs, and in the belt, the skirt with a hip yoke, and a godet in front; comes in brown, navy, green, or red; collar, cuffs, and belt in two colors; 14 to 40; price, $7.50

Semi-made is the smart, new suit of wool novelty tweed with long-sleeved, beige crêpe de Chine blouse (2nd below). Cut out to your size, the difficult sewing is finished, and all you have to do is sew up the seams and hem. Coat is lined with silk; the skirt has a hip yoke, three front plaits, and fastens at side; blue, green, or tan combination tweed; sizes, 14 to 40; only $13.95

HOW TO ORDER

To buy these new frocks and the suit below, just send check or money-order, together with description of size and color you desire, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Avenue, New York City, and your order will be promptly filled and speeded on its way to you. Of course, you know anything that is not satisfactory may be returned to us and your money will be refunded. See the three lovely fall frocks on pages 76 and 77, which you may buy, and the two suits, all at the new low prices for this year

At a special price for Good Housekeeping readers, the one-piece, wool crêpe frock with roll collar and cuffs of detachable white piqué (third figure below) is just the frock for cool autumn days and later to wear to school or work under a coat. The waist buttons with large pointed tab, the belt harmonizes, the hip yoke fits; brown, green, wine, navy; sizes, 14 to 18 or 36 to 40; only $10.75

Just the dress for autumn wear in town or the country, is the new and smart novelty woolen frock (4th below), trimmed with a plaited, hemstitched, white-linen collar with tabs, and a plaited frill at the cuffs. The dress buttons at the side on the hips in sailor fashion, and there are two plaits in front and back; red, brown, navy, or green novelty woolen; all sizes 12 to 20; $19.50

S-12 S-13 S-14

Three New Patterns Designed for The First Cool Days of Autumn

By Caroline Gray

AS AUTUMN approaches, you will feel an urge to replenish your wardrobe, and the three dresses above, which you can make yourself, fill a multitude of needs.

First to be considered is the street dress, as shown at right above in wool crêpe, jersey, or any of the novelty, lightweight woolens. This is an excellent example of the coat dress now much in vogue and buttons to the right in a wrap-around fashion. The skirt is gored and has a front panel which forms a yoke. The collar of a fancy knit or silk may tie at the throat.

At this time of the year a sports costume is of the foremost importance for all country events, and the one in center, above, is fashioned of a fancy knitted material. Though a one-piece dress with a matching jacket, the dress may also be made in two pieces giving a shirt-waist effect. Box plaits starting from an interesting hip yoke give the fulness needed in this type of dress, while the collar, vest, and cuffs of white piqué or starched linen are detachable. A perforated line on the pattern at the waist indicates where the skirt, complete without the waist, may be cut off and made separate to wear with tuck-in blouses.

For afternoon wear the one-piece Canton crêpe frock, at left above, is becoming to most figures, as the simulated bolero, smart for fall, softens the hip-line. The bodice has an under section or back lining, which with the bolero is joined to the blouse in the under-arm seams. The front blouses softly over a narrow fabric belt at the normal waist-line, and the bolero, bound like the neck, dips gracefully in the back.

HOW TO ORDER

To order any of the dresses on this page, send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Pattern Service, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York. All three dresses in sizes 34 to 42

For afternoon is design S-12, at left above, 50c, in Canton crêpe, which is becoming to most figures, as the bolero softens the hip-line in the back while the front blouses softly

A smart sports costume is design S-13, center, above, 60c, fashioned in one of the new knitted fabrics, whereas design S-14, 50c, is a street dress of wool crêpe buttoning at right

The American Marquis

Learns That "Easy Come, Easy Go," Is Just as True Of Love As of Money

XXXI

THAT night, after dinner, it wasn't long before two tables of bridge started in the drawing-room.

At the first, Lord Kineton and Lady Phoebe were playing against those demon partners, Major Middlemass and Aunt Josephine. At the second, Lord and Lady Leominster were matched against Sheppy Knollys and one of the Shrewsbury girls.

Lady Kineton and Grandma were chatting near the window—the latter occasionally turning a more or less troubled eye upon the bridge tables in general and upon Josephine in particular. In her Oak Street home in Belleview, Grandma had never allowed card-playing on Sunday—not even solitaire—and she expected no good from it here. The Marquis, keeping out of the games for a reason of his own, had again pleaded a slight headache; but, apparently little the worse for his adventure of the previous evening, was reading a volume of family history.

As usual Archey was rippling reminiscent airs up and down the keyboard while talking to Coral; but, possibly finding that one of these pursuits was interfering with the other, he presently turned his back upon the more mechanical melodies, and said:

"That reminds me. There's a full moon; and last night, coming home from Marlebone, Thomas said he heard a nightingale singing in the glen. Who says 'A walk to the abbey'?"

"I say 'A walk to the abbey'," said Coral, promptly. "And you needn't bait the trap with a nightingale, either."

"And I say 'A walk to the abbey'," said Romney Waring. "That is, if Alicia will play the part of Barkis."

"I'm willing," said Alicia.

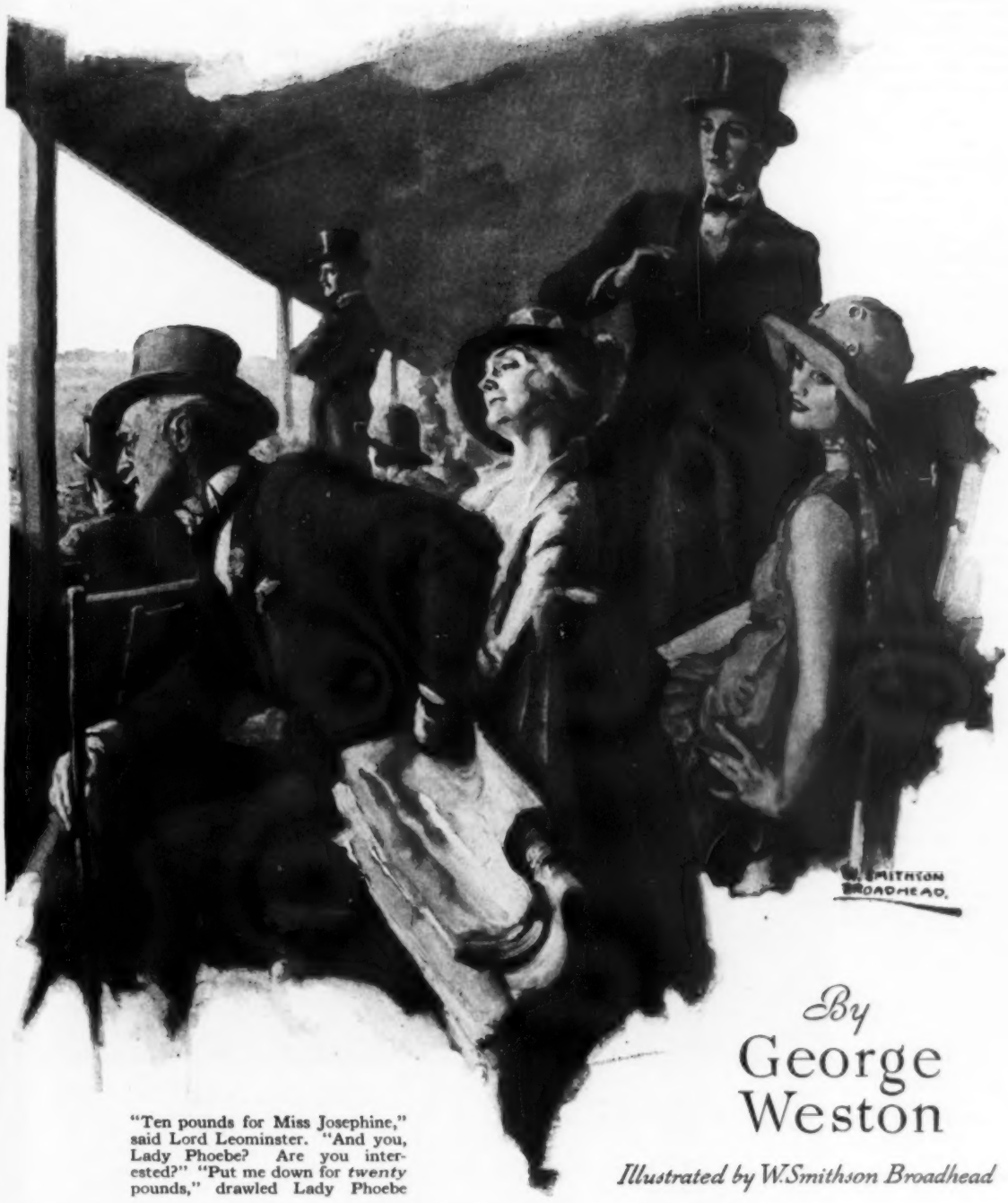
"Nightingale or no nightingale?" asked Archey.

"If there's silence in the glen, I'll sing a serenade myself," said Romney.

Roger Gilman and the other Shrewsbury girl—the one named Mary—also declared in favor of the abbey; and a few minutes later they were walking down the terrace in front of the Towers, Alicia and Romney a short distance behind the others.

At least Archey had been right when he had promised the full moon, and presently, turning to look back at the Towers with its crenelated corners and ivy-covered walls, Alicia thought of fairy scenes, and elves, and the sweet, gentle madness of "Midsummer Night's Dream." The night was pleasant and warm—a belated hint of hawthorn still in the air. Toward the sea a mist was rising, giving the scene more than ever the spirit of illusion.

Romney was quiet at first. Perhaps he, too, thought Alicia, was caught in the spell of the night. What dream, she wondered,



"Ten pounds for Miss Josephine," said Lord Leominster. "And you, Lady Phoebe? Are you interested?" "Put me down for *twenty* pounds," drawled Lady Phoebe

By
George Weston

Illustrated by W.Smithson Broadhead

was the moonlight giving to him? What did he hope to do with his life before it was finished? Coral had learned from Archey that Romney's people were frightfully well off. Was this, perhaps, enough for him?

"What's on your mind?" he suddenly asked her. "Music or mystery?"

"It may be mystery," she told him. "I was thinking that if I were a man, I believe the moon would make me ambitious."

"My darling girl—"

"No," she said. "I didn't mean that type of ambition."

"Ah, yes, I forgot. Beauty and grace are so independent of geography that I find it increasingly easy to forget. But if you mean ambition in the more American sense of the word, I hope some day—God willing!—to be one of the world's great lyric poets. Hasn't Archey told you yet that we are writing a light opera between us?"

"No!" she smiled, pleased and eager to hear more.

"And that since I met you I've written more songs—and better ones—than I did in the previous six months?"

"No!"

"Ah, but I have!"

They were sufficiently separated from the others not to be overheard, and in a whimsical voice he began, half-quoting, half singing—

"Quiet flowers
For quiet hours:
A buttercup, daisy or two;
Gentle shades
For gentle maids:
Lavender leaves and rue.
But a moon in the sky
And a heart leaping high
And a dark red rose for you!"

Alicia drank deeply of the moment—the fairy-like scene around her—a group of deer, their antlers aloft, watching not far away—the pearly mists ahead—the moon above—the mysterious silence of night, a silence which at first she was loath to break.

"That's in the play?" she asked at last.

"That's in the play."

"But didn't you say the other day that I was the saintly type?"

"Of course, you are," he gently exulted. "The type that loves seldom—but when it does—"

He was walking closely by her side, so that now and then they touched each other—the contact awakening in Alicia a gentle but unmistakable thrill.

"You know—I've sometimes wondered—" she said, as much to herself as to him.

"What have you wondered, dear?"

"Whether I would ever love—the way you think I will."

"But of course you will!" he exulted again. "Love's like money: you have so much to spend—but with this difference: every one starts with about the same amount. Some spend theirs as they go along. Those are the girls who love easily and often. But you—you have saved yours . . ."

He suddenly stopped at a circle of tiny toadstools glistening in the moonlight in the closely cropped grass. "A fairy ring!" he exclaimed. "Queen Mab will be here before morning. Don't you think she would love it if we had the first dance?"

Smiling, falling into his mood, she took his hand, and they delicately stepped into the ring. It was a tiny dance-floor, not more than five feet in diameter . . . Their dance was a gentle embrace.

"You are pulling away?" Romney said.

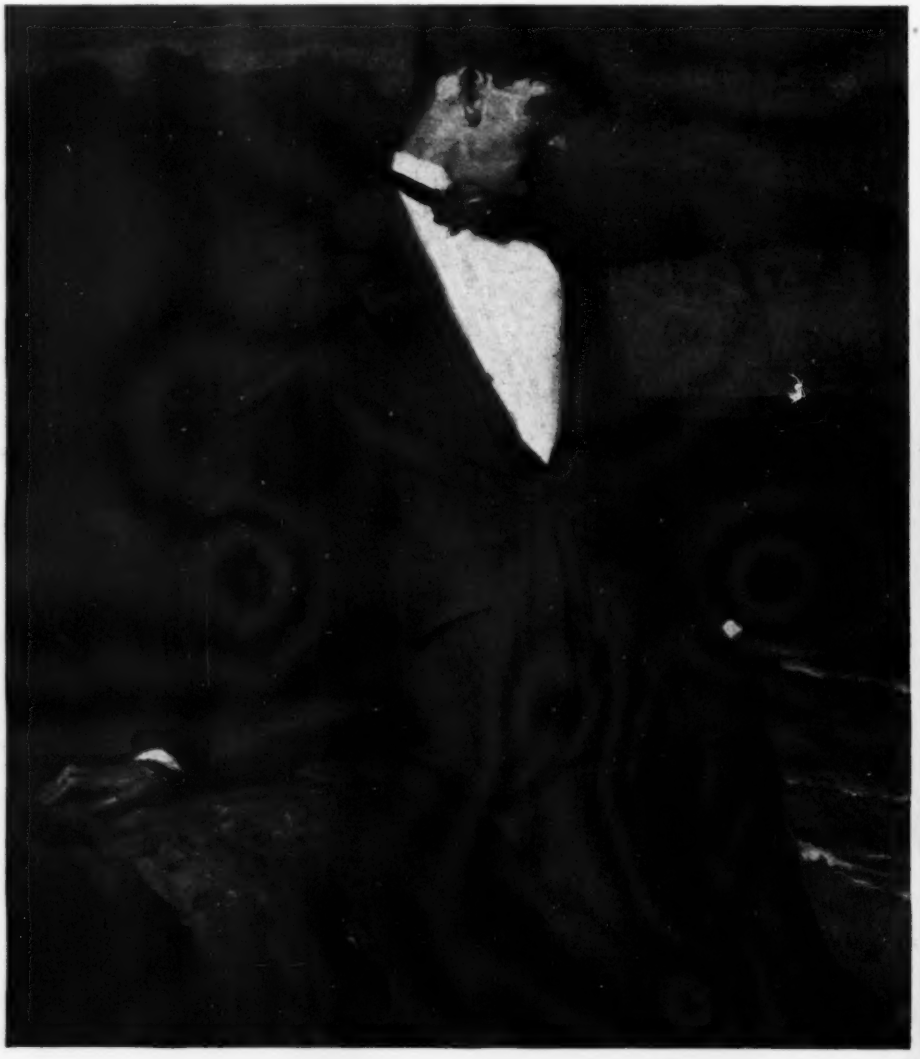
"Yes," she nodded, afraid to trust her voice for a moment. And then: "They'll be waiting and wondering. Come on."

They found the others near the trees at the edge of the glen, each couple close together and standing in silence, evidently listening for the nightingale which they had come to hear.

"Sh!" whispered Archey. "We thought we heard him tuning up once."

And then suddenly they heard him singing down in the heart of the glen—such a golden torrent of melodious love and parting, of joy and sadness, of rapture and sorrow, that Alicia felt her throat ache. It was here, she remembered, that Ed had stopped his car a few days before. Yes; she would have to see Ed—perhaps that was the most unbearable part of the song.

She turned her head away so that Romney wouldn't see the tears in her eyes, and then—as suddenly as it had started—the song stopped.



Alicia was already in the water, and turning round, she splashed him, laughing. "Very well," thought Romney. "That settles it. I'm through"

" 'Pouring forth thy soul abroad in such an ecstasy,' " breathed Romney.

Ed, Alicia told herself, finding mitigation in the thought—Ed wouldn't have thought of anything like that. He might have said, "Some bird!"—but probably not much else.

At the abbey, they went down to the shore—only the sands were bars of gold, and the waves were ripples of silver.

Coral leaned over a stone and dabbled her hand in the water. "It's warm," she said, already busy with her shoes. "I've always wanted to go wading by moonlight."

The Shrewsbury girl joined her, and soon there was laughing and splashing—Archey and Roger being obliged to keep their distance if they valued the dryness of their clothes.

"Shall we walk around the abbey?" Romney asked Alicia farther up the bank.

"No," she said. "Let's find our throne and watch the children."

"They aren't the first children who've come down to the sea to splash in the water at night," he said. "It's the heavy hand of marriage which stops joyful things like that." And in a voice of helpless wonder, "Ah, those poor simpletons who have such pathetic faith in the chain of marriage—when they see it spoiling the lives of every one around them!"

For the next few moments Alicia could hardly breathe. "You aren't one of those simpletons?" she presently found herself asking in a muffled voice.

"I hope not!" he fervently declared. "What are you doing?"

"I'm taking off my shoes," she said. "I'm going wading."

He followed her, knowing the charm was

broken—yes, and knowing how. "Don't be a fool," he told himself, as he followed. "Do *you* want to carry chains the rest of your life?"

Alicia was already in the water, and turning around, she splashed him, laughing. "A wet, wet wave for you!"

"Very well," he thought. "That settles it. I'm through!"

But he wasn't. All the way back to the Towers he tried to repair the broken charm; and soon after Alicia turned out her light that night, she heard his guitar beneath her window—heard him singing one of the songs which he had taught her—singing it beseechingly, earnestly, for all its whimsical words:

"Pinky-pank; the moon is shining.
Pinky-pank; my heart is pining.
Window, oh, do unbar,
Cruel maiden that you are!
Cast your bright eyes upon me,
Don't throw cold water on me.
List to my light guitar . . ."

She wouldn't go to the open casement, though, but lay quietly thinking of Ed Wyman—thinking of him almost with the intensity of a penance: Ed and his comfortable ways and speech—Ed who had wanted to marry her and take her back home—Ed who, when he had kissed her, had said:

"There! That alone was worth coming to England for."

CHAPTER XXXII

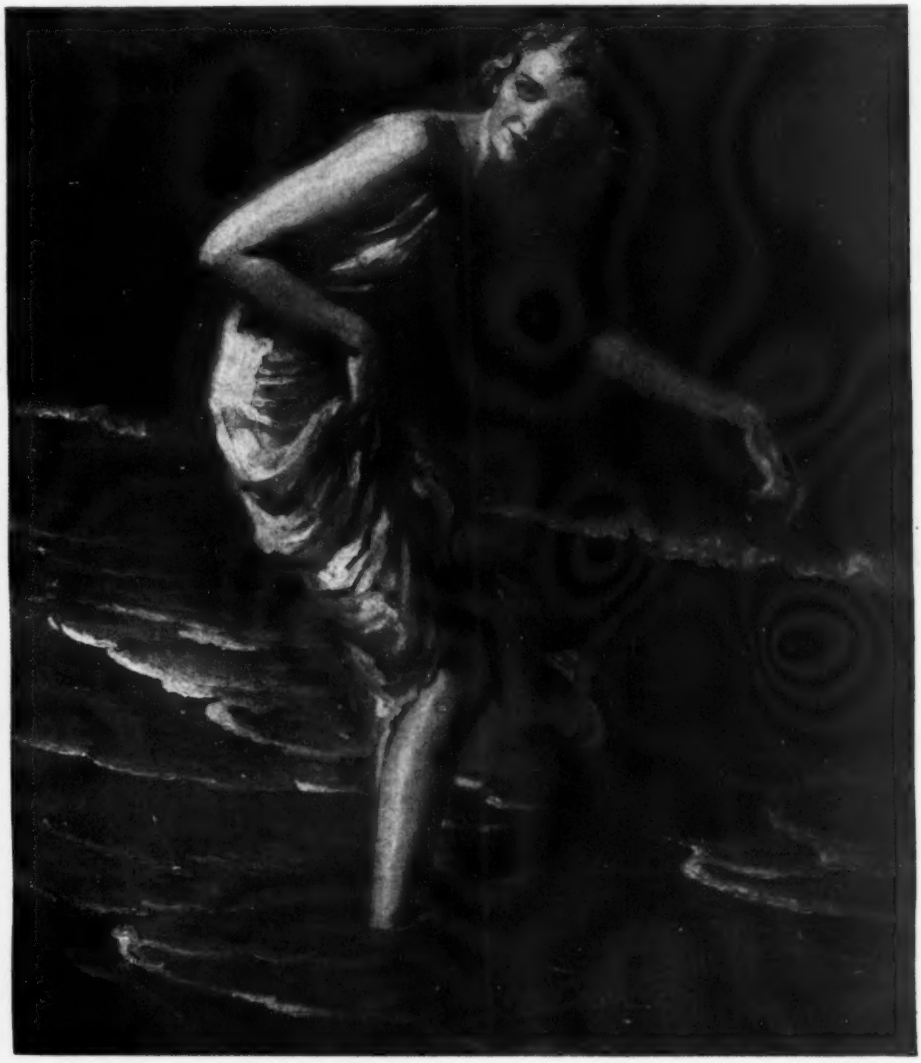
THE next day, which was that of the Marlebone Races, was prefaced by one of those mornings of which the poets sing. The sun shone, the birds trilled, the lambs skipped and frisked over the lawns, even the deer galloped around among the trees and made playful passes at each other with their horns. A warm breeze, coming in from the sea, swept over the flower garden and surrounded the Towers with the sweet scent of heliotrope and mignonette.

"I'm so glad that the weather is favorable," said Lady Phoebe to the Marquis, as they stood on the terrace in front of the Towers shortly before noon. "This, you know, is the day of days for all this part of the country. There are six races altogether this afternoon, but the fourth one—the Marlebone steeplechase—is an older event than the Derby."

"Over one of the most dangerous courses in the Kingdom, too," said Lord Kineton, who was listening. "Wait till you see the last jump—a combination of hurdle, water, and brush. We are going to have lunch at the track, Phoebe?"

"Yes," she said. And turning to the Marquis she continued: "That's another old custom with us. You are a member of the Turf Association—one of those hereditary affairs—and whenever the weather's decent, the members lunch in the field—or whatever one calls the inside enclosure in the middle of the track."

"We shan't be crowded there, you see," said Lord Kineton, chatting on. "There are only about a dozen members. Twenty-five years ago they went in their tallyhoes. Something like a show. But these confounded motors have knocked that on the head."



Lady Phoebe looked up at her American cousin, suddenly all remembrance and soothing sympathy.

"You don't think it will be too much for you?" she asked in a lower voice. "You're sure it doesn't pain you any more?"

"Not a bit," said the Marquis stoutly. And, trying to make a joke of it, "I think it cleared my mind."

"You poor dear!" she murmured. "To come to England and be served like that."

Archey and Coral appeared at that moment, with Alicia and Josephine not far behind. Archey had been counting the guests and the cars.

"We shall need one more motor," he said to his mother, "or Clynes will have to make a double trip, and that would be an awkward business with the crowds on the road today."

"Then we'll get another motor," she told him.

"A busy day for the garages," Archey warned her, "but there's a young man at the Crown who's keen to sell a car to Alicia. I think you'll have a better chance of bagging him than any one else."

"I'll telephone at once," said Lady Phoebe, disappearing.

For the next few moments Aunt Josephine seemed to breathe rather heavily down her nose. "I hope to heaven Ed's busy," she said to Alicia under her breath.

"Oh, I don't know," said Alicia, smiling to herself. "I wouldn't mind seeing Ed."

"You don't (*Continued on page 134*)

Announcing

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S

Offering of

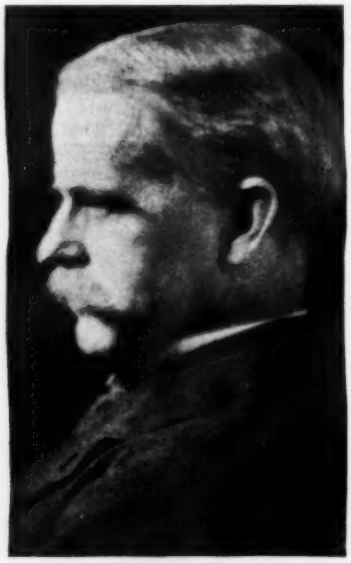
$ 5,000.00

IN PRIZES

To the Readers Who Help to Select

THE FIVE JUDGES OF THE

Newton D. Baker



Henry van Dyke

AMERICA'S TWELVE *Who Are*

WITH the aid of readers and of a board of five distinguished judges, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING undertakes this month one of the most ambitious and important projects of its long career—a search for the twelve greatest living American women.

For nearly half a century GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has been taken into American homes as friend, counsellor, guardian, and entertainer. Through the swiftly changing moods and modes of our progressive national life this magazine, critical but open-minded, has tried always to distinguish for its readers between the right and the wrong in the simplest interpretation of those terms. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has not merely applauded virtue; it has struck out at vice. The secret of its success is no more obscure than that.

Now, in a day of quick fame and easy acclaim, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING enlists its readers in a cause that aspires to bring recognition to those women of the land who genuinely deserve it. Not every reputation, as we all know, is founded upon solid achievement. Nor are the fruits of prolonged hard work necessarily spectacular or thrilling. As Dr. Henry van Dyke said in consenting to serve upon our board of judges,

"It seems to me that at present there are so many half-baked reputations floating around that we are in danger of mistaking publicity for real fame."

What Does Greatness Mean?

The first question that arises in any such investigation as this is, How shall greatness be defined? We do not ourselves attempt to answer that. How could any single mind or several minds hope to answer it? By your votes, you, the readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, can come close to answering it *for the mass mind*. When tens of thousands of opinions are tabulated, when all corners of the country are combed for humanity's little-known benefactors as well as for those easily recognized, the results must be regarded as near the actual truth.

We think it will not be disputed that a great woman must have served her own

RULES, CONDITIONS, AND PRIZES

1—Fill in the ballot with the names of the women, native-born or naturalized, whom you consider the twelve greatest American women now living. Give your first choice on the line marked 1. Your other nominees may be listed in any order.

2—The ballot must be accompanied with a letter of not more than 200 words stating the reasons for your first selection—the first selection only. Four ballots in all will be printed—in the September, October, November, and December issues, but no more than one list or letter will be considered from any one person. No lists or letters can be returned.

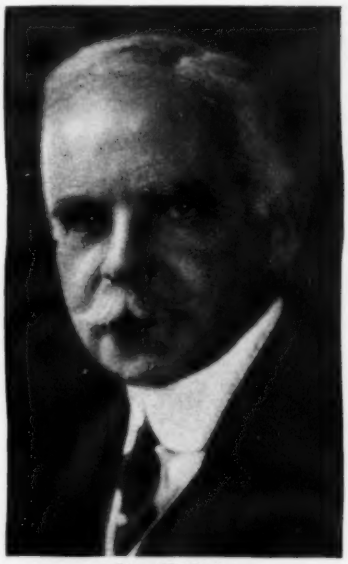
3—Any one, whether a regular reader of this magazine or not, without reference to age, is eligible to submit a letter and list on the official ballot.

4—The awards, consisting of 177 cash prizes totaling $5,000.00, will be made to the contestants who give the best reasons in 200 words or less for their first selection.

5—The competition, covering about four months, opens with this announcement and closes Saturday, December 20, 1930, at midnight, a few days before the publication in our January issue of the first portrait. Awards will be announced as soon thereafter as the judges shall have reached a final decision.

First prize	$ 500.00
Second prize	250.00
Ten prizes of $100.00 each	1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of $50.00 each	1,250.00
Forty prizes of $25.00 each	1,000.00
One hundred prizes of $10.00 each	1,000.00
177 prizes — Total	$5,000.00

GALLERY OF GREAT AMERICAN WOMEN



Otto H. Kahn

Booth Tarkington

Bruce Barton

GREATEST WOMEN—*They?*

community or the country at large in some distinctive or creative way; professionally or artistically; as a social worker, an educator, a philanthropist, an artist, a leader in economic or sociological movements that have made or are making life the splendid thing that it can be. Yet this need not mean that her name springs at once to every one's lips. Hoping that unknown merit will come to light, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S editors deliberately elected to find the *twelve* most distinguished women rather than three, six, or any small number tending to confine the canvass to the few women of established prominence whom the majority might nominate.

One approach for the reader to an alignment of thought on the attributes of greatness suggests itself in classification by the kinds of women's work. Who, for example, has done more in settlement work than any other woman? What woman has befriended childhood as no other has? Is there a contemporary Florence Nightingale? Who are the foremost women scientists, doctors, educators, stateswomen, home economists, etc.? This is not to say that only one woman in each classification will be worthy of place. It may be that several women in some single calling will seem to be meritorious beyond the claims of others in diverse fields.

Possibly another test of greatness lies in the speculative answer to the question, How high will this woman be held in the esteem of the world fifty or a hundred years from now?

When the votes have been counted the figures will be submitted to the board of judges for their consideration. The judges will be undoubtedly influenced but not governed by the totals, for this investigation is not in any sense a popularity contest.

The judges have been at work on preliminary lists, and they are now proceeding to determine upon two or three women who would necessarily find a place in any well-considered selection of twelve. Portraits of these women will appear in the issues immediately following the close of the contest.

We are more than fortunate in having as judges five *(Continued on page 118)*

OFFICIAL GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BALLOT NO. 1

(Three additional ballots will be printed—in the October, November, and December issues)

To the Contest Editors, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, N. Y. C.
I submit below my recommendations for your Gallery of Great Women, and enclose a letter giving my reasons for my first choice.

1.....	7.....
2.....	8.....
3.....	9.....
4.....	10.....
5.....	11.....
6.....	12.....

Name.....

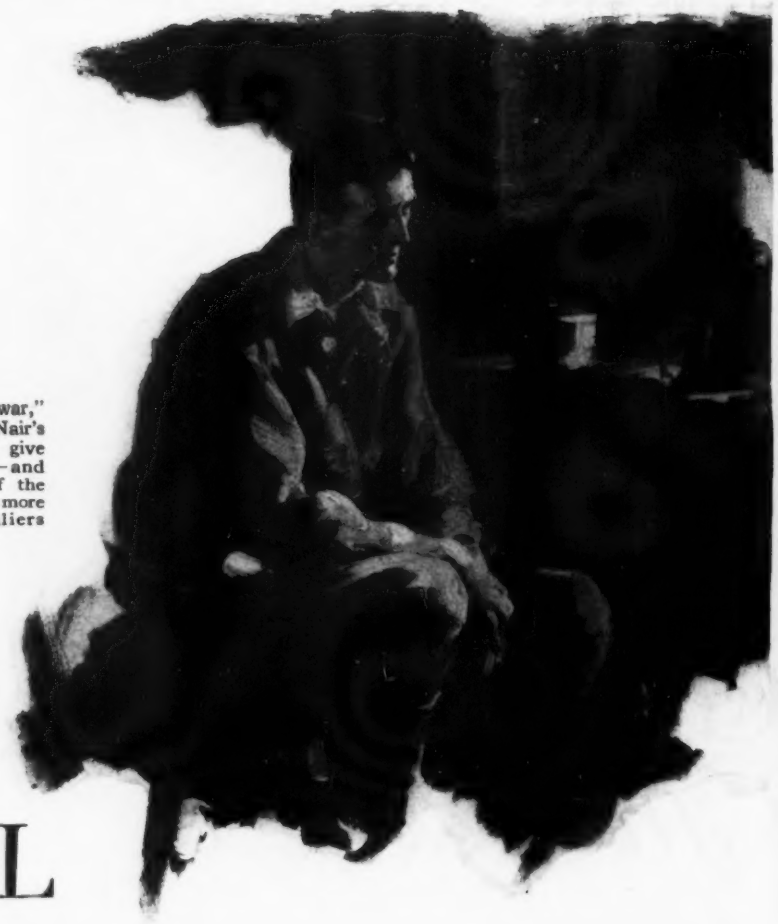
Address.....

.....

By

Mary Synon

Illustrated by
Pruett Carter



"If you want war," said Angus MacNair's daughter, "I'll give you plenty!"—and marched out of the shack to meet more willing cavaliers

The Girl Who Said

"It's ALL In a SUMMER"

Just Didn't Know About Love

THE first of the railroad-building MacNairs, old Angus from Auchincloss, mushed into the North Country of Canada when that land of last promise ended at the French River. Working at day labor to send the steel outward to the bounds of a nation's awakening vision, he made only money enough to put him down in a little Ontario frontier town, but he wrought with pick-ax and sledge a family tradition which took his son out from it into the farther Bush.

Young Angus MacNair rocked in a hand-car down the right-of-way of the Transcontinental when Cochrane was heart of the Muskeg under Hudson's Bay. There, by the swirling waters of the Abitibi and the Frederick House, he learned the code of engineering which pulled him back to his own land when war was done, and which made him one of the masters of that empire which tops the western world.

The third of the bush-blazing MacNairs, Angus's daughter Craigie, piloted her monoplane into Cranberry Portage one June day when the end of steel of the Flin-Flon road was shoving a shining wedge through the wilderness of lakes and rivers and Christmas trees which stretched beyond the clearing to the barrens. Young as a northern springtime, with clothes from Chanel and courage out of Caledonia, she swung into the shack where Winship and Bertie Evans, Kiley and Eric Raynor slaved over blueprints and pay-roll sheets for the ballasting gangs of the MacNair crews.

"Where's my father?" she demanded of them while, one and all, they stared at her as if she were something more than human.

"I'm not he, Red Riding Hood," Kiley murmured almost as quickly as Bertie Evans inquired:

"Who is he? King George?"

"He's Angus MacNair," she said.

"Quite as royal," Bertie assured her.

"My God!" Kiley ejaculated piously.

"For the love o' Mike!" Winship exclaimed.

"Really now?" asked Benton.

Eric Raynor said nothing at all, but Craigie MacNair's glance passed the others to rest on him, as he leaned over a tall pine desk and watched her with somber eyes of a stormy gray that made her think of the sea.

"Don't you know where he is?" she asked him, her tone a challenge against the quality of scorn in his scrutiny.

"No."

The one word flung back the glove, telling her and his fellows that even if Angus MacNair owned half the mines of the Flin-Flon and built half the railroads of the North Country, Eric Raynor bowed his head to no one of the MacNair clan. Under its impact Craigie MacNair flushed in hot anger, then turned to Bertie Evans.

"Who's in charge here?" she asked him.

"Benton." He indicated the chief with a nod. "Sees everything. Hears everything. Knows everything.

"I don't," Benton, spectacled and worried, took time to assure her. "What can I do for you, though?"

"I must see my father."

"I don't know what we can do to help you in that," Benton told her. "He went from here last week to Churchill. He telephoned back that he was going farther north with a prospecting party. He may not be back here for a week—or a month. Is it anything"—he hesitated for the word—"vital?"

"It is to me," the girl said.

"We'll try to locate him," Benton promised. "Then you can fly to his camp, wherever it is."

"Not in the boat I brought in," she said half-ruefully, her glance winging back to Eric Raynor who still stared at her with brooding eyes. "Nothing but luck brought me here."

"*Our* luck," Winship declared gallantly.

"Here's to it!" Bertie Evans lifted high an imaginary glass.

"May it never desert us!" Kiley hoped.

Eric Raynor did not speak, but once more Craigie's look clashed with his dark gaze.

"Good or bad," she said, watching him but answering the others, "it can't desert you until Angus comes back from the barrens."

"Hooray!" Winship rejoiced.

"The season starts," said Bertie Evans.

"With trumpets," Kiley amended.

"But where'll you stay?" Benton worried.

"I don't know," Craigie told him, "and I don't care."

"There's no place." He looked out over the dark Bush that spread on every side of the clearing, broken only by the right-of-way to the northward, where the ballasting gangs fought against the briefness of time that is a northern summer. "No place at all for a woman."

"There'll have to be a place for a MacNair," Craigie said casually and perched herself on a high stool across the desk from Eric Raynor.

"Now that I'm one of you," she smiled on the rest of them, "will some one please find me something to eat?"

Winship and Kiley rustled food for her from the cook-house while Benton scouted Cranberry Portage to find her lodging. Bertie Evans stayed to entertain her with airy persiflage in his best West End manner, but Raynor, turning his back upon her, assumed an absorbed interest in his work that shut her out.

"He's taken a vow of silence," Bertie informed her, seeing her look wander from himself.

"Penance?" she jibed.

"Panic."

"Of me?"

"Of you."

"I don't bite little boys."

"You do worse. You slay them."

"I never."

"But you do. See how you've bowled poor Eric over already!"

"Have I?" She smiled tantalizingly at gray eyes which glowered into the tiny mirror between the windows. "He doesn't look devastated," she told Bertie.

"The Raynor pride is holding out."

"How long can it hold?"

"Endlessly."

"Even against me?"

"Against the world. You don't know the Raynors of Raynor Hall."

"Where's that?"

"Somersetshire. Isn't it, old man?"

"It's in Northumberland," Eric Raynor said evenly, "and it wouldn't interest a MacNair."

"You never can tell," Craigie told the eyes in the mirror, "just what will interest a MacNair. That's our charm."

"I'm glad to have it analyzed," he said so gravely that she could not call it insolence; but Bertie Evans laughed, and Craigie MacNair swung down off the stool to face Eric squarely.

"If you want war," she said, "I'll give you —plenty," and marched out of the shack to meet more willing cavaliers.

For a fortnight she turned upside down the ways of Cranberry Portage. Installed by Benton in the cabin of the Lecours, the only one in the settlement which could give her privacy and security, she held court over the kingdom of the Flin-Flon. Not because she was Angus MacNair's daughter, but because she was a vivid, daring girl of nineteen in a land of lonely youth, she came into such belleship as she had never known in Montreal or London or Paris.

Crees from the Mission paddled down the river to gaze upon the orange shade she had devised for Lucie Lecour's one lamp. *Voyageurs* from old posts of Revillon Frères paused in their passing to listen to her singing at night on the porch of the little cabin. Weary-eyed men from forts that floated the red banner of the Honourable Company of the Hudson's Bay smiled at her with wistful remembrance of girls they had once known in lands half a world away. Porcupine Peggy, who ran the sandwich shop on the outskirts of the camp, glared at her. Chrissie Mather walked all the way from Residency Number Twelve to see another girl from a land outside the North Country; and boys from Manitoba and Ontario, boys from Quebec, from the States, from the British Isles, from Australia and South Africa, all adventuring along the frontier, flocked into the Portage until the right-of-way took on the aspect of another gold rush.

Craigie MacNair talked with them, walked with them, danced with them, canoed with them, and flirted with them in such magnificent impartiality that Bertie Evans declared that a date with her was nothing better than a ticket to a musical comedy; but, with Kiley and Winship and Benton and every man but one within ten miles of the Portage, he stayed in her train.

Eric Raynor alone stood apart, a pariah in the midst of a gay company. Sometimes she saw him when she went to the

The canoe was gone. "How will we get back?" she demanded. Craigie," he begged her. "I'm not crying," she said unsteadily.

Restlessly he paced through the darkness. "Don't cry, "I'm laughing at the joke that something's played on me"

office shack where she had met him, but he merely returned solemly the careless nod she threw at him, and sauntered out of the room.

He came to none of the dances which Winship promoted to honor her presence, dances for which orchestras in Winnipeg and Toronto and Montreal made the music which the radios brought in, but where men tied handkerchiefs on their arms to denote their willingness to be led by other men through the steps of waltz, and fox-trot, and Virginia reel, and Birdie-in-a-Cage, and where she found her favor a royal prerogative.

In the first rush of excitement she failed to heed Raynor's indifference, but as the days lowered the tension of entertainment a little, she realized that his apartness from the others defied her power as a MacNair as well as her lure of budding womanhood.

"I'll show that boy," she thought with indignation inexplicable even to herself, and set forth to focus upon him the charms she had been distributing over a wider area.

Biding her time to find him alone in the office, she paused in the doorway so that he might not escape.

"Have they located my father yet?" she asked him.

"They think he's due back in Churchill today," Eric told her, not looking up from the sheet of figures on which he worked. "Evans is talking with some one up there now. You'll find him at the telephone in the warehouse."

"I won't disturb him."

"He may be talking with your father."

"That'll mean," she said, moving nearer to the desk, "that I'll have to go soon."

He did not speak, and she walked to the desk, leaning her arms on it so that she faced him.

"You'll be glad of that, won't you?"

"No." He jerked out the denial unwillingly, not looking at her.

"I wonder," she mused, "why you hate me."

"I don't hate you."

"Oh, yes, you do." She sighed deeply. "I'm sorry, too, for I think we might have been friends."

"We'd have been more than friends." Across the high table he gave her a gaze which set a pulse in her throat beating high. "That's why I thought it better that we should be nothing at all to each other."

"Do you think that was fair?" she asked, her voice husky with an emotion she could not quite control, so disturbing had been his assertion. "You might have given me a chance."

"A chance for what?" He rushed back to the shelter of sullenness he had left for the moment of revelation. "To do to me what you're doing to the rest of them?"

"What do you think I'm doing?"

"Holding out a promise you'll never keep."

"I'm not," she denied angrily. "They don't mean any more than I do. We all play the same game—all but you."

"That's it," he said almost bitterly. "I'm the outsider."

"You needn't have been."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that." She gave him a smile, half of regret,

(*Continued on page 170*)

Good Housekeeping INSTITUTE

Katharine A. Fisher, Director

A good step-ladder is an essential in the home. Be sure the brace is extended before using the ladder

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

More Thought for SAFETY

By George W. Alder
Consulting Engineer of the Institute

EVERY woman in this country should be interested in the Nineteenth Annual Safety Congress of the National Safety Council to be held in Pittsburgh starting September 29th. The work that will be undertaken at this Congress is of vital importance in the protection of life through the prevention of accidents.

On the opposite page Mr. C. E. Pettibone, President of the Council, has a message for you which may startle you; it will surely set you thinking. Twenty-three thousand people killed and nearly three million injured—that is the terrific toll of accidents in homes in this country last year.

Can anything be done to prevent this terrible havoc? Emphatically yes! Much can be done, but only with the cooperation of every homemaker. We hope, therefore, that you will resolve to give special thought to the problem of accident prevention, and that you will enlist the aid of your friends and discuss it in your clubs.

One of the best ways to avoid accidents is to appreciate how and where they occur, then take steps to prevent them. Records indicate that more accidents are caused by falls in the home than by any other form of accident. Burns, scalds, and explosions are next; asphyxiation and suffocation follow, and then poisons, and finally cuts and scratches.

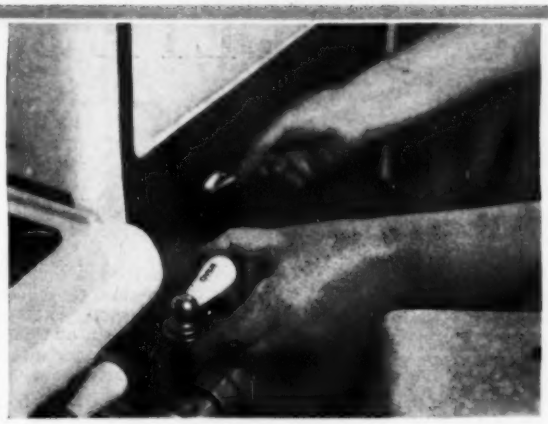
A first-aid kit is a friend in need. The little cut or scratch, if neglected, frequently becomes serious

Falls are fatal much more frequently in the case of older people, which is easily understandable. Many falls occur on stairs, others on slippery floors and sliding rugs, while some are due to using boxes, chairs, or other unsuited articles to climb on or stand on.

Rugs can be prevented from sliding by using non-skid materials under them, or others designed to be applied to the back of the rug. Every home should have a well-made step-ladder for general purposes, and a suitable, properly-designed step-stool in the kitchen. If supplies are kept in cabinets or on high shelves where they can not be reached without having to stand on something, it may be handy to stand on a chair or on a box, but experience shows that it is not safe.

There are many causes of burns and kindred injuries, all the way from conflagration, to the kettle or pot of boiling water on the stove that is pulled over by the inquisitive youngster. Fire departments know that one of the most frequent causes of fires in homes is due to accumulation of rubbish in attics, cellars, and closets. This is a cause that we can easily and simply eliminate by never letting rubbish and unwanted things

Get rid of rubbish immediately to prevent fire. If you must burn it, use a suitable container



Have the match lit and ready. Then turn on the gas and light it. See that the pilot light is burning properly. Safety gas cocks are desirable

Use only non-inflammable cleaning fluids. If women would heed this one warning, many terrible accidents would be avoided

accumulate. Let every day be clean-up day. Other causes of fires are neglected chimneys, unauthorized electric wiring, inadequately screened fireplaces, etc. All these you will recognize as preventable.

Another cause of serious accidents and fatalities is the use of inflammable fluids, such as gasoline, for taking out stains and for dry cleaning. Good Housekeeping Institute has definitely taken a stand against the storage and use of gasoline in the home. We believe that the hazards associated with it are unwarranted, and we will not test products which use gasoline as the fuel, nor will GOOD HOUSEKEEPING accept for advertising cleaning fluids which are in the same classification as far as inflammability is concerned. We have often expressed our views on this subject in these pages, and we hope that readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING have followed our advice. We wish we could carry this message to every woman.

Children must play. But the careful mother will see that they are not in the kitchen or in the laundry where they can upset boiling water or come in contact with flames. Almost every woman knows of some case of a child who has been severely scalded or burned. Certainly here is a type of accident that can be prevented in the majority of cases.

Accidents from asphyxiation and suffocation are sometimes due to defective equipment and defective appliances. Keeping in use gas tubing that is leaky or old is always a hazard. In fact, neglecting even slight leaks in gas lines is a hazard. Always have adequate ventilation in any room in which you have a fire of any kind. Of course, if you have a gas range or a gas heater, it should not be exposed to a direct draft so that there is a possibility of the flames being extinguished, especially if they are turned low. Gas heating devices which have pilot lights should be inspected at regular intervals to see that the pilot light is functioning properly. It is possible today to get safety pilot lights so arranged that if the flame should be extinguished accidentally, the gas supply is shut off, thus insuring safety.

"Accident Facts," an interesting compilation of data on accidents, published by the National Safety Council, states that the fourth most important cause of home deaths is poisons. The records indicate that some of these are food poisons and others animal poisonings, but most of them are from medicines, cleaning fluids, and similar things left available to children. It is startling to note that 40 percent of all deaths by poisoning are to children under fifteen years of age. Every household should eliminate just as far as possible the use of any poisonous material, and those things which can not be eliminated should be stored in safe places where they can not possibly be reached by children. Then, for the protection of adults, poisonous fluids should be kept only in special bottles, and should be properly labeled to indicate that they are poisons.

Cuts and scratches come from many causes, such as broken bottles, glassware, cans, cutlery, etc. Good Housekeeping Institute will not approve can openers that leave jagged edges on the can, which are a frequent source of cuts. Of course, one of the major reasons why cuts and scratches prove fatal in many instances is because the proper treatment is not provided quickly. Every home, then, should have a first-aid kit to take care of the little injuries which, if neglected, are apt to become serious. Do not hesitate to call in the doctor when even slight wounds show signs of infection or do not heal properly.

In our work at Good Housekeeping Institute we attempt to guard against

(*Continued on page 168*)

A MESSAGE ON SAFETY

THE American home is not the haven secure from the dangers of the outside world which we think it is. It is today the most neglected accident field. There are as many people killed there as in all the factories, mines and industries in the United States. Last year there were 23,000 people killed from accidents which occurred in the home, and there were nearly 3,000,000 injured.

American industry long ago organized to prevent accidents—and its record is one of brilliant achievement. In the factory we have large groups of workers under direct control with which to work, but, obviously, the prevention of home accidents must be achieved largely through individual effort. The knowledge of home hazards and safe practices must be taught to a great mass of individual home-makers.

Good Housekeeping exerts a tremendous influence for better and happier home conditions. Surely, nothing is more important to the happiness of a home than the elimination of accidents, yet the figures indicate that the American homemaker has not learned to make the home safe. I congratulate Good Housekeeping for sponsoring the cause of home safety, and putting its pages to the task of advancing home accident prevention knowledge. Let me urge every reader to accept a full share of responsibility. Only then can we hope to make any material reduction in home accidents.

You mothers who work, plan and suffer that American homes may exist, can lessen this tragic condition. Knowledge with forethought and care will reduce home accidents. I hope this article in Good Housekeeping will make you start today.

President National Safety Council

HOME-MADE JELLIES

The Institute Tells of a New and Easier Way to Make Them

WHAT housekeeper does not delight in jellies of her own making—jellies that are clear, sparkling, glowing with color, and of tender, quivering texture! But not always are our efforts quite so successful. Sometimes there are baffling failures. Favorite jelly recipes which have been used successfully many times suddenly go wrong and just will not jell. What can we do to prevent such failures?

Many of the difficulties which we have in jelly making can be traced either to the vagaries of pectin—the substance which makes jellies jell—or to the fact that the pectin, fruit acid, and sugar are not in proper proportions. Too much or too little sugar, too much or too little pectin or acid—any one of these conditions means uncertainty as to the finished result. All fruits contain pectin, but in varying amounts. Some—like plums, strawberries, and pineapple—contain too little to jell their own juice, so more pectin must be added if they are to be made into jelly. Then, too, fruits vary in their pectin content from year to year. For example, blackberries may contain enough pectin one season to make perfect jelly. Yet the next season's jelly made from them may be a complete failure. Furthermore, as fruits ripen, they lose their jellying power, due to changes in the pectin itself. So, if your grapes happen to be over-ripe, your jelly may be sirupy rather than tender and firm.

However, these uncertainties in jelly making are no longer necessary. Any fruit, regardless of its pectin content, can now be made into tender, quivering jelly without guesswork or wastage—with always the same perfect results. For almost every grocer's shelf today carries pure commercial fruit pectin in liquid or powdered form, ready for the housekeeper to use in making her jellies. Good Housekeeping Institute has made many kinds of jellies with this commercial pectin, and not only is the jelly full of natural flavor and color, but it is always excellent in texture. Fresh fruits, dried fruits, bottled and canned fruit juices—all can be made into jelly at any season of the year without the slightest trouble, and in a few minutes as compared with the old long, slow methods.

In using fruit pectin for jellies, it is most important that the housekeeper follow the manufacturer's recipes exactly—both as to the proportions of ingredients and the procedure for cooking, using a standard measuring cup and level measurements in all instances. Housekeepers often ask us why the quantity of sugar in these recipes is so much greater than in jellies made without adding pectin. In the old method of making jelly the fruit juice is usually boiled down considerably before the sugar is added. But in making jelly with fruit pectin, the fruit juice does not have to be cooked down at all before the sugar is added—hence we need more sugar for this larger amount of juice. Therefore do not decrease the quantity of sugar called for.

It is also possible to buy bottled fruit juices already combined with pectin for making jellies. Pineapple, orange, grape, blackberry, currant, raspberry, strawberry, mint, and apple—all these flavors can be purchased in this form. By adding sugar and water and cooking as directed by the manufacturers, these jellies are in the glasses in a few minutes, delightful in both flavor and color. We shall be glad to send you a list of these, as well as the pectins which have been approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health.

Many housekeepers have trouble with liquid oozing from the jams and jellies. All jellies do this to some extent. When jellies are perfectly sealed with paraffin and are stored in a cold, dry place free from dust, this "weeping" can be controlled However, when the seal is imperfect or broken, or when the jelly is stored in a damp place, the liquid comes to the surface—making an excellent place for mold to grow. Therefore the paraffin coating should be put on carefully. A small teapot makes an excellent container for applying the paraffin. Melt the paraffin in the teapot by setting it in a pan of hot water over the heat. Cover the hot jelly at once with a thin film of hot paraffin to protect the jelly from dust. When cold, add a second coating (⅛" thick) of hot paraffin, tilting the glass to spread the paraffin on the sides of the glass. Cover to protect from dust. Store in a cool, dry place.

To show housekeepers how some of the less frequently used fruits can be made into

The paraffining of jellies is one of the most important steps in their making and keeping

Photographs by H. I. Williams

delicious jellies, jams, and preserves, we have tested the following in the Institute kitchens for you: For Ripe Plum Jelly wash 15 plums and remove stems; do not pit or peel. Crush thoroughly and add one cupful water. Stir until boiling then simmer for ten minutes. Drip through a damp, cotton-flannel bag. Do not squeeze the bag if you wish a clear, sparkling jelly. Measure four cupfuls of juice and seven and one-half cupfuls sugar into a large kettle. Stir and bring to a boil. Add one-half cupful commercial liquid pectin, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil one-half minute. Remove from fire, let stand one minute, skim, and pour quickly into clean, hot, sterilized glasses. Cover immediately with a film of paraffin. When cool, add a second coating of paraffin, tilting the glasses to make a perfect seal.

For Raspberry Jelly crush one quart of washed raspberries and add one cupful of water. Simmer for five minutes. Drip through a damp cotton-flannel bag. Do not squeeze the bag if you wish a clear, sparkling jelly. Combine four cupfuls of the juice with seven and one-half cupfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Stir and bring to a boil. Add one cupful commercial liquid pectin, stirring constantly, bring again to a full rolling boil, and boil one-half minute. Remove from fire, let stand one minute, skim, and pour quickly into clean, hot, sterilized glasses. Cover immediately with a film of paraffin. When cool, add a second coating of paraffin, tilting the glasses so that the paraffin makes a perfect seal.

For Lemon Marmalade wash three lemons and cut into quarters. Soak them in six cupfuls of water for twenty-four hours. Then mince the soaked lemons, and with the water they soaked in, and enough added to make six cupfuls in all, boil two hours. At the end of that time add water again to make six cupfuls and set aside until the next day. The third day combine the six cupfuls of lemon mixture with six cupfuls sugar. Stir well and bring to a boil. Boil for twenty minutes. Remove from fire and stir in one-half cupful commercial liquid pectin. Stir five minutes, then pour into clean, hot, sterilized jars and cover with a film of hot paraffin. When cool, add a second coating of paraffin, tilting the jars so that the paraffin makes a perfect seal.

For Pear Jam, peel, core, slice, and crush thoroughly enough ripe pears to make four cupfuls of pulp. Put this in a large kettle with seven and one-half cupfuls of sugar and bring to a rolling boil, stirring constantly. Boil hard one minute. Remove from fire and stir in one cupful of commerical liquid pectin. Stir for five minutes to prevent floating fruit. Pour into clean, hot, sterilized jars and cover with a film of hot paraffin. Reseal with paraffin when cool, tilting the jars so that the paraffin makes a perfect seal.

For Grape Conserve wash three pounds of Concord grapes. Remove pulp from skins. Simmer the skins with one-half cupful of water for twenty minutes. Simmer the pulp for ten minutes, then strain through a colander to remove the seeds. Grind three oranges, one pound seeded raisins, and one-fourth pound walnut meats, and mix with the pulp and skins. Measure into a large kettle, add an equal amount of sugar, and cook twenty minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into clean, hot, sterilized jars and cover with a film of paraffin. When cool, reseal, tilting the jars so that the paraffin makes a perfect seal.

For Blackberry Jam, thoroughly crush berries to make four cupfuls. Each berry should be reduced to a pulp. Measure crushed berries and seven cupfuls of sugar into a large kettle. The addition of one-fourth teaspoonful of butter helps to prevent the formation of scum. Stir continually during entire cooking. Bring to a rolling boil and boil hard one minute. Remove from fire and stir in one-half cupful commercial liquid pectin. Stir and skim for five minutes to cool slightly and prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly into clean, hot, sterilized jars. Cover with a film of hot paraffin. When cool, reseal with paraffin, tilting the jars so that the paraffin makes a perfect seal.

For Pineapple and Cranberry Marmalade, simmer three cupfuls of cranberries with one cupful of water for ten minutes—or until tender. Then measure three cupfuls of crushed, canned pineapple and three cupfuls of cooked cranberries into a large kettle. Add water, if necessary, to make a total of six cups. To this add eight cupfuls of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of butter to prevent the formation of scum. Bring to a rolling boil. Stir constantly during entire cooking. Boil two minutes. Remove from fire, stir in one-half cupful commercial liquid pectin. Skim, pour into clean, hot, sterilized glasses, and cover at once with a film of paraffin. When cool, reseal, tilting the glasses so that the paraffin makes a perfect seal.

For Loganberry Jelly made from bottled fruit juice, measure two cupfuls of the juice into a kettle and mix with three cupfuls of sugar. Bring to a boil and stir in one-half cupful commercial liquid pectin. Bring again to a rolling boil and boil one-half minute. Skim and pour quickly into clean, hot, sterilized jars. Cover hot jelly with a film of paraffin. When cool, reseal, rolling the jars so that the paraffin makes a perfect seal.

Grape Jelly—either purple or white—can be made from (*Continued on page 281*)

Jewels

By Emily Buzby

I KNOW a way of catching summer sunbeams
as they play
And, like a crafty alchemist of old,
Of turning them to gems and molten gold
For winter when the skies are dull and gray.

IN CRYSTAL jars upon my shelf they stand;
The ruby juice of currants, and the bland,
Cool amber of the peach, the sapphire blue
Of wild grapes, and of damsons wet with dew.
The coral of the quince, the pearly sheen
Of silvery pears, the mint leaf's emerald green.

STRUNG on a chain of golden summer hours,
Clasped with the drone of bees and scent of
flowers,
Row upon row my captured sunbeams stand
Like jewels of Ind or gems from Samarkand

Send for the names of the manufacturers of the cups and spoons illustrated at the right. They have complied with the code of specifications

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

Approved Measuring Cups

By Helen Whitson Kendall *Of the Institute Staff*

FIVE years ago 585 American housekeepers wrote to Good Housekeeping Institute testifying that they were using measuring utensils in their routine cooking. For these women, "flour to thicken" and "butter the size of an egg" were a forgotten story. But investigation showed that the measuring devices used by these housekeepers differed widely in their capacities. In other words, manufacturers followed their own ideas as to the actual capacity of a cupful. There was no standard.

And so, to help these manufacturers, the United States Bureau of Standards and the Bureau of Home Economics, at the request of the American Home Economics Association, cooperated in investigating the situation. As a result, a code of specifications was formulated and adopted. Knowing of the demand for standard measures among its followers, Good Housekeeping Institute cooperated by adopting this same code in testing all measuring cups.

To date we have approved three measuring cups: one of heatproof glass and three of aluminum. These cups differ in design and general make-up, but essentially they are the same, a quarter-cupful in one is a quarter-cupful in another.

There are two classifications of measuring cups—the single-capacity cup and the subdivided cup. With the single-capacity cup, there are four to a set to take care of quarters, halves, thirds, and one cupful. These provide for particularly accurate measurings with dry ingredients. In the subdivided cup, a series of graduations indicates the varying capacities. Both types should be in every kitchen cabinet.

There are one or two points in the design of measuring cups which we should like to pass on to manufacturers. First, if a pouring lip is provided, it should pour and not spill over the sides of the lip when the cup is full. Second, the handle should be of generous size, so that a holder can be used if necessary when measuring hot liquids. In the Institute we find the heatproof glass cup convenient when measuring boiling liquids. Third, we feel that both quarter and third graduations should be visible from the same side of the cup, provided it can be done without confusion and without violation of specification 6.

Little has been done in the way of adopting a code of specifications for measuring spoons, but since a measuring cupful has been specified as 16 level tablespoonfuls, some manufacturers have made a set of measuring spoons accordingly. Controversy has arisen as to the correct measurement of the teaspoon, but since in household measurements the teaspoon has been considered for some time as ⅓ of a tablespoon, we have accepted this as our standard, and approved two sets of spoons made by manufacturers according to this standard. You will surely want a set of such spoons for your kitchen.

Code of Specifications for Household Measuring Cups

Formulated by the Weights and Measures Division, United States Bureau of Standards, recommended by the United States Bureau of Home Economics, and adopted by the Food and Nutrition Section, American Home Economics Association.

DEFINITION.—The various classes of household measuring cups, hereinafter referred to as measuring cups, are measures of a capacity of one liquid pint or less, the capacities and subdivisions (if any) of which are defined in terms of "cups"; and which are designed for the noncommercial measurement of ingredients in connection with the preparation of foods.

SPECIFICATIONS.—1. Measuring cups shall be of sufficient strength and rigidity to withstand ordinary usage without readily becoming bent, indented, distorted, or otherwise damaged.

2. Measuring cups shall be made "to contain," and their capacities and subdivisions shall be based upon the relation: One cup equals one-half pint.

3. Measuring cups may be of the following capacities only: Two cups, one cup, ¾ cup, ⅔ cup, ½ cup, ⅓ cup, or ¼ cup. Measuring cups of a capacity greater than ¼ cup may be subdivided by graduation mark but only into the units above specified.

4. The diameter of a "one-cup" cylindrical measuring cup, or the top diameter of a "one-cup" conical measuring cup, shall not exceed 3 inches.

5. The capacity of a measuring cup shall be defined by the top edge of the cup or by a graduation mark completely encircling the cup near the top edge thereof.

6. If graduations indicating both third- and quarter-cups are employed, the graduation marks defining third-cups shall be upon the opposite side of the cup from the graduation marks defining quarter-cups.

7. On a graduated measuring cup, if both third-cups and quarter-cups are indicated, the graduation marks defining these subdivisions shall extend not less than one-third of the distance around the cup; if but one series of subdivisions is indicated, that is, either third-cups or quarter-cups, the graduation marks defining the subdivisions shall extend not less than one-half of the distance around the cup.

8. All graduation marks shall be clear and distinct, but in no case shall their width exceed 0.03 inch.

9. All measuring cups shall be conspicuously and definitely marked in terms of "cups" to show their capacities, and the values of the graduation marks defining their subdivisions. The word "cup," or "cups," need appear only once. In addition cups may be marked to show the equivalents of their capacities in terms of liquid pints and/or fluid ounces, but no other equivalents shall be shown.

10. Whenever a pouring lip is provided, this shall be so designed as to permit the cup to be filled with liquid to the proper edge or graduation mark while the cup is standing upon a level surface.

11. All graduated measuring cups shall be provided with handles.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE TO EAT?

By Dorothy B. Marsh
Of the Institute Staff

"WHAT *shall* we have to eat? I can't think of anything that would really taste good."

Do you ever ask yourself this very question? Do you ever spend a frantic half-hour—too often right after breakfast—trying to decide upon something that will tempt the family's appetite for dinner?

Planning meals does take time, and not all of us have a natural gift for making varied and artistic food combinations. However, meals that are planned by the day are sure to be more appetizing, to have more variety, and to be better balanced than meals planned on the spur of the moment, without thought for the rest of the day.

But do not make the mistake of planning your family's meals just after you have had a hearty meal yourself. For at that time your appetite for food has been satisfied and you are likely to feel that almost anything will do. Select a time of day when the thought of food is a pleasure—then sit down and plan. You will find your sense of interesting food combinations just that much keener.

Variety in our meals depends upon differences in the form, color, flavor, and texture of the foods which we serve. Fortunately our markets at almost every season of the year abound in just such variety, whether the food is fresh or canned. Fortunately, too, we have many spices and seasonings, besides salt and pepper, which, used with discretion, give added zest and color to foods.

With this wide choice in foods it is necessary only to follow a few simple rules as to food combinations, and soon, almost like magic, our meals will not only delight the eye, but make the mouth water as well.

It is true with most of us that impressions in food carry over strongly from one meal to the next. So, except for such staples as bread, butter, etc., we should avoid serving any food in the same form twice in the same day; for example, spinach for luncheon and again at dinner. Furthermore, except for the staples, we should not serve the same flavored food twice in the same meal, even in different forms. Have you ever seen a hostess serve cream of celery soup for the first course and stuffed celery sticks for the salad course—or apple and nut salad for the salad course, followed by apple pie for dessert? Clear tomato soup would make a much better contrast in color and flavor with stuffed celery salad, while just a simple lettuce salad with a snappy French dressing combines better with apple pie as the dessert. Often, too, we make the mistake of using too much of one seasoning in a meal—for instance, onion flavoring in the soup, in the main dish, and in the dressing for the salad. Such a repetition of one seasoning robs each individual dish of its enjoyment.

We should be careful also not to serve several strongly-flavored foods in the same meal, such as cauliflower for the vegetable course and cabbage slaw for salad, or mashed turnips and brussels sprouts as the vegetables. Peas or spinach are better than cauliflower to serve with cabbage, because of their milder flavor. Beets or string-beans are milder than turnips, and go better with brussels sprouts.

Sometimes we make the mistake of selecting too many bland foods, or foods of the same consistency, for our meals. For example, rice, macaroni, and potatoes should never be served as vegetables in the same meal. They not only resemble each other too closely in consistency, but they are all bland in flavor and high in starch.

Never serve more than one creamed dish at the same meal—such repetition in consistency is palling to the appetite. And try to avoid serving creamed soup and a creamed vegetable at the same meal (*Continued on page 118*)

Plan your menus so that they will not only delight the eye, but make the mouth water as well when served

Photograph by H. I. Williams

Plan menus ahead of time when the thought of food is a pleasure; your sense of food combination will be more keen

Leftovers should always be stored in the refrigerator in covered dishes

LEFTOVERS Shouldn't Be Left Over

By
Byron MacFadyen

A BURLY logging boss was giving instructions to a new time-keeper. Shoving his hand into the pocket of his overalls, he pulled out a key-ring full of keys. Fumbling among them, he finally separated two from their jingling companions.

"This here's the key," said he, pointing to one, "fer the store, and this one here is fer the tool house . . . and the rest—wall, they're *jest keys*."

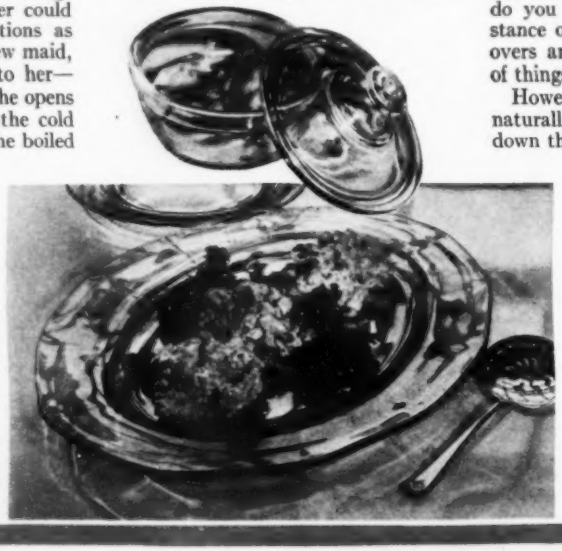
Strange indeed is the collecting power of the key-ring. But that nickel-plated bit of hardware has nothing on the average refrigerator. Many a housekeeper could match the lumber-jack's instructions as she turns over her kitchen to a new maid, or talks to herself. Just listen to her—

"Now here," she might say as she opens the door of the refrigerator, "is the cold meat for luncheon, and there is the boiled rice for the pudding tonight, and the rest—well, they're just leftovers."

"Just leftovers." Honestly, ladies, don't you feel just a little bit sorry for that nondescript mass of food remnants—forlorn exiles in the semi-Siberian climate of the ice-box? There they sit or lie in cold saucers and cups, silently waiting for a call to display their flavor or texture on the dining table once more. But do you bring them out to assist you in getting a meal? Let's be frank about this—isn't it often true that these leftovers patiently wait until some day—well, more about that later.

Now, before we go further, let's take a look at these leftovers. Take them out carefully or you'll spill something. Here's a pretty glass dish with a tablespoonful of jelly. A saucer with a dab of creamed chipped beef. One cold baked potato. A pickle bottle half-full of vinegar with one sweet pickle lying prone on the bottom. Two slices of cold fried bacon. One helping of baked beans. A small bowl of stewed tomatoes. A peanut-butter glass well covered with its original lid, but containing hardly any of its original contents. If you scraped the sides and bottom, you might get enough to spread on one bridge sandwich. All of these are in addition to the major items such as meat, eggs, butter, and milk.

Any leftover creamed chipped beef adds flavor as well as interest to the scrambled eggs for breakfast



Set them all out on the kitchen table. Quite a variety, to be sure, but what can be done with them? Even if assembled on a plate, they would hardly be sufficient for one person. The only way we can forecast their future is to consider their past. Such leftovers generally stay in the cool, dark recesses of the ice-box until some one is looking for a certain dish. Then out will come the dab of creamed chipped beef—a quick appraising look will be given it—and then off it will be scraped into the garbage container. Paraphrasing, "Take the cash and let the credit go," we have, "Keep the dish and let the chipped beef go."

Or occasionally, when you are looking for the butter or eggs, you will be forced to bring out into the hard light of your kitchen a tiny dish of some vegetable.

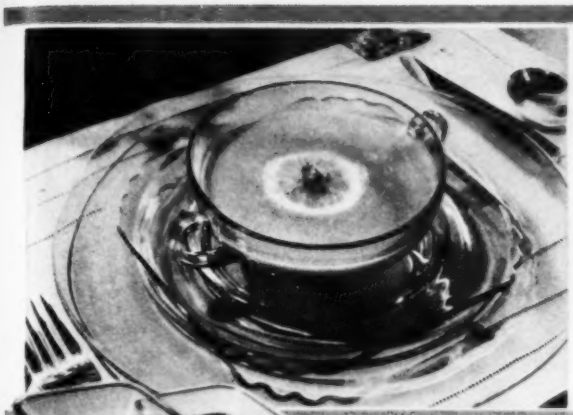
"H'm," we can hear you say as you scrutinize those cold, gray peas, "that looks like mold to me."

So to the garbage container and sink respectively go peas and dish, and room is made within the refrigerator for another leftover prisoner which will be checked in shortly.

Yes, such seems to be the life of a leftover. Of course, every thrifty housekeeper has, or thinks she has, plans for each leftover she saves. She has faith in her ability to use them when she stows each dab and bite away. But speaking of faith, do you recall its definition? "The substance of things hoped for." Verily leftovers are often that—also "the evidence of things not seen."

However, keeping leftovers comes to us naturally. The trait has been handed down through the ages. It makes its first appearance among small boys. And how you smile as you examine the contents of a youngster's pocket! A few marbles, an assortment of nails, a cartridge shell, two or three links of a tire chain, a piece of chalk, and other articles in season.

And, although most men have "put away childish things," they continue their keeping habits in the inside pocket of their coat. Just look at that bunch of letters. Here are two or three envelopes with nothing in them. There is an



Leftover stewed tomatoes and baked beans can be made into a soup which has a new harmony of flavor

Slice leftover baked potatoes, skin and all, and sauté until golden brown, to garnish chops or steaks

Photographs by H. I. Williams

Leftover jelly adds a colorful touch when spread or dotted on bread or rice pudding before topping with meringue

article clipped out of the paper. Here is a prospectus of something that never will be bought. And finally to complete the array are business cards, papers full of figures, or directions for getting somewhere that have long since been learned.

Now, ladies, it is your turn. Let's see your writing desk. Every pigeonhole is full of something. Countless letters from relatives. Last Christmas' appeal from the Red Cross. An orphan mechanical pencil which can not make a mark. A few railroad folders on which are printed "Corrected to January, 1925." A bottle containing one spoonful of slightly congealed ink. A corroded fountain pen. An empty paste tube—twisted and dried. And finally, my sisters, the unpaid bills. Even many of them are leftovers from last month.

Well, in view of all this, we can understand why the ice-boxes of America have joined the league of depositories composed of pockets, key-rings, and writing desks. However, isn't it time for us to view with alarm the crowded conditions of our refrigerators? Is it not possible to institute some reforms whereby worthy leftovers might be paroled and take their place in a wholesome menu once more? Or will it be necessary for us to build bigger refrigerators to house them, or invent some loud-speaking device for our present models that will cry out as the door is opened,

"How about using us leftovers today?"

Of course, I might call your attention to the fact that the longer a leftover is left in the refrigerator, the more it contaminates other food. Also the more dishes you jam on the shelves, the more you raise the temperature or prevent the free circulation of cold air. And I might say that if you would look at all the saucers of food before you make out your market list, you would often get an idea for incorporating those dots and dashes of previous meals in the preparation of food you buy.

However, far be it from me to say anything that will bring down the wrath of leftover-keeping housekeepers or the reproachful look of those who utilize every fragment. But I can't help wondering—what's the use of a leftover if it's always left over? And if experience shows that you seldom use leftovers, why save them? If you are going to throw them out eventually, why not now?

Now, there are ways to use odds and ends of foods to advantage. And if you challenge me to show how the list mentioned earlier may be used, I'll pick up your gauntlet once—*but once only.* Here's the list:

A spoonful of jelly
A dab of creamed chipped beef
One cold baked potato
Two slices of cold fried bacon
One helping baked beans
A small bowl of stewed tomatoes
A walnut-sized lump of cheese
A peanut-butter glass
A sweet pickle in its vinegar

1. Melt the jelly in a pudding sauce, separate it in tiny bits to dot over the top of a bread or rice pudding, or spread it on the pudding before covering it with meringue. Those colorful globules aren't half bad as a decorative note.

2. Chop up the congealed dab of creamed chipped beef; thin with one tablespoonful of milk; heat, and then blend it into the scrambled-egg mixture just before turning it into the saucepan or skillet to cook.

3. Cut the baked potato, skin and all, into even slices a quarter of an inch thick. Brown carefully in a pan with a little butter or oil, dust with paprika, and then use these crisp slices as a garnish for steak, chops, or broiled fish. Appropriate when you are serving two green vegetables and don't want to have a full ration of potatoes.

4. Chop up the cold fried bacon fine and mix it in French dressing or in stuffings for chicken, lamb, baked fish, tomatoes, or deviled eggs.

5 and 6. Force the baked beans through a sieve—also the (*Continued on page 188*)

Sandwiches for the lunch box remain freshly moist if wrapped in wax paper

SANDWICHES

An Earl's Gift to Housekeepers

By

Demetria M. Taylor

Of the Institute Staff

LONG ago in Merrie England, John Montague, Fourth Earl of Sandwich, was seated at a gaming table with several of his friends. Dinner had been announced, but the Earl was loath to leave the game. Time passed, and pangs of hunger assailed him, becoming more insistent as he tried to forget them. At last, in exasperation, he roared for a servant to bring him bread and meat. Still intent on his playing, he put a slice of meat between two slices of bread, so that he might eat with one hand and play with the other! Pleased with the result, he dubbed it a "sandwich," little dreaming what an infinite variety of descendants it would have! Dainty tea sandwiches—even the hearty picnic or lunch-box sandwiches—are a far cry from the first crude one, but we have an Earl to thank for the idea that created it, and wasn't it a truly royal invention?

School doors will soon open again, and school lunch boxes will be packed every morning in many homes. Will the contents of the one you pack grow monotonous because you can think of only one or two kinds of sandwiches to put into it? The picnic season lasts the year round for wise folks. Wouldn't you like to surprise the crowd with a brand-new, delicious sandwich? And if you enjoy the hospitable custom of serving afternoon tea frequently, you surely wish to make the daintiest of sandwiches to tempt your guests!

It is all so easy if you know how! First of all, choose bread that is not too fresh to slice easily, and cut it in thin, even slices. A bread slicer like the one illustrated is a great help in keeping the slices uniform in thickness. Always cream the butter until it is soft and free from lumps, or it will not spread easily. Sandwiches for afternoon tea usually have the crusts removed, and in order not to waste the filling, remove them before spreading the bread. Sandwiches for the lunch box or picnic basket, and toasted sandwiches may have the crusts left on if you wish.

Cutting sandwiches in fancy shapes often wastes bread, and for this reason sandwiches made from square loaves are best when cut in small squares, strips, or triangles. If you are using fancy cutters, slice the bread the long way of the loaf, and you will waste less of it. The filling in all cases should be carefully seasoned, and it must be neither too dry nor too moist. If sandwiches are to be kept, wrap them in wax paper or put them in a tightly covered refrigerator dish, and place them in a refrigerator. Always wrap each sandwich carefully when packing a lunch box or a picnic basket, so that it will be freshly moist when served. Wax paper comes already cut in a convenient size, or in boxes which have a cutting edge. The new, transparent, moisture-proof paper is excellent to use for special occasions, since it is so attractive.

Think of the variety of breads that can be used in making sandwiches! White, whole-wheat, graham, raisin, bran, nut, rye, pumpernickel, Boston brown, and dinner rolls are all available and help make sandwiches flavorsome.

And as for fillings! We can buy so many delicious spreads in jars, and we can concoct so many delicious combinations from ingredients easily purchased. There are limitless possibilities, and perhaps you have discovered many delightful ones yourself!

It's such fun to make dainty sandwiches for an afternoon tea, and with a little practice we can rival the caterer's skill! Roulettes, ribbon sandwiches, checkerboard, and rolled sandwiches all look so intricate when they are served that you may have hesitated to make them. By following these directions and practicing a bit, we are sure that you will have no trouble in achieving dainty results.

Ribbon Sandwiches I. Cut six thin slices of bread. Spread the first slice with butter, the second with cream cheese that has been tinted yellow or orange with vegetable coloring. Spread the third with cream cheese tinted green, the fourth with the yellow or orange cheese, and the fifth with butter. Top with the sixth slice. Wrap in wax paper. Chill for at least 20 minutes, then cut crosswise in thin slices and serve.

Ribbon Sandwiches II. Cut three slices of bread one-half inch thick, one of white and two of whole wheat. Spread with any desired mixture and place the white slice between the other two. Trim, chill, and slice as before.

Rolled Sandwiches. Cut bread in thin slices, pile together again, wrap tightly in a damp cloth, let stand in refrigerator several hours, spread with any desired filling, and roll up each slice tightly. Toast under broiler heat, if desired.

Checkerboard Sandwiches. Cut three slices of white bread and three slices of whole wheat or graham, all one-half inch

thick. Spread with any desired filling. Make two sets of three slices each, one having two white slices and one brown one, the other two brown and one white. Chill, and when cold cut each block into three slices one-half inch thick, and rebuild so that the white and brown squares alternate. Chill again, and cut crosswise into thin slices.

Roulette or Pinwheel Sandwiches. Remove the crusts from a loaf of bread. Spread the top surface with butter and then with tinted cream cheese. Cut off in a long, thin slice, and roll up like a jelly roll. Wrap in a damp cloth and chill. Cut in thin, round slices.

"Open Face" Sandwiches are becoming quite popular. To make them, cut the slices thicker than usual, and make the topping generous. Fancy shaped cutters are sometimes used.

Piquant Sandwiches. Mix creamed butter and horseradish to taste and spread on a round slice of bread. Top with cream cheese and garnish with a slice of pimiento olive.

Devil's Delight Sandwiches. Mix deviled ham with finely minced pickle and enough mayonnaise to make a stiff paste. Spread on triangles of graham bread and garnish with strips of pimiento.

A sweet sandwich can substitute for dessert in the lunch box, or take its place at an afternoon tea. Here are some combinations that we like especially well at the Institute:

Raisin - Banana Sandwiches. Mash a ripe banana until it is smooth and creamy and spread it on thin slices of buttered raisin bread. Sprinkle lightly with salt.

Date-Peanut Butter Sandwiches. Chop dates very fine and mix with enough peanut butter to make a paste which is easy to spread. Spread on buttered slices of whole-wheat or graham bread.

Raspberry Gem Sandwiches. Combine 1 three-ounce package of cream cheese, 2 tablespoonfuls evaporated milk, 2 teaspoonfuls chopped walnuts, and 3 tablespoonfuls raspberry jam. Spread on buttered white bread, top with watercress, and cover with another slice of buttered bread.

Peanut Brittle Sandwiches. If the peanut brittle is dry, put it through a food-chopper; but if moist, roll it out with a rolling pin until powdered. Mix to a paste with creamed butter and spread between thin slices of white or whole-wheat bread.

A bread slicer like this is a great help in cutting slices of uniform thickness

Harlequin Sandwiches. Spread thin slices of white bread with orange marmalade. Spread an equal number of thin slices of graham bread with soft, yellow cheese and combine.

Peanut Butter and Honey Sandwiches. Use two parts of peanut butter to one of liquid honey and mix to a smooth paste. Spread on thin slices of white bread.

By combining butter with just one other ingredient, a variety of simple but delicious fillings can be made. For example, try combining creamed butter with any one of the following: chopped chives, pimiento or parsley, sprigs of watercress, a dash of curry powder, enough paprika to tint the butter, a bit of horseradish, lemon juice.

Toasted sandwiches are always popular and can be made in either of two ways. If you have a sandwich toaster, the sandwich should be put together with filling and buttered on the *outside* rather than the inside. The sandwich toasts on both sides at once, usually in half a minute. Or if you are not using a toaster, the hot slices of toast are spread with butter and filling. These two types are quite different, but both are appetizing and flavorsome.

Toasted Sardine Sandwiches. Place a lettuce leaf on a slice of bread or buttered toast and on it place 4 whole sardines. Top with 2 or 3 very thin slices of tomato, a little Russian dressing, and another slice of bread or toast. Toast according to either method outlined above.

Toasted Giblet and Egg Sandwiches. Cook the giblets from one chicken in salted water until tender. Put through a (*Continued on page 265*)

A midnight supper or after-the-theatre party takes on added interest if golden-brown toasted sandwiches are served

Photographs by H. I. Williams

BULLETINS TO HELP YOU DURING THE AUTUMN

From "Jellies, Jams, and Pickles" to "Keeping the Floors in Good Condition" covers a lot of ground. But the housekeeper has to do it, and our bulletins are designed to be of help in every branch of housework. You will like the bulletins listed below because of their thoroughness and because of their interesting and instructive illustrations.

Canning Methods Up-to-Date.....25¢	Keeping the Floors in Good Condition.....15¢
Convenient Kitchens.....25¢	Managing the Family Income.....25¢
Jellies, Jams, and Pickles.....25¢	Sandwiches and Hors d'Oeuvres.....25¢

A list of all our bulletins may be secured free by sending to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street & 8th Avenue, New York City. Copies of the bulletins themselves will be mailed on receipt of the price indicated on this list

"Years of Grace," by Margaret Ayer Barnes, tells the story of three generations. Its charm is for those who can look back as well as forward

BOOKS For a Busy Month

Selected by Emily Newell Blair

SEPTEMBER is such a busy month for housekeepers, what with the children to get ready for school, the summer things to be put away and the winter ones taken out, the fall housecleaning with the renovating of furniture, the painting of the kitchen, and the hanging of fresh wall papers, the garden to be cleaned up and next year's perennials to be set out, not to mention the winter wardrobe to be planned and the winter clothes to be unpacked and freshened, that I realize that if any housekeeper gets a moment to take up a book, she wants to be certain that it will be one she will enjoy.

And so I am reminded of the all-too-few visits of one of my best borrowing customers, Mrs. Paul.

"Now," she always says, looking despairingly at the supply because, inveterate reader that she is, she can not read them all, "which shall I take?"

It is a long walk out to my house, and Mrs. Paul, although ageless mentally, will never see seventy again. So she does not want to fill her arms with volumes that will not yield her pleasure before she trudges back to return them with her clever and astute comments. No wonder the selection is important.

And so she sits in my little book room, while I walk back and forth before the shelves, picking out first one and then another book to lay on the couch before her. And then comes the most interesting part of her visit, as I answer her question not by recommending any special book, but by telling her enough about each one so that she may judge for herself whether or not it will interest her.

Now I am imagining all the September housekeepers in Mrs. Paul's chair. I have an array of books lying on my couch. And I shall introduce each book in turn, hoping that my housekeeping readers will find my introductions as helpful as Mrs. Paul insists that she does. It must be remembered, however, that there are two parties to the contract between me and Mrs. Paul. If the party of the first part, being myself, knows what is in the books, the party of the second part, being Mrs. Paul, knows her palate and her appetite. Performance of both parties is necessary to success. If she did not know what she liked, my introductions, I am sure, would be of no help to her. For of books, as of food, what is one man's meat is another's poison.

With this by way of protecting myself, let me introduce "Rogue Herries" by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). In the twenty-two imaginative works by this author he ranges for subjects from a delightfully naïve child to a horribly insane sadist, from English high society life to saints of low degree. Sometimes he deals with them with spadish frankness and sometimes with saccharine ideality. His audience, therefore, includes all sorts of readers, although not all of them enjoy the same books. "The Duchess of Wrexe," for instance, appeals to those who like satire playing upon human foibles; "Harmer John" pleases the romantics; and "Farthing Hall," which he wrote in collaboration with J. B. Priestley, the sentimentalists. So it is always necessary to forewarn his readers what they may expect. As this newest book is a mixture, one can only guess whether the romantic qualities of the characters will make those who eschew the unpleasant excuse the lewdness of their eighteenth-century manners, and the lustiness of their presentation will make those who scorn the pleasant forgive the love story; or whether, on the other hand, the romantics will be offended by the gusto with which the really shocking performances of the Rogue are presented, and the realists incensed by the mystical interpretation of his acts.

The title is taken from the name of the chief character, a swaggering, bankrupt gentleman of the eighteenth century. It is the story of a man whose "longing for an unattainable ideal sent him reeling and carousing through the world" he found. Taking his family to his isolated old house in Borrowdale, he all but ruined all their lives. The characters are not attractive, but they are so real that they make a claim on sympathies that may awaken pity and so prevent revulsion. Their acts, as well as the background against which they move, give us an indelible impression of the way life was lived in that distant day by those far away from courts. We whose only acquaintance hitherto with that period has been through histories, or the writings of Pope, Swift, Addison and Company, will here meet it anew.

Mrs. Paul, being curious to inspect life in all its phases, will not be offended by the gustiness or annoyed by Mr. Walpole's idealism. But many others will.

"She Knew She Was Right" by Jesse Lynch Williams (Scribner's, $2.50) is the last novel of an author whose lively wit has played upon many of the inconsistencies of our modern social code during the last twenty years to the delight of many readers. He had the knack (although he would have said that it was hard thinking and careful writing instead of knack, of inventing amusing situations and playing with them so that every angle of his subject was presented without his ever phrasing the theme he had in mind. He never seemed to offer solutions, but was content to analyze, leaving the reader to find his own point. A rebel against conventionality for its own sake, he seemed always to seize upon the fundamental values under them. He could sift the real from the sham. An aid to painless thinking, I should call him; a constructive, rather than a destructive, critic. And always a dramatist depending upon climax and surprise and clever phrase for his effects.

In this book he presents a New York family of social and financial importance which believes (*Continued on page 203*)

Your choice:
Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Its flavor is as happy as its color!

I sing a song of Campbell's,
Of sunny health and mirth—
The soups that are so famous
They go around the earth!

YOU never forget it — the racy, sparkling flavor of Campbell's Tomato Soup. It sends a glow around the table. For into it Nature herself has poured her sunshine and healthfulness, her most winning smile, her wholesome invigoration. And there are 20 other Campbell's Soups each with its individual charm. Look for the Red-and-White Label! 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

test after test shows

Old Dutch Cleanser gets all the dirt, all the impurities . . . none escape

For your family's protection, clean the bathroom bowl or tub with Old Dutch after every using. Old Dutch removes all the impurities; it's perfect for porcelain and enamel.

Old Dutch doesn't scratch; it contains no harsh grit. Try this simple test. Sprinkle Old Dutch on the porcelain drainboard of your sink; lay a smooth coin on top of the cleanser, and rub gently. You'll neither feel nor hear the scratching of gritty particles. Avoid gritty cleaners.

keeps homes healthful . . . and lovely

Would that we could send chemists into every home in the land! With their tests, they would convince that it's positively healthful to have things cleaned with Old Dutch. No dirt ever escapes Old Dutch, no matter how obstinate. Old Dutch gets it all—the visible dirt and, more important, the impurities you cannot see.

So often housewives rub and scrub and think things are clean, when, in fact, still clinging to the surface are invisible impurities that constantly menace health. With Old Dutch, one smooth sweep and its tiny, flat-shaped particles have removed all uncleanliness. Things are thoroughly clean; they're wholesome; they're sanitary. You have Healthful Cleanliness in your home—and that's conducive to the well-being of your family. Always use Old Dutch for Healthful Cleanliness.

And when it comes to those lovely, lustrous surfaces of which you're so proud, use Old Dutch . . . exclusively. Old Dutch protects beauty; keeps lovely things lovely. The microscope reveals why: Old Dutch contains no harsh, scratchy grit; Old Dutch doesn't scratch. Neither does it mar the finish; there's no acid or caustic in its content.

Aside from its Healthful Cleanliness and Safety features, Old Dutch finds favor because it's so easy to work with; saves you time and effort. It's economical, too, because a little goes a long way. Keep a can handy in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry—it's a sign of good housekeeping to have Old Dutch in the home.

Old Dutch has no equal for cleaning and polishing white and colored porcelain and enamel, tile, marble, kitchen utensils, pantries, floors, refrigerators, woodenware, crockery, metal fixtures, glassware, windows, painted walls, woodwork or any surface on which water may be used for cleaning.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser, on its 25th Anniversary, celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency—Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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HEALTH and BEAUTY

Dress from Kurzman's

Looking the Part

By Ruth Murrin

"LOUISE was not in the least beautiful, or even pretty, but by dressing and behaving as if she were, she made you forget it. She had the self-assurance that belongs to beauty, and had it so abundantly that her lack of right to it couldn't be true."

In these two sentences Katharine Brush tells how the leading lady of one of her penetrating stories acquired a reputation for beauty, although she had practically nothing to go on except a model figure and long eyelashes. Louise understood perfectly about beauty's fourth dimension—the elusive quality that can make a plain woman distinguished, and without which even a really pretty woman is bound to seem a trifle vapid. It is a supreme confidence that everything is just as it should be.

Girls aren't born with self-confidence like this. They must acquire it. It follows naturally when some bright young thing discovers that it is just as easy to get the habit of being charming as it is to play good bridge. The younger the better, of course. If you let yourself drift out of the teens into the twenties, or out of the twenties into the thirties, not to speak of the less celebrated ages, and you haven't done anything about it, it becomes harder and harder to cultivate the habit of beauty. Still it can be done.

My suggestion—if you are one of those girls who feel that practically every one else is more attractive than you are—is that you go into conference with yourself. List your weak points, the things that make you uncertain and dissatisfied with your looks, and then work out a plan to overcome them. Some of your troubles will concern clothes, and I shall not attempt to advise you about that. Ask your best-dressed friend to help you, and then go into the dress reform thoroughly with study and prayer.

Another set of defects will be due entirely to carelessness—stockings that wrinkle at the instep or offend the eye with crooked seams, hair that needs waving or shampooing, clothes that need cleaning or mending, fingertips that cry for a file and some polish. Any stranger's absent-minded glance at a flaw of this sort is enough to make one feel self-conscious and ill at ease for hours afterward, and nobody suffering from self-consciousness can create the illusion of beauty. If you are apt to be slack in these little details, take the pledge right here and now to send that dress to the cleaner the minute it begins to look dubious, and let regularity and promptness be your rule in matters of baths, shampoos, shoe shines, waves, and manicures.

Economy, properly practised, is a virtue, but it becomes a sin when it leads you to keep on using unbecoming rouge or to finish up a bottle of skin tonic even though you find it isn't just right for you. The illusion of beauty practically demands a good skin—mind, I do not say a radiantly lovely skin. What is necessary is a complexion that is clear, smooth, healthy, and suavely decorated with the right make-up.

Treatments now and then do not do much good. You can not get the fresh glow that describes a good complexion by spending an hour on a vigorous treatment just before a party and then letting creams and tonics gather dust on the bathroom shelf for days. If you really want to get rid of blackheads or make a dry skin smooth and creamy, you must do your bit every day. Basically, of course, a good-looking skin is dependent on cleanliness and a vigorous circulation of clean, healthy blood. In addition, some people need to add oil in the form of creams, and some people need to check the natural supply of oil by the use of drying tonics. A girl who uses some judgment about what she eats and is reasonably sensible about sleep, work, and play, ought to keep her complexion bright and clear by giving only about fifteen minutes a day to it. But she must be regular about it—cleanse and cream as automatically as she uses a toothbrush.

Year by year it becomes easier to get the beauty habit. Facial tissues made cream cleansing pleasant. Now an observant manufacturer has brought out pretty packages of the softest, purest cotton in convenient-sized squares which make it easy to apply liquids of all kinds.

I often get letters from people who say they have been using good preparations without results. But nearly always, when I get the whole story, I find either that the preparations have been badly chosen or that they have been incorrectly used. When you buy a new preparation, study the directions the manufacturer has carefully worked out and follow them. In nine cases out of ten, you will find that he knows best. And if you are not quite sure what your skin needs, write to me, and I will try to help you. Looking the part of beauty is worth all the trouble it takes.

A BEAUTY chart that tells you just what to do daily, weekly, and monthly in order to keep yourself looking fresh and lovely—this is the September "Powder-Puff." Ask Ruth Murrin for it, sending a stamped, addressed envelope—a long one, please.

And if you want help for other beauty problems, write to Ruth Murrin for a personal answer. Or send to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. and 8th Ave., N. Y. C., for "A Primer of Personal Loveliness," price 25 cents

EXERCISING The BABY

Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

A Service for Mothers of Young Babies

By
Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M.D.

Director of the Health and Happiness Club

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

What about exercises for a baby? Is it true that if you leave him alone he will kick, squirm, and wiggle enough to exercise his little muscles, so that you need do nothing for him? There has been a spirited discussion about this with advocates on both sides. One group believes that nature unaided will provide adequate activity for all the muscles, the other teaches that intelligent supervision is needed to be sure that this is happening and, if the development seems to lack uniformity, to supply additional stimuli for extra muscle work, even to starting for the baby a daily dozen!

We used to hear a great deal about the "hour of crying" as one of the needed activities for a baby. If he did not cry, his fingers were flipped until he did. If he is a normal, healthy baby, he will cry lustily when hungry. But when well fed, comfortable, and properly taken care of, he cries very little. He does not have discomforts or hunger pangs; therefore he smiles instead of crying. Also that hour or more of crying in the old days must have masked many a tummy ache.

Rolling is a wonderful exercise and great fun. But he can not practise this unless he has a reasonably solid surface under him, not a yielding mattress. Give him a protected corner on the floor or in a pen. He will later try to pull himself up to a sitting position. If he can have this playtime out of doors, so much the better, with natural objects—a fence, a tree, or a porch—for his equipment.

Before this you will have been tempted to prop him up, both for him to see objects around him and for other people to see what a sweet baby you have, but it is not good for his back. Never prop up a baby, but let him sit alone only when he can pull himself up to a sitting position and stay there. Watch him while he sits undressed, and if his back slumps to a curve, you can be sure he is not ready to sit alone for a long time.

There are just as many babies a little slow, as there are babies who learn to do these things quickly. Your baby may be entirely normal and yet belong to the first group. Or there may be a condition of rickets or some other lack in the food which has resulted in a soft muscle tone. The modern record books note all these points about development and give the usual age limits within which the average baby's achievement falls. When he finally walks, you think then of his posture, but you should have been planning for good posture all along.

When he sits alone, a chair which fits him is most important—one which gives some support to the lower back and fits the curve of the buttocks and thighs. It should be low enough to allow his feet to rest firmly on the floor. Where this is not possible, always have a footstool or box for his feet to rest upon.

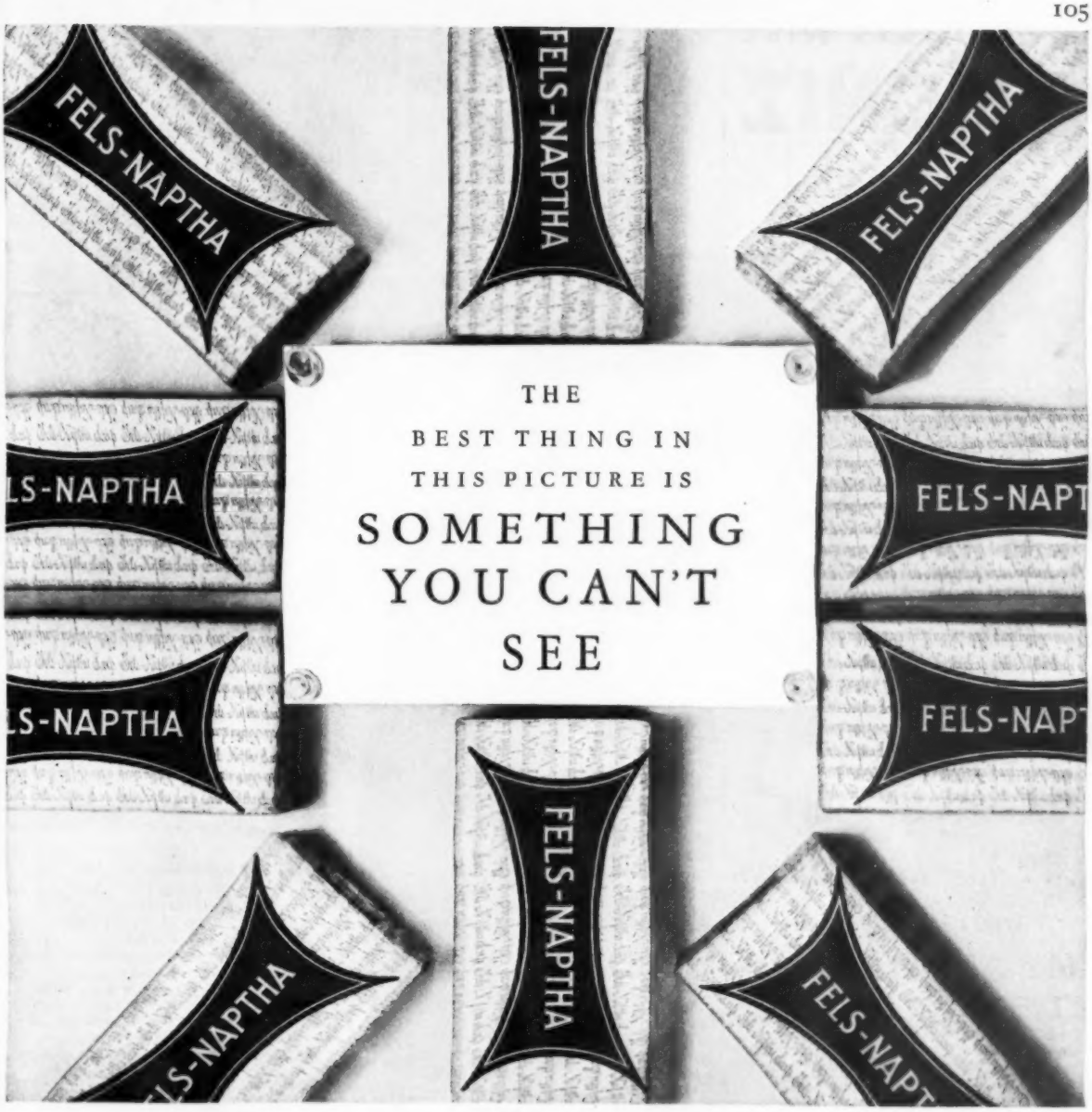
SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." Layette patterns included

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, *57th St. at 8th Ave., New York*

With all this opportunity to use his muscles, does the baby need special exercises? The answer would be "No" if even the majority of babies grew up with a good muscle alignment, with perfectly formed bodies, fine sturdy specimens—but do they? Certainly not always, for we still see in young children the large, prominent abdomen with constipation; the foot with relaxed arches; the hollow chest, round shoulders, and slumping back. Some of this may be due, as mentioned previously, to a poor diet or to rickets. To avoid this possibility, we urge cod-liver oil or Viosterol or combinations of these in both winter and summer, with sun baths on the skin whenever possible. And a carefully planned diet including not only the proper proportions of fat, carbohydrate, and protein, but sufficient mineral salts and vitamins to furnish nourishment for bone and muscle. Even then we see that most children develop one set of muscles more strongly than other sets, or overdevelop some and underdevelop others. To mention only one example, the typical small city child has sturdy legs because he walks and runs most of the time, and poorly developed arms because he has no way to exercise them.

We must conclude, therefore, that some guidance is needed for the all-round development of a child's body. We stress the fact, however, that whatever is done in the line of directed exercises must be with the idea of inducing the child to do them eventually himself. For tiny babies, see Wilkes' "Baby's Daily Exercises" (published by Appleton). For older children, the exercises must be adapted to fit the child by some one who knows how to do it. The child must want to stand erect; he must feel able to meet the world with head up. If the desire to stand well comes first, then it will be easier to strengthen the necessary muscles.

Josephine H. Kenyon



And that something, dear reader, is *extra* help—the *extra* help of soap and naptha, instead of soap alone.

Naptha, you know, is an unusual dirt-loosener. You get plenty of it in Fels-Naptha. It is combined with golden soap by a special process that keeps it always on the job. That's why you can smell naptha in Fels-Naptha from the second you unwrap the generous bar until it is down to its last sliver.

And that's why Fels-Naptha is a real soap bargain for washday. It brings you not more bars, but more help—the *extra* help of good golden soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. Side by side, this capable team pitches into your washing tasks and lightens the work for you. Together, they seek out the dirt, coax it loose, and wash it away. Your clothes come beautifully clean–sweetly, fragrantly, thoroughly clean—without hard rubbing.

And Fels-Naptha asks no favors. It's always willing to work *your* way. All soaps do their best in hot water—Fels-Naptha included. But unlike many other soaps, Fels-Naptha also does an excellent job in lukewarm or even cool water. So boil or soak your clothes, as you please. Use machine or tub. Fels-Naptha works so speedily that you don't have your hands in water long—a big help in keeping them nice.

Try Fels-Naptha for household cleaning, too—for woodwork, floors, windows. Get it at your grocer's to-day. For convenience sake, get the ten-bar carton. You'll soon discover that the best thing about Fels-Naptha is the *extra* help it gives you.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now! ©1930, FELS&CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. G.H.-6-30
Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In using advertisements see page 6

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BEFORE SIMONIZING

Makes cars look new again

AFTER SIMONIZING

. . . and keeps them sparkling and beautiful for years

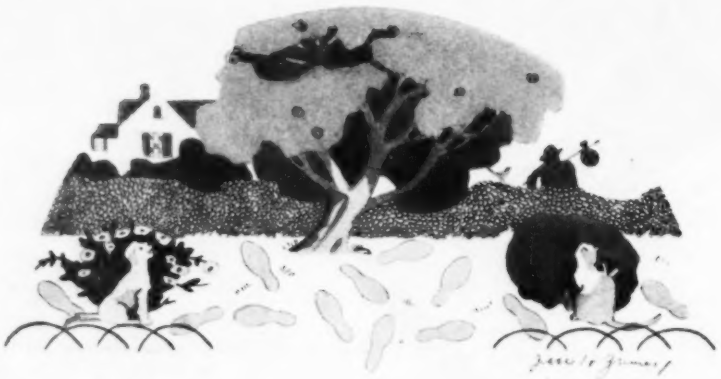
THERE has never been anything as wonderful as Simonizing for restoring the lustre and making cars look new again. It is the perfect way of cleaning and protecting the finish—and has made it possible for millions of motorists to drive cars that always look sparkling and beautiful.

It's surprising the difference Simonizing makes in the appearance of any car. Even though the finish is dulled and discolored, the wonderful Simoniz Kleener, like magic, makes it sparkle like new again. And then, Simoniz gives the finish that distinctive lustre and the famous protection which makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—for Simonizing is the secret of keeping cars looking new and beautiful for years.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"



Hunting the Tramp Party

By Elaine

This original outdoor party, called "Hunting the Tramp," will keep the children busy until the ice-cream is served.

Invitation:—

DEAR BILL:

Please come to my Hunt the Tramp Party at four o'clock on Monday, September first. I found his tracks in our garden, and I think we can find him if you will help me. Yours truly,

BOBBY JONES.

The clues are hidden and the tracks of the tramp are laid before the children arrive. These tracks, except where otherwise directed, are cut from crêpe paper in the shape of shoe soles and are pegged to the grass. Different colors are used, and the children must be told to follow one color until the next clue is found. If the children are old enough to read, they can decipher the clues for themselves. If not, some one reads them aloud.

First Clue: (Tacked to a tree)
Now hunt real hard, and you will see
A hole made by a little mouse.
It's somewhere near this apple tree
In line with the tree and house.

Second Clue: (In the hole)
Now turn and face where north winds blow,
Then turn about and face the west;
Then walk as far as you can go
Until you find an old brown vest.

Third Clue: (In pocket of vest)
The tramp who wore this on his back
Has long since gone upon his way,
But if you follow on his tracks
You'll surely meet with him today.

Fourth Clue: (Is found under the log)
He rested here upon this log
Then stooped down by a flower-bed
To pat a little woolly dog
Upon his little woolly head.

Fifth Clue: (Pinned to a toy dog)
The woolly dog barked at him, so
He ran and hid behind the hedge,
But that has been some time ago
For I see his tracks along the edge.
(Blue tracks lead to a nest)

Sixth Clue: (Is found in a bird's nest)
He tried to rob a jay bird's nest
To get himself some Easter eggs,
But Mother Jay beat on his chest
And pecked him on his wicked legs.
(Trail of jelly beans leads to next clue)

Seventh Clue: (On a toy kitten).
The old tramp dropped his kitten here,
And then he turned and fled.
He rubbed her fur up wrong, I fear,
For she scratched him till he bled.
(Pieces of red paper lead to a rosebush)

Eighth Clue: (Is tied to a rosebush)
He snagged his shirt upon this rose
And left it for another clue.
The message reads, "Just follow your nose,"
But point it as the arrow flew."
(Arrows point to a silver star)

Ninth Clue: (Attached to the arrow)
This arrow flew above the trees
And stuck into a silver star.
Now read just what the star decrees;
It seems to point toward a car.
(Stars lead to a toy car in an arbor)

Tenth Clue: (Hidden in the toy car)
The old tramp tried to steal this car
To make a hurried get-away,
But something gave his nerves a jar
And he moved along without delay.
(Yellow tracks lead to the tramp. This is a scarecrow dressed in a flapping linen duster topped with an old hat. In his capacious pockets are favors for each of the children, and the last clue.

Eleventh Clue:
Since you have found the tramp at last,
Walk north ten steps and ten steps east.
You'll find a sweet to break your fast
And a trail that leads you to the feast.

A sugar-plum tree bears a piece of candy for each child. A trail of life-savers leads to the table set in a shady arbor or side porch. Menu: Sandwiches, Cake, Ice-Cream, and Lemonade.

If you would like to turn time backward, you will feel that you have done so in our new "Kid Party For Grown-Ups."

Entertainment Folios

Kid Party for Grown-ups: a new party for those who wish to turn back the years....10¢
The Magic Circle of Months....10¢
Horoscope Party For Stars....10¢
Olympic Beach Party: a novel summer party to give at the shore....10¢
Pirate and Captive Party: an amusing fancy dress party for young people....10¢
Bridge Rules in Rhyme....10¢
Mascot and Mottoes, Birthday Party one for every month....10¢
Games Leaflet: a game for every member of the family....10¢

Address Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

"Beauty is Romance" says Mrs BIDDLE STEWART

"Beauty is romance, and romance is youth! To cherish youth, to live for beauty is the sure way to make your heart's desire come true. A radiant young girl or beautiful woman is a magnet for romance," says Mrs. Biddle Stewart.

CHARMING young favorite of society in New York and Philadelphia, Mrs. Biddle Stewart is so lovely and so romantic that her friends call her the "Fairy Princess."

You notice her exquisite complexion the moment you look at her. "A fresh, clear, youthful skin," she says, "is essential to beauty," and it is true.

"Pond's," she adds, "provides the best and easiest method of home complexion care.

"There is the delicious Cold Cream for cleansing to keep the skin flower-fresh . . . the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream immaculately . . . the bracing Skin Freshener to banish oiliness . . . and the exquisite Vanishing Cream for powder base—a true hand-maiden of romance," says Mrs. Stewart, "for it keeps one's nose from ever looking shiny!"

Yes, a lovely skin is the ensign of romance. That is why Pond's Method is such a success—because of the amazing efficacy of its four sure, swift, simple steps:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, marvelously absorbent.

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If skin is dry, leave on a little fresh cream overnight.

Pond's four delightful preparations to keep your skin always exquisite—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.

★

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J, 109 Hudson Street, New York City

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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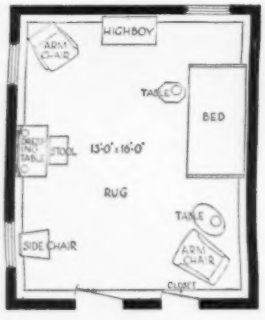
In using advertisements see page 6

Bedroom Designed by the Studio For School and College Girls

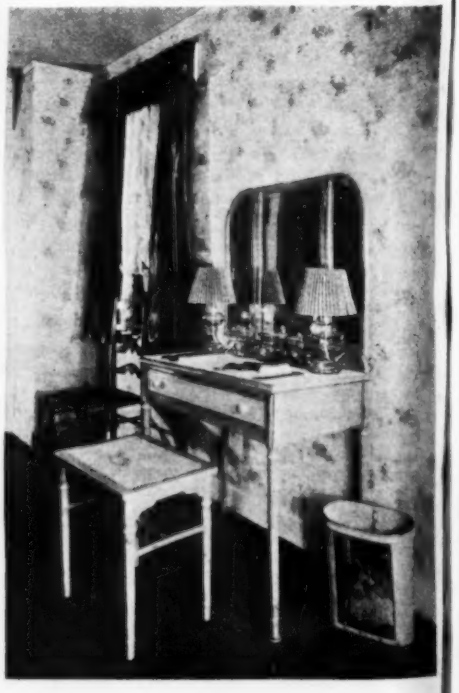
EVERY girl should have a pretty bedroom. She wants one just as naturally as she wants a pretty dress. It affects her personality, becomes part of herself. It is, therefore, most important that she should have an attractive environment, as it does much to cultivate her taste.

Even a small room, such as the Studio shows this month, may be made attractive at little cost when discrimination is used in selecting the furnishings.

To give the room an air of spaciousness, the bed was put on one long side wall instead of out in the room in the more usual way. The window back of the bed need not be opened, as there are two other windows in the room. The dressing table is on the opposite wall, a convenient highboy is on one end wall, while an easy chair, table, and lamp by the window will appeal to a girl's sense of (*Continued on page 282*)



Cooperating With Us: ***Sanitas:*** Standard Textile Products; ***Rugs:*** Alex. Smith & Sons, Geo. E. Mallinson; ***Draperies:*** Marshall Field, Moskowitz Bros.; ***"Deep Sleep" Spring & Mattress; Furniture:*** Simmons Co., Cochran Chair Co., Cushman Mfg. Co.; ***Accessories:*** Chas. Hall, Lindemann & Zenishek, Paul Hanson, Amerith, Utica Steam & Mohawk Cotton Mills, Louisville Bedding, Handcraft Novelty Company



Better—and better—and better—

Through all of childhood—from bottle days to maturity—Pet Milk gives ever increasing sturdiness in growth and vigorous health. There's no excuse today for any baby, or any child, to suffer illness or have less than perfect health through lack of safe, wholesome milk.

BABIES *must* have cow's milk—always at weaning time, sometimes sooner. And it must be *good* milk—good in these essential points:

1. *The milk must be surely safe—free from anything that can endanger health.*

2. *It must be surely rich in all the food substances required to give sturdy and sound growth of teeth and bone and tissue.*

3. *The milk needs to be more readily digestible than ordinary, raw cow's milk that is designed by nature for the stomach of a calf—a thing vastly different from the tender stomach of the baby.*

The Superior Milk That Meets the Need

Here are the facts and the reasons why Pet Milk is superior milk for babies:

1. Pet Milk is as safe as if there were no germ of disease in the world. Sterilized in sealed, air-tight containers, it is always completely free from any harmful germ.

2. Every drop of Pet Milk is uniformly rich in all the food substances of whole milk. Homogenized—the fat globules broken into such tiny particles that they never separate—the cream stays in the milk. Pet Milk can't be skimmed milk.

3. Raw cow's milk in the course of digestion produces hard, lumpy curds. They don't bother a calf. They do disturb the baby. Then the big fat globules of raw cow's milk, easily assimilated by the calf, aren't fit for the baby's stomach. The sterilization and homogenization of Pet Milk make the curds as soft and flocculent as those that form from mother's milk, and make the fat globules as small and as easily assimilated.

The Proof of the Pudding

Some of the most prominent infant feeding specialists in America have put this extraordinary milk to the test of actual experience in feeding babies. More than a thousand babies were fed under their expert direction. And the babies who had this sterilized, homogenized milk made as sturdy, normal growth and development as those who, at the same time, had their mothers' milk.

For Children, Too, Of Course

Milk that has proved itself so safe and wholesome for babies is, of course, the best of milk for children. When you give them Pet Milk you *know* they have this most essential, and most nearly perfect of foods—milk—in safe and wholesome form. No child ever contracted an infectious disease from the use of Pet Milk. No child, given the quart of milk a day in Pet Milk, ever suffered from undernourishment through lack of any of the important milk-food substances.

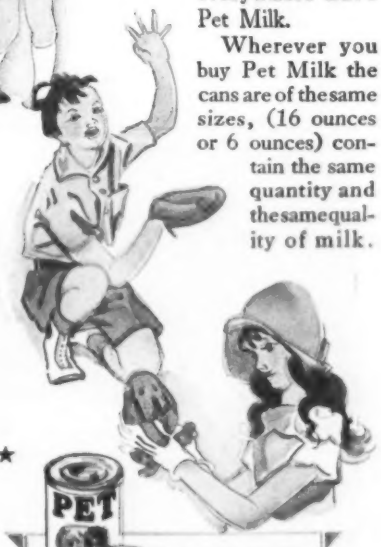
For Just a Moment of Your Time

We'll send you free of charge our book "When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle." We'll send you, also without charge, our new loose-leaf book. It's more than a recipe book, though it contains three hundred recipes. It will show you how to give all your family better, safer, more wholesome food—at less cost.

The Best Of Milk

Pet Milk—more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—can be bought generally for ten cents for the tall can—never more than eleven. It is equivalent in food value to more than a quart of the milk you ordinarily buy. It takes the place of cream—you can whip it—and costs less than one-third as much as cream. Grocers everywhere have Pet Milk.

Wherever you buy Pet Milk the cans are of the same sizes, (16 ounces or 6 ounces) contain the same quantity and the same quality of milk.



PET MILK COMPANY
1430-I Arcade Building
Saint Louis, Missouri

I would like to have the following:
"When Baby Needs Milk From a Bottle"
New loose-leaf cookbook.
(Print name and address)

Name_____

Address_____

A vote of thanks from the dishes . . .

My new modern crystal and china look so festive and twinkling when they come out of Ivory suds. They seem to be trying to say—"We are so bright because Ivory rinses away so easily . . . and we're very glad you use a sweet, odorless soap." Yes, Ivory does seem nicer for dishwashing, and it certainly is kinder to my Jack-of-all-trades hands!

I could

if you think housecleaning

I wish I were a writer. For fifteen minutes I've been trying to think up some exciting way to talk to you about hands. So now I've decided to start in the middle, so to speak! I'm going to tell you what Jane L . . . said about my hands—because it leads right into a beauty secret for yours!

At the last bridge party Jane, who's a new member, refused to believe that I had just finished my housecleaning. She said my hands looked too nice!

Well, Jane or no Jane, my hands had been in soap suds for practically a week. I washed my cretonnes and sponged the oriental rugs—then cleaned every bit of the woodwork (and there's plenty of it in a white Colonial cottage!). I cleaned all the cupboards and washed every dish and glass. And then I put the wool blankets and hooked rugs through tubs and tubs full of suds.

But here's my secret: they weren't ordinary suds. They weren't the suds of strong "kitchen" soaps that dry and redden and age the skin so. They were the gentlest suds I know of—*Ivory* suds!

I wish talk to you . . .

is hard on nice hands!

You see, Ivory treats my hands so kindly that they are smooth all the time—even after my busiest mornings. That's why they earn compliments like Jane's!

If you aren't quite happy about *your* hands, why don't you try Ivory for a while? In two weeks your hands will be thanking you—in the very nicest way that hands can! And first thing you know, your friends will be asking you what you do for them—what lotion you use—or whether you wear rubber gloves!

Every day Ivory proves to me that a pure, rich soap can do hard work well. And where a strong soap cleans and "eats" (or bleeds the colors of clothes), Ivory cleans and *protects.*

Though Ivory's pure enough to be my baby's bath boat and my complexion soap—it's equally important to me in the kitchen and laundry. It turns clothes-washing and dishwashing and cleaning tasks into such gentle Ivory baths . . . and that's the whole reason why even a spring housecleaning needn't be hard on one's hands!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

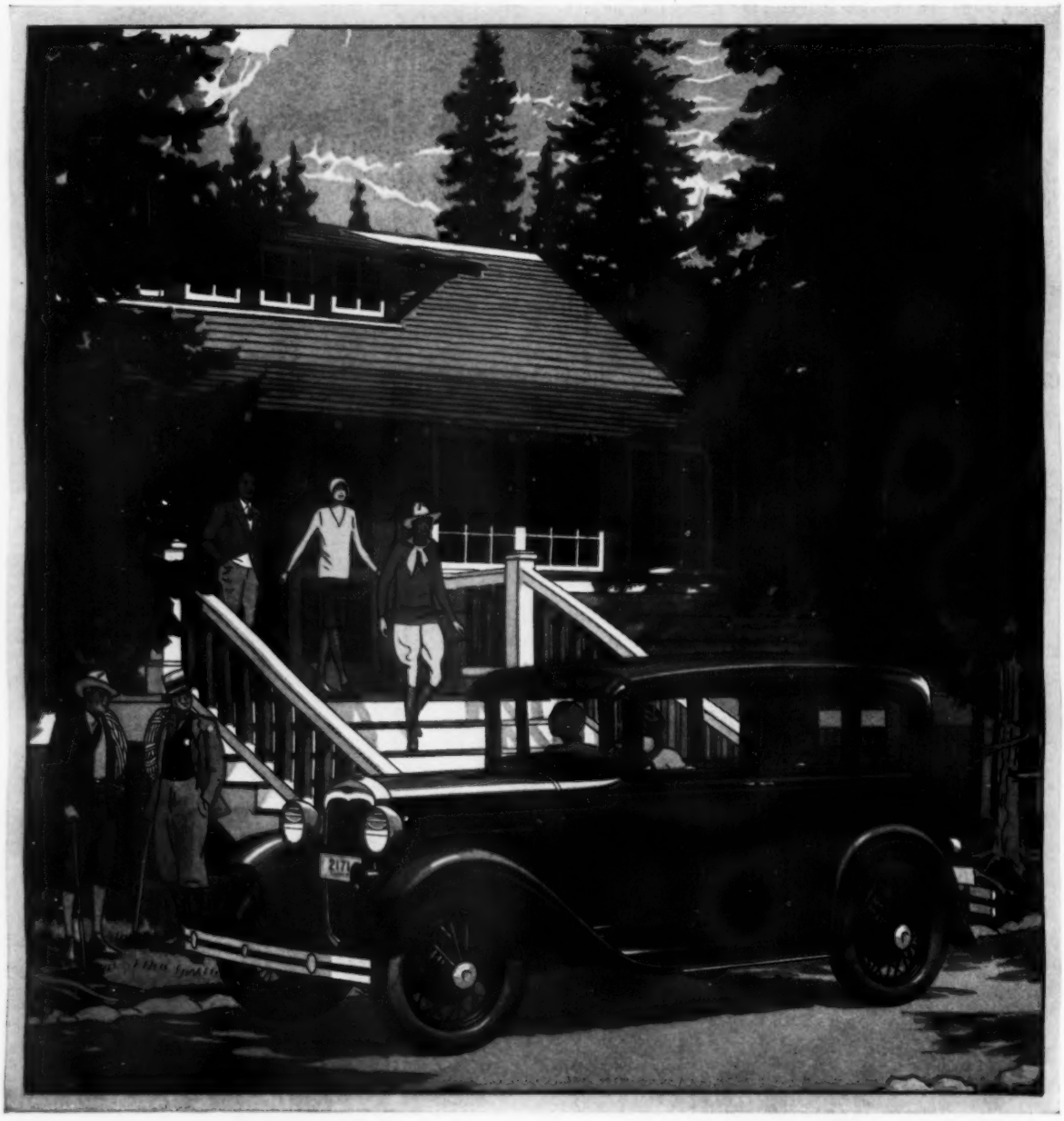
kind to everything it touches - 99 44/100% *pure*

Beauty treatments for the home!

Some months I worry the budget to pieces, trying to squeeze out a new hat. But I never skimp on Ivory Soap and Ivory Flakes. Ivory pays for its upkeep in two ways—it keeps my hands as nice as if I had a maid—and it keeps my home as bright as new! People can hardly believe my linoleum is three years old. That's because Ivory suds have protected its surface. And my woodwork won't need repainting for many more housecleanings. In fact, it looks as glossy as if the painter were here yesterday!

Happier Mondays for colored clothes!

I like to make my baby's rompers and my own printed housefrocks—and they're too pretty to be washed with a soap that will fade their colors! So I use Ivory, for I think they deserve as gentle care as my baby's woolens or my own frivolous silk things!



THE NEW THREE-WINDOW FORDOR SEDAN

Wherever the long trail leads

THROUGH heavy city traffic — across fertile valleys and desert sands — to the top of snow-capped mountains — wherever the long trail leads — you will find the Ford car and cheery words about it. . . . Its flashing beauty gives it distinction at the Country Club, yet it is no stranger to deeply rutted roads and hard daily usage in the far-off places. Its sturdy strength, reliability and capable performance, at all times and under all conditions, reflect the care and enduring quality that have been built into it. . . . By its constant, faithful service through many months and years you will know that it is a "value far above the price."

Ford

INVESTING IN MAIN STREET

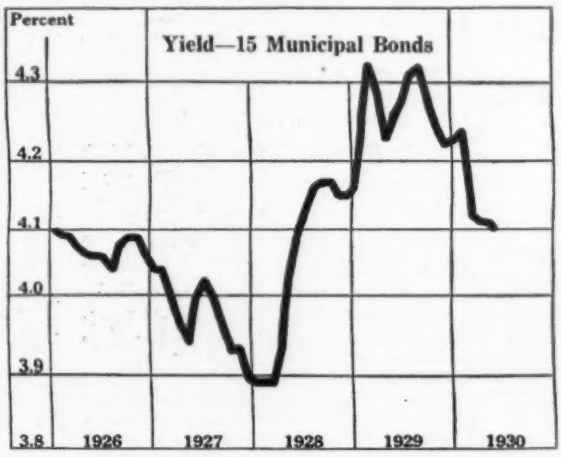
By Ruth Boyle

"FOR a number of years I have invested a large part of my savings in municipal bonds," writes a GOOD HOUSEKEEPING reader. "I thought they were as safe as Liberty bonds. Now a friend tells me that not all municipal bonds are good, and I would like to know if this is true, and if so, how to pick them."

Municipal bonds are bought in large amounts by careful investors of large funds—trustees of estates, wealthy men, banks, and insurance companies—partly because they have had an excellent record for safety, but more particularly because the income from them is not subject to Federal income taxes or to income taxes of their home state. To people of great wealth this tax-free feature is naturally attractive. Savings banks and trustees are regular purchasers of municipals because these bonds are in the list of legal investments—that is, they are on the approved list for those institutions whose investments are limited by law.

But not all municipal bonds are "legals," and like other securities they differ in the degree of safety they enjoy. Their strength depends on the ability and willingness of the community to meet interest charges promptly and to pay the principal when it comes due. If the community is prosperous, there is usually no question that it will meet its just debts, but the investor must look into the future somewhat to assure himself that the present prosperity will continue. To do this, he considers the size of the city, its location and industries, and the ratio of its total net debt to the value of the property assessed.

As a rule the bonds of good-sized cities are rated higher than those of small communities. It is self-evident that a large city with a diversity of industries is less likely to fall on evil days than the little town dependent on one industry, such as mining. Cities located in districts which are often devastated by tornadoes, earthquakes, or floods are not so good a risk as those in less dramatic sections unless their past history proves that they can face disaster and come back better than ever. The reader will immediately think of many cities with this proud record. Cities, like people, differ in their credit standing. Some incur only debts which they know they can pay, and are proud of their reputation for fairness and honesty in matters of civic finance. Others are more reckless of public money and less scrupulous about paying their bills. Or they may go through a period of boom times, when their citizens honestly think that nothing is too good for their town and beyond its ability to pay for. Then comes a period of deflation, poor business, high taxes to pay for past extravagances, which, of course, discourage new enterprises that might have located there, and all this may result in cleaning out the public treasury. The investor should invest in the bonds of thriving, growing cities only, and not in boom towns.



Yields computed by Standard Statistics

Municipal bonds offer low yields but a high degree of safety and market stability

A factor that has contributed largely to the safety of municipals is that most cities, counties, and tax districts of various kinds are not allowed to incur unlimited debt, but are restricted by law. These laws not only restrict the amount which a community may borrow, but often define clearly the purposes for which the money may be used, and the time in which the debt must be paid back. These provisions are particularly important to the investor now when so many public improvements are being made. But even though the law protects investors to a large extent against reckless expenditures on the part of cities and tax districts, it is well to inquire into certain features of a bond issue.

For what purpose is the money being raised? If it is for a road, for example, how long will the road last? If the road can reasonably be expected to last only five years, then arrangements should be made to pay off the debt within five years. If it is for a school, a library, or other public buildings, the debt might run for twenty years or longer. The principle is that the bonds should be retired serially well within the life of the utility for which they were raised. Otherwise the community would be burdened with a debt for something that had already become useless at a time when new funds were needed to finance buildings, roads, or other improvements to replace the old. The provision that the bonds should be retired serially is wise. Under this arrangement a certain proportion of the bonds mature at stated intervals over a period of years, and they are paid off as they come due. This is preferable to a sinking fund, accumulated to pay off the principal in a lump sum, because the sinking funds are not always well managed by public officials.

The ratio of the total debt of the community to a fair valuation of property which may be assessed is another important question which the banks in the community concerned will be glad to answer. For towns under 30,000 the net debt should not exceed 5 percent, large cities may go up to 10 percent with safety.

In the past six years investors have purchased municipal bonds amounting to $13,000,000,000—a sum greater than has been invested in any other class of bonds during the same period. This type of security has been chosen not only because of its tax exemption features, but because it offers an unusually high degree of safety and market stability. Since 1926, as the graph on this page shows, the yield has not varied half of one percent. The strength of municipals comes from the fact that both principal and interest are paid from taxes—and taxes have first claim against property, ranking even ahead of mortgages.

Free Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. Don't send your securities.

Investing in Good 6% Bonds will enable you to give him advantages

"How can I establish a fund to send my boy to college . . . to give him a better opportunity to make his way in the world?" Many thoughtful parents are asking themselves this question.

One of the surest ways to create such a fund is to invest—regularly—in good, safe bonds. The income, when reinvested, mounts up astonishingly fast.

Buy from an Established House

For nearly half a century we have been furnishing safe investments—seasoned bonds of every type are available—real estate, industrial, railroad, foreign and public utility. Straus representatives—in 36 principal cities—are well fitted to advise you as to what type of security is best suited to your own needs.

Send for this Free Booklet

An interesting booklet, "How to Invest Money," explains clearly and simply what a sound investment really means. Send the coupon below.

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Please send me, without obligation, a copy of Booklet GH-124. Please recommend investment for $_____

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DR. EDDY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Walter H. Eddy, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, New York

Various Reasons

What causes a child to eat sand and coal? My twenty-two-months-old daughter eats sand and coal every chance she gets.

Mrs. L. M. P., Penna.

While most children prefer a normal diet, there are numerous cases of idiosyncrasies impossible to explain.

Dr. J. P. Crozer Griffith, in his book, "The Care of the Baby," says: "Sometimes it is a morbid habit depending upon a disordered digestion, or a disordered nervous system. Careful study may be necessary to discover the cause. Constant supervision and interference, with appropriate treatment, will generally soon effect a cure."

Dr. Holt, in his book, "The Care and Feeding of Children," says: "The habit belongs especially to children over three years. Dirt-eating is seen particularly in those who are excessively nervous or whose general health is below par. Children with such tendencies should be closely watched and every means made to break up the habit early."

You Are Probably Feeding Him Too Much

My son is three and a half years old and weighs forty-six pounds. He is strong and healthy, but he cries easily. I have thought perhaps something he eats does not agree with him. When he was a baby, his stomach was delicate, and we could keep on it only enough to keep him alive. He has cereals and vegetables and very little meat, half an orange each morning, and a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil. Do you think orange juice distresses him? I had to substitute tomato juice when he was a baby.

Mrs. H. E. B., N. Y.

Your little three-and-a-half-year-old boy is somewhat over-weight. The reason he cries so easily may be because he is over-fed. A child of three does not need meat, but does need plenty of milk. I should hardly think the orange juice would distress him, but if you gave tomato juice with good effect when he was an infant, there would be no objection to its use now.

A Common Complaint

I am to sail for Europe soon and am writing you for any suggestions you can offer by which I may avoid seasickness. Is there a rule of diet to follow? If so, I should like to have it. My health is good, and I generally eat what I like, and I like almost everything. But I mean to be careful. It will be a great favor if you will give me some suggestions.

Miss M. L. M., Pa.

I know of no special diet for one about to take a sea-trip. Wholesome foods are always in order, whether you propose to stay on land or go to sea. The exact cause of seasickness has never been definitely settled. Very likely no one cause is active in every case. Cases seem divisible into those primarily of nervous origin, and those of gastric origin. Even eyestrain may be provocative of an attack. Imagination also may cause *mal de mer*. Should you become seasick, do not dwell too much on the value of fresh air, but spend a day or so in bed on a restricted diet. This is sometimes of more benefit than fresh air secured at the expense of one's reserve fund of energy. A careful diet several days before starting on the journey, and a good laxative forty-eight hours before sailing, have been advised by good authority.

Using His Imagination

Do ham and iced tea taken at the same meal create a liquid in the stomach similar to ink?

Miss W. M. B.

I know of no scientific or dietetic reason why ham and iced tea taken at the same meal would create in the stomach a liquid similar to ink. I think your informant was drawing on his imagination in the effort to establish his facts.

Some Other Remedy Preferable

I have a cough. Some one told me to take a teaspoonful of kerosene oil two or three times a day. Would this be injurious or beneficial?

R. G. S., S. C.

I should by no means advise the use of kerosene oil internally. Kerosene acts on the surface of the skin and is a common component of liniments and shampoos for stimulating circulation in the skin. I do not see how it could help but be irritating to delicate membranes.

A Problem With Many

My problem is my weight. I know I am many pounds too heavy. May I ask you just what I can do to rid myself of the surplus weight? I am not a "particular" eater, and am fond of greens and fruits, but also of candy. I do not, however, eat ice-cream or pastries to amount to anything. I shall appreciate your help.

Mrs. W. C. B., Md.

Heredity has much to do with weight. People with large forebears should, of course, weigh more than those with small forebears. The safe and sane way to reduce over-weight is by a proper diet of non-fattening foods, and by eating less than you have been in the habit of eating. Foods rich in starch and sugar are considered to be the most active in fat production. My leaflet, "Reducing the Weight," and Good Housekeeping Institute's "Reducing Menus—Safe and Effective," will give you helpful literature on the subject of reducing. A request addressed to the Bulletin Service of Good Housekeeping, enclosing 15c in stamps, will bring these two leaflets to you.

There is another reason for over-weight. Disturbance of the thyroid gland. In a condition of low activity of the thyroid there is, apparently, little benefit to be derived from cutting down or changing the character of the food. This is not due to the formation of fat, but to the infiltration of mucus or serum into the tissues, in which case it is advisable to consult a physician who has had experience in treatment of the thyroid.

Wholesome and Beneficial

I make it a practice to drink one glass of buttermilk each day. Is this beneficial, or should I drink it more sparingly?

Mrs. E. C. H., N. Y.

The casein of buttermilk is present in finely coagulated form and is easy to digest. The special value of buttermilk lies in the presence of large numbers of organisms which produce lactic acid, which has been heralded as the foe of intestinal putrefaction. It has some special value from this point of view undoubtedly and is a wholesome and desirable food. It is perfectly permissible to drink more than one glass a day if you wish it.

Several Means of Removal

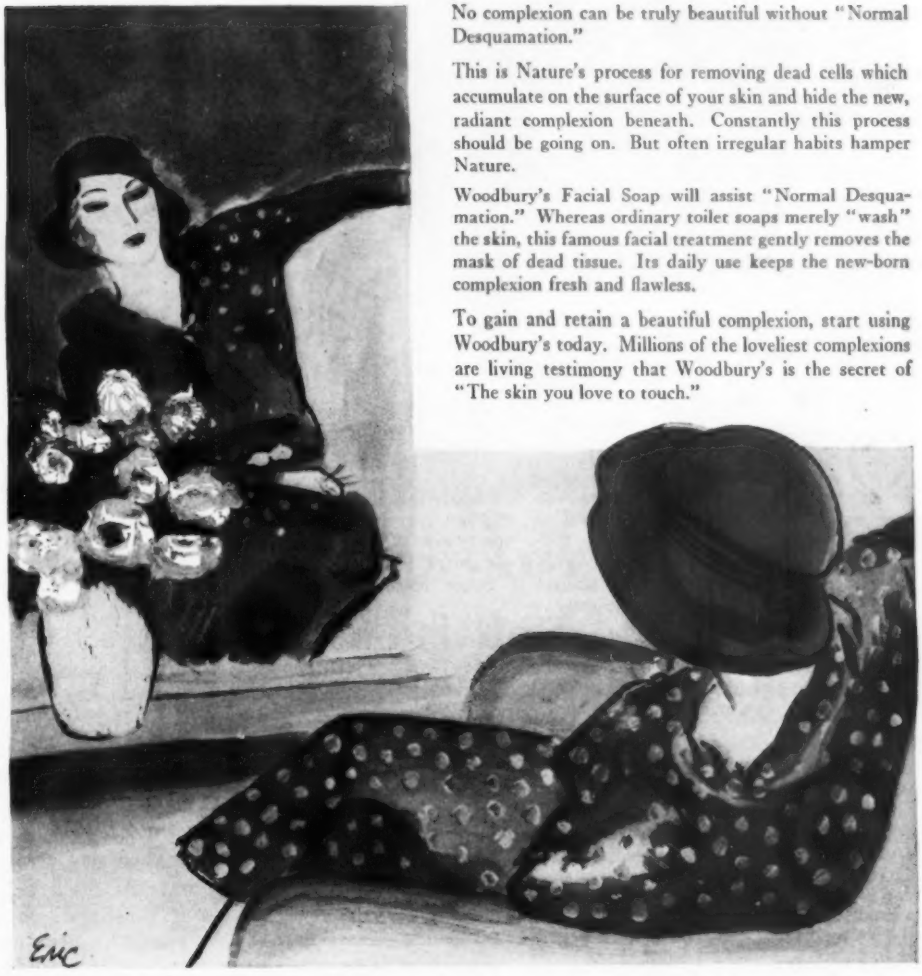
My little five-year-old girl has a large number of warts on her hands. Will you tell me how they can be removed without leaving scars?

Mrs. R. F. E., Mo.

Warts are removed by caustic, excision, erasion, or electrolysis. However, it should be done by one who thoroughly understands what he is doing. Unless they are removed by a competent physician, they are better let alone. Warts are common with children. They are apt to develop rapidly and often disappear quite as quickly without treatment. Some physicians recommend frequent applications of castor oil to the surface of the wart.

This season's Clothes ...but last season's FACE?

How "Faulty Desquamation" hides the true beauty of complexion ...and how a famous Facial Treatment corrects this irregularity



No complexion can be truly beautiful without "Normal Desquamation."

This is Nature's process for removing dead cells which accumulate on the surface of your skin and hide the new, radiant complexion beneath. Constantly this process should be going on. But often irregular habits hamper Nature.

Woodbury's Facial Soap will assist "Normal Desquamation." Whereas ordinary toilet soaps merely "wash" the skin, this famous facial treatment gently removes the mask of dead tissue. Its daily use keeps the new-born complexion fresh and flawless.

To gain and retain a beautiful complexion, start using Woodbury's today. Millions of the loveliest complexions are living testimony that Woodbury's is the secret of "The skin you love to touch."

Try this for 10 days
and greet your new complexion

Bathe the face gently with warm water. Rub up . . . in your hands . . . a rich lather. Massage it into your skin from the chin upward toward your temples. Rinse with warm water. The old dead skin cells are "washed away." So next tone up your skin with a brisk splashing of cold water. Then... for the final touch . . . go over your face with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel.

What good the silken texture of fall's newest Paris frock . . . if the texture of the face above fails to be silken too?

One little moment . . . one little stamp . . . one little ten-cent piece ... and you've started toward a new complexion. Send the coupon.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
2917 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(*In Canada*) JOHN H. WOODBURY, LTD., Perth, Ontario
Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of the two Woodbury's Creams, Face Powder and Free Booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

In using advertisements see page 6

When You Need IODINE

The Sea is the Best Place to Get It, Says

Dr. Walter H. Eddy

Director Good Housekeeping Bureau Of Foods, Sanitation and Health

The lowly lobster is more than a delicacy: he is the conveyor par excellence of precious iodine

ONE of the things you and I most need in our daily diet is a certain amount of the chemical element, iodine. A set of glands located in the neck and known to the anatomist as the "thyroids" will not function normally without iodine. And if they do not get enough of this element they manifest need for it by enlarging into an unsightly lump on the throat called a goitre.

An adequate supply of iodine in the diet will prevent this goitrous affliction. Therefore we should make every effort to secure such an adequacy from all the sources available.

First, then, let us realize that iodine deficiency in diet is primarily a question of where you live. There are in the United States both goitrous and non-goitrous districts. One of the goitrous regions borders the Great Lakes, but in Ohio, where Marine made his classic survey of school children, it was found that a small amount of iodine added daily to the children's diet reduced the incidence of goitre to the vanishing point.

The reason for prevalence of goitre in such districts is believed due to lack of iodine in the soil, and hence absence of it in the foodstuffs grown in these regions, combined with failure to supplement this lack by iodine-containing foods obtained from elsewhere.

In other words, you don't need to move out of a goitrous district to avoid goitre. You do need to change your diet so as to include iodine-containing foods.

When this geographical lack of iodine was first discovered, various remedies were suggested. One was to dissolve a certain amount in the water supply. This was soon abandoned as impractical. We drink relatively little of our total water supply. To put iodine in the water with which we wash our clothes or floors seems hardly good economy.

The development of iodized table salt was actually one logical solution of this problem for a goitrous area. Every one uses more or less salt in preparing foods. It is certain to be eaten daily, with a minimum of effort and a minimum of waste. But such salt is not our only source of iodine, and not everybody needs to use it. It is one system of insurance, but not the only one.

Some years ago, in the northwest, in what we call today a goitrous region, an observer noticed that while the whites in this region showed goitre, the Indians failed to develop this disease. He found that the Indians used relatively larger amounts of salmon in their diet. This observation led to a study of iodine distribution in sea foods. Such foods were found remarkably rich in this element.

I have tabulated in the table in the center of this page some of the values found by such analyses and some comparisons with vegetable sources from different geographical regions.

TABLE

	Parts per billion water-free
Canned codfish	1520
" salmon	780
" sardines	1050
" shrimp	1140
Salt cod	1410
Salt haddock	680
Salt herring	890
Salt mackerel	660
Fresh lobster	11590
clams	6200
oysters	6000
shrimps	2250
bluefish	1870
mackerel (Spanish)	1410
haddock	1050
cod	1000
halibut	830
scallops	810
mackerel (common)	330
Oats (Connecticut)	23
Oats (Minnesota)	10
Spinach (Oregon)	19.5

Statement

Department of Commerce, Bureau of Fisheries Document No. 967, says:

"The data indicate that marine fishes, mollusks and crustaceans contain a higher percentage of iodine than any other common foods. Oysters, clams, and lobsters contain more iodine than any other marine food with the exception of marine algæ, which unfortunately does not enter into the dietary of many Americans. As a matter of comparison, it is shown that oysters, clams, and lobsters contain about 200 times as much iodine as milk, eggs, or beefsteak. Shrimp 100 times as much, and most ocean fishes 50 times as much. It is evident that by using marine fish or shell fish in the diet two or three times each week, the amount of iodine ingested could be increased considerably. These facts should be of use to the American people, especially to those living in the so-called goitrous belts in which the iodine content of the water and foods is below normal. This is important in planning the diet of young people living in districts where disorders of the thyroid gland are common.

"It has been clearly shown that marine fish and shell fish contain much more iodine than fresh water fishes; for example, bass 190, perch 90, pickerel 300 (on dry basis)."

This table suggests a simple improvement easily available today in this country owing to the rapid development of the frozen fish industry. A few years ago the Middle West and much of the non-seaboard country found sea-foods difficult to obtain. Salted, dried, or canned fish was their only source of this iodine-rich material. Today fillets frozen in Gloucester or Boston are being delivered in St. Louis. Defrosted far inland, they reach our table with all the flavor and palatability of fresh-caught haddock or cod. The frozen-food industry is still in its infancy as regards fruits and (*Continued on page 118*)

DO YOU WANT A COLOR COPY OF THIS FOR FRAMING?

A beautiful full-color reprint of this picture, 11 by 14 inches, on heavy art paper, without any advertising on it, will be sent on receipt of 4¢ in stamps and one side of a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush box. Address Dept. G.S., Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., *Florence, Mass.*

The *technique* of GUM MASSAGE is built into the longer bristles

DO you feel a tingling glow of health in your gums after brushing your teeth? If you don't, please try a new Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

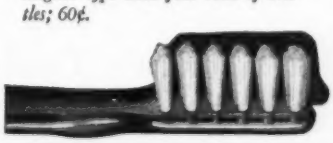
You will agree that it was a stroke of genius to make the bristles longer, to design a brush with special emphasis on stimulation of sluggish gums.

As you flutter the brush from the base to the tips of the teeth (the method which dentists approve), the bristles s-p-r-e-a-d. Gently but firmly they massage the gum margins. You polish the teeth to gleaming whiteness, and automatically you do good to your gums. The blood supply is energized. The tissues are firmed. Oral resistance is strengthened.

Give credit for this massaging action to the length, shape, and spacing of the Pro-phy-lac-tic tufts. New England craftsmen make them in a town where brush-making has been an art for three generations. Each finished brush is flawless perfection. And the way the bristles stay in and last tells why these men are internationally known as bristle authorities. Our confidence in the quality of their work is expressed in the sweeping guarantee on the familiar yellow box: ***If for any reason at all the service of this brush fails to satisfy, we will send you a new brush without charge or conversation.***

TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic

A world leader in sales for 42 years because the famous tuft cleans back of the molars; 50¢. Also in a larger English type with four rows of bristles; 60¢.



MASSO Pro-phy-lac-tic

The newest small-type brush. A busy little brush which in many mouths reaches places never before touched; 50¢. Youth's size Pro-phy-lac-tic; 40¢. Baby's size; 25¢.

HAIR BRUSH

We make many kinds of hair brushes: Military, handled, the new narrow or Pullman type. But all have that clean, shining face that won't hold or hide dust. The prices range from $1 up.

FALSE TEETH

This Dental Plate Brush was designed by the profession to do one job thoroughly: To keep plates and removable bridges sanitary. It is sturdy, full size, and big-bristled. A fine value; 50¢.

HAND BRUSH

Maybe this brush won't last a lifetime, but we have records of hundreds that are over 20 years old and are still in daily use. Honestly, it is not over-statement to call it a wonderful brush; $1.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes

REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.

In using advertisements see page 6

WHERE CONVENIENCE COUNTS • • •

Quick—easy to use! Saves time and trouble! Pic-Wax brings you greater satisfaction than any waxed paper package you've ever used.

Unquestioned quality—extra strong paper—heavily waxed—in flat, sturdy, sanitary package that holds every sheet fresh and smooth.

Its convenience is outstanding!

Simply open like a book. Pick out one sheet at a time. *Every movement with just one hand.* It always lies flat, wherever you put it.

Get Pic-Wax—10 cents at your dealers. If he cannot supply you, send coupon for full sized package.

REGAL PAPER CO., INC., Pulaski, N. Y.

A Pic-Wax Roll, too. Same high quality.

In new roll box with specially prepared edge for tearing desired lengths. Safe, sanitary, economical.

Regal Paper Co., Inc., 6 Port St., Pulaski, N.Y.
Enclosed 10c. Send prepaid package
☐ Pic-Wax Sheets. ☐ Pic-Wax Roll.
(Check package wanted—send 20c for 1 of each.)
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
This store is where I usually buy waxed paper.

If You're Looking for Iodine

(Continued from page 116)

vegetables, but frozen fish have passed the early stages, and merchandizing of this product is now on a fairly sound basis.

Another source of iodine is being investigated now in the Agricultural Experiment Stations: soils. These stations have undertaken a study of how soils can be enriched with iodine in a form that will be taken up by the food plants, thus converting them into better insurance against iodine lack. The results of such experiments may well eliminate in time our goitrous districts. The studies recently made in South Carolina, where the spinach surpasses in iodine content the spinach grown in other regions, have greatly stimulated interest in such a project. If the spinach of all farm lands can be made to contain iodine in amounts comparable to Carolina plants, we shall all benefit.

Still another recent experiment seeks to develop a higher content of iodine in cow's milk; this is an extremely important phase, for such experiments will insure to the infant his quota of this element in the days before solid food enters his menu.

But let us come back to the table of comparative values. While agriculture is learning how to enrich field products with iodine, while cows' diets are being reconstructed to put the element into the daily milk bottle, while iodized salt is providing one solution of the problem, why not utilize an already abundant and palatable source of this element more frequently—make greater use of sea foods? Rarely are they more expensive than other good sources of protein. Their protein is of excellent quality and readily digestible. Refrigeration has developed to an extent hitherto unknown in efficiency, both for the preservation and transport of the raw materials to distant points, and for the prevention of spoilage in the home after purchase. Such iodized foods offer a most pleasing variation in the menu and will arouse enthusiasm rather than resentment at the family table.

Personally, too, I am an enthusiast for what I call the painless application of nutritional science. I'd much rather you'd serve me a tasty haddock fillet or a dish of oysters than an iodine pill. I agree that you have to know body needs to purchase food properly, but once purchased and prepared, it is not at all necessary that the rest of the family eat the products to the accompaniment of a lecture on nutrition.

The iodine need is a matter of real concern. The food purchasing and dispensing department of every home should be informed as to needs and sources of remedy. But why not take the least painful methods for applying this knowledge for the family benefit? One such painless method is to start the cook on the preparation of tasty sea food dishes. Hot, for the meat dish; cold, as a supplement in salads. A few additions to the menu of these naturally endowed iodine sources, and a little arithmetic from the table, will easily prove that the rest of the menu for the week can be selected without further attention to iodine values. It seems to me a worth-while solution from everybody's viewpoint.

What Shall We Have to Eat?

(Continued from page 95)

Vegetables of the same consistency, such as cabbage and spinach, or stewed tomatoes and stewed corn, should also never appear together. Choose vegetables offering sharp contrast in texture, as spinach and carrots, or stewed corn and string-beans. This same contrast in texture is shown in the serving of marmalade with toast, in cream with fresh berries, cheese and crackers, crisp salad with soft dressing, bread pudding with raisins, etc.

Many a carefully prepared meal has failed to satisfy because of a sameness in its color. For example, cheese soufflé, sweet potatoes, buttered carrots, and baked custard would not only weary one because of the sameness of color, but because of the sameness in consistency as well. What a contrast to the artistic yet simple meal of broiled chops, riced potatoes, sliced tomato salad, bread, butter, fruit and coffee! And food colors can clash just as do dress colors. For example, beets and tomatoes should never be served in the same course! Yet what a pleasing color combination we have when we serve beets with spinach, or tomatoes with string-beans!

Some housekeepers let their meals get monotonous through the constant repetition of a few dishes—as, for example, carrots and peas, or plain boiled potatoes. Others have the habit of serving much the same dinner on the same day of the week. Yet it certainly robs one's appetite to be able to anticipate what one is going to get for dinner just because it happens to be Wednesday or any other day in the week. Always plan to let several days elapse before the repetition of the same dish, if you really wish to create variety.

And no matter how simple the meal, or how small your family, make it an unbreakable rule that every dish which goes to your table shall be just as attractively arranged and garnished as you can make it. A dash of paprika here, a sprinkle of chopped parsley there—it is these little touches that make for food appeal.

Last but not least, keep all the favorite recipes of your family in a card file. Also keep on file, menus that have met with family favor. And as a hostess who wishes to please her guests, devote one section of this file to menus which you have served, with a list of those who were present. With such a file you can always be sure that you are not frequently repeating dishes which have been served to your guests at some previous visit.

America's Twelve Greatest Women

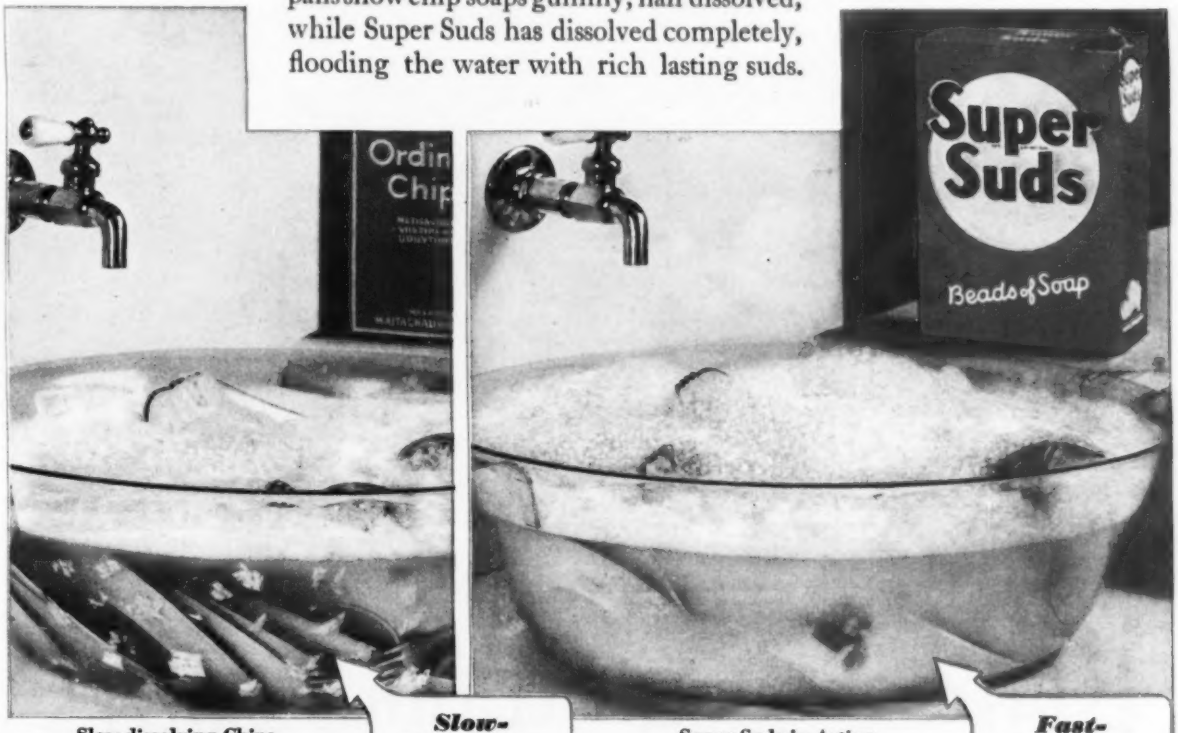
(Continued from page 85)

men whose opinions must carry great weight, whose complete impartiality is assured, and whose range of distinguished activities in their own varied fields qualifies them to speak with compelling authority. Their experiences cover statesmanship, law, the church, the college, international diplomacy, the business world, the opera, finance, the philanthropies, art, and letters.

Dr. Henry van Dyke, clergyman, poet, essayist, lecturer, is known wherever good books are known, wherever sympathy with human nature is understood. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War before, during, and after the Great War, is one of the most brilliant lawyers in the country, and his interest in the activities of women's welfare organizations has been marked. Otto H. Kahn, millionaire banker, philanthropist, president of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and director of the American Federation of Arts, brings a wide scope of cosmopolitan understanding to his deliberations. Booth Tarkington, dean of American authors, is recognized as a keen analyst of feminine psychology. Bruce Barton, once magazine editor and now writer and distinguished business adviser, knows the values that can be put upon woman's

Here's photographic proof* that Super Suds is faster

These pictures taken through glass dishpans show chip soaps gummy, half dissolved, while Super Suds has dissolved completely, flooding the water with rich lasting suds.



Slow-dissolving Chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving flakes, tells a different story! Half-dissolved chips—floating around in almost soapless water! Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashing.

Slow-Dissolving Ordinary Chips

Super Suds in Action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly.

Fast-Dissolving Lasting Super Suds

MADAM, you have wanted evidence as to why instant-dissolving Super Suds is so superior to slow-dissolving chips.

Here is actual undebatable proof in photographs taken through glass dishpans. They show you exactly how soaps act *below* the surface of the water—down where the real job of dishwashing is done. This is important. For no matter how much top suds a soap may give, it's the instant rich soapiness *below* the surface of the water that really counts.

Why "instant dissolving" is so important

Only instant-dissolving soap can give you this quick, all-through-the-water soapiness. The camera proves it. It shows relentlessly how slow-dissolving soaps leave the water clear, almost soapless below the surface. While . . . in the same length of time . . . Super Suds has dissolved completely. Releasing instantly a rich flood of active suds through every drop of water in the pan!

Super Suds can do this because it's a soap that's designed especially for instant dissolving. It's not chips, flakes, nor powder. It's tiny beads made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of these beads are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made.

Saves dishwashing time in 3 ways

(1) *Saves waiting for suds.* No stirring, coaxing or heating water extra hot to get soap to dissolve. (2) *Washes dishes clean faster.* The rich, penetrating, all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) *Saves dish-wiping.* Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to streakless, sparkling clearness. Wiping is not necessary.

Why bother with slow-dissolving soaps when here's an instant-dissolving soap that gives you quick rich soapiness . . . saves half your dishwashing time? Your grocer has Super Suds.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ½ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ½ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

6026

In using advertisements see page 6

One of those places everybody dreads! But what a difference Ethyl makes! In sheer performance; in wonderful, smooth response from your motor.

Right through traffic—*safely!*

WITH ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK, U.S.A. — Knocks out that 'knock'

Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars.

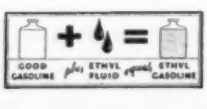
CARS . . . cars . . . cars creeping . . . shuttling . . . nosing out of the stream and back again!

You can't *always* dodge heavy traffic. You're sure to get into the parade sooner or later. But with Ethyl in your tank, you'll get the kind of response from your motor that ordinary gasoline can't give.

Ethyl gives you smoother, quicker pick-up. Easier, more even operation. And much less gear-shifting.

With Ethyl you'll find you can stay in high, even through traffic! For Ethyl is more than gasoline. It's good gasoline to which has been added Ethyl anti-knock compound, developed by automotive research to improve motor car performance.

And it does . . . actually! In *any* kind of car . . . the new high-compression type, and the older models as well. Try Ethyl—in your own car—today! You'll *feel* the difference the minute you start. Ethyl is on sale at all pumps bearing the emblem shown at the left. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York.



ETHYL GASOLINE

© E. G. C. 1930

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

America's Twelve Greatest Women

contributions to the advancement of her day.

It may be asked why the judges are exclusively men. One competent answer is that any woman invited to serve on the board might herself be qualified for selection.

A Series of Twelve Portraits

In the January number, to be issued December 23d, there will appear a full-page portrait in four colors, painted by special commission, of the first woman in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S Gallery of Great Women. It will be accompanied with a life sketch covering the high-lights of her achievement.

Portraits will appear each month thereafter until the gallery is complete, and the reader can compare his or her selections with the preponderant opinion of all readers and of the judges. No effort will be made to arrive at relative degrees of greatness. The last portrait in the series may be that of a woman no less significant in her own field than is the first in hers. Readers who take part in the balloting are asked to give their reasons in not more than two hundred words for their first selection—*and for no other*—so that the judges and editors may have a clear-cut basis on which to fix and grade the awards.

Greatness As An Exemplar

There is a secondary aspect of this investigation that perhaps should be pointed out. In the discussion and debate that must come with any such weighing of balances as this, one's mind is made to focus upon what is really worth while in life; one's contemplations turn inward to an appraisal of our own small efforts or the efforts of those near us. Here, held up as examples before us and the oncoming generation, will be women whose careers are important not for what they mean individually but for humankind at large. If these names and their splendid implications serve to stimulate others with new incentive and ambition, something will have been accomplished, something done.

A Woman Who Could Not Be Tempted

(*Continued from page 65*)

whispered, glancing about as if some one might hear.

"A check for a hundred dollars!" the woman pursued scornfully.

"Any one's apt to make a mistake, Mrs. Moore."

"Frank wasn't! There was niver a man honester or kinder or betther to his wife in this wor'rld!"

"Well," the man said uneasily. "Well.

"I went up to see him a while back. I had to see another feller, and I seen Frank," he recommenced in an unencouraging silence. "When have you seen him?"

"I was up a while back. I lift Marie and Thomas wit' a neighbor," the sad, soft Irish voice answered. "I'd rather have seen him in his grave—I'd not take the older children, they'd maybe rimimber. But the little oneeen was laughin' and kissin' him—" Bitterness choked her. She stopped short.

"He had a bad cold, last week."

The pain of it—the insufferable pain of it! Her Frank, her man whose place beside her in the old bed had been empty for nineteen long months now, was suffering, coughing, shut away from his own fireside, his own wife . . .

"But he's all right—he's as strong as an ox!" Mart Creel hastened to say.

"You want thim home whin they're sick," the woman breathed, thinking aloud; so sick herself for human sympathy that she could ask it even of him. "Oh, Frank!" she said, sitting down at the table, pressing her hands over her face. "I need ye so!"

Creel stood, irresolute and unhappy, ready to go. "I'm goin' to leave ye—somethin'—" he began.

But she looked up with a flash in her eyes. "You'll l'ave me nothin'! Did ye l'ave me a hunder' pounds there under the sugar bowl, I'd have it in the fire befoor ye'd set fut outside. I'll owe ye nothin', Mart Creel, an' whin Frank Moore comes back, he'll owe ye less. He'll be mine, whin he's out, an' I'll tell him that if I could resist ye, wit' no one to help me, an' the children needin' clothes an' food, why would he have to run to ye, and to the Sons of Justice—wit' me beside him here to start frish wit' him again!

"Wud ye go, please, Mart?" she asked gently in the silence. "I'm wore out wit' a day on me fate, and I've this poor old grandpa here to bed somewhere for the night. I'll lay him some blankets on the flure—"

"Sind him over to the Friendly," the man suggested with a glance for the sleeping, old head on the table.

"Oh, it's bitther out," she said in an undertone. "I doubt wud he get there! And they'd have him in the Home befoor ye'd tur'rn around. I'm sorry to treat ye so short, Mart," she added in awkward apology. "But sure I can niver get out of me mind that Frank was straight and good befoor he iver seen ye."

"Will you come to me if ye get into a corner?" he asked.

"I don't know wud I or not," she temporized.

She shut the door on her caller, turned back into the room. It had, beside her rocker, one deep, good chair—Frank's chair. Honor, moving quietly, pushed another chair up to it, began to lay blankets and a pillow from one to the other to make a bed.

"I'll take off me shoes, and stip into me kimoaner," she reflected. "I've no breakfast for the poor old lad—"

ANOTHER knock. Mart back, probably. A blanket falling in folds from her hands, she faced the door scowlingly.

"Come in!"

"Honor—" the dear, heartbreaking, hoarse voice said faintly.

It had a new touch of timidity in it. He stood there in the dim aperture hesitating.

"My God in Heaven, it's Frank!"

She drew him in, shut the door, leaned on it.

"You run away!"

"No. I'm home," he said.

"You give 'em the slip?"

"I'm pardoned," Frank told her.

"Pardoned!" she muttered confusedly.

"I'm out. I got my clothes back and my five. I don't have to go back."

"Ye had five dollars, Frank?"

"An old feller up there gives that to some of us whin we get out."

"Some of ye! Yur're not of their cut," she said fiercely.

They were talking in whispers. Now, clearing his throat, he said,

"Kids all right?"

For answer she led him to the bed, and they stood looking down upon the little, tousled, dirty, unconscious sleepers.

"They won't know me," he said.

"They'll soon get onto ye."

"Marie—she's beautiful, ain't she, Honor?"

"They're all healthy lookin'," the mother admitted.

"Has it been—" He turned back to the table. "Has it been awful, Honor?"

"Not that part," she said slowly.

"I know!" Frank Moore said quickly.

He saw the old man for the first time.

"Who's that?"

"An old lad that was sittin' on the stairs

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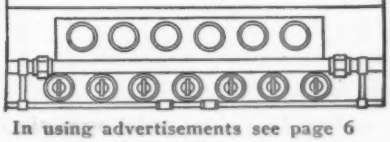

In using advertisements see page 6

Some day a hundred
ANTIQUES WILL DISAPPEAR
from **YOUR** *Kitchen, too*

Some day you are going to make a heap of the old-time "utensils" that rattle about in cabinets and drawers, and toss them all into the discard. You are going to discover KitchenAid, the ONE electrical convenience that takes the place of them all.

A bright and shining electrical device is going to modernize your entire kitchen. Most of your food preparation will be done at the touch of a button. You will stand fascinated (with clean hands) while KitchenAid mashes and stirs, grinds and chops, kneads and squeezes, whips, slices and sieves . . . with no effort on your part whatever. As task after task almost "does itself", you are going to realize that science has revolutionized kitchen work, too.

Our booklet, "Extra Help in the Kitchen", tells how KitchenAid duplicates exactly the work of skilled human hands. Won't you let us send you details, including the very moderate cost of KitchenAid and the deferred payment plan that makes it so easy to buy? The coupon will bring all.

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218 Olive Street — Troy, Ohio
Subsidiary of The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Manufacturers of mixers, peelers, slicers, mills and choppers for kitchens and stores.

Sales agencies in principal cities—consult telephone directory.
Distributing agencies: 173 King Street East, Toronto, Canada; 38 Charterhouse St., London, E. C. 1, England.
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KitchenAid
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Electrical Food Preparer for the Home

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co.,
218 Olive St., Troy, Ohio.

Please send your pamphlet "Extra Help in the Kitchen" to:

Name_____

Street_____

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A Woman Who Could Not Be Tempted

whin we came in. I just gave him a bit of tay an' bread. I cuddent drive him out again—I'm fixin' him a place to slape."

"I cud do wit' some tay and bread myself," the man suggested.

"I've not got it, Frank. But if ye'd stip down to the store—"

"Ye've not got the makin's of a cup of tay, dear'r?" he asked, genuinely shocked.

"I give him the last."

"Have ye anny money, Honor?"

"I've not," she said. "I'd to spind carfare today to get up to Convent Street. I thought I'd get wor'rk in a hotel there. But they'd not have the chilther'rn about."

His face, a lean, young, kind face, was pitiful, guilty. "Ye've had a bad time, dearie," he said slowly, sitting down at the table.

Honor sat opposite him. They had not touched or kissed each other. Her face was strained and sad.

"It wasn't that I minded," she said.

"I get ye," he answered soberly.

"Was it awful, Frank?" she asked, awkwardly.

"It was hell," he answered simply. "Ye'd need no wor'rse.

"But now this comin' back to ye, ger'rl, is wor'rst of ahl," he confessed after a pause. "I've been lookin' for it, countin' the days. But I don't know has the partin' been too much for the two of us!"

THE woman made no denial, no sign. She sat staring down at the wrecked, old oilcloth of the table, with a troubled face.

"Ye'd want me home again, dear'r?" he pursued anxiously.

"Sure," she answered heavily, lifelessly, raising her eyes. "Ye belong here!"

"I'll make it up to ye," he said humbly.

"They timpted ye beyond yure stren'th," she mused darkly aloud.

"Mart Creel tolt me that he'd have a job for me whin I come out," Frank presently said.

"Mart Creel!"

"He said so."

"He wint up—there," she pieced it together, "an' tolt ye that?"

"He was there tin days agone, but sure I niver knew they'd l'ave me go until June, thin."

"You'll take no job of Mart Creel's," Honor said.

"He tolt me he'd find me one, dearie."

"You'll take no favors from that one," she persisted.

"It'd mane nothin' to him but that he'd hilp me, Honor."

"Not that one won't."

"But it's no time to look for work, dear'r. Betwixt Christmas and the New Year'r."

"No, Frank. If you start that I'll—I'll lave you," she said, beginning to get excited. "I will, now! I'll lave the chilther'rn wit' the nuns, and I'll find wor'rk meself. But you'll have no more d'alins wit' Mart Creel and his like—you'll not ask it of me! I've gone tired and dir'rty and cold and hot for ye, I've been hungry—sure, we're ahl hungry now—but I'll not do that. I'll not have ye have anny d'alin' wit' thim boys down at the Club, now or niver!"

"Then I don't know why I come home to ye!" he said sullenly.

"Ye'd have to go somewhere," the woman commented apathetically.

"There's places I cud go."

"There's places ye cud go for a job, other than Mart Creel!" she finished it sharply, unimpressed. "You'll go back to him no more, if ye have to sweep the streets thimselves! I mane this now, Frank Moore."

The kitchen was growing cold, the fire dying. A sense of hopelessness, of shadow, spread itself through the badly-lighted, dirty room.

"Ye've been here a year, Honor?"

"The betther of that."

"My God, it's an awful place!" he murmured.

"We've only to pay fourteen for it, Frank."

"Is it ahl the wan room?"

"Well, it's like wan," she conceded. Such divisions as there were in the narrow space were mere indications, jutting less than a foot from the wall on either side.

"We had a grand place," he commented regretfully.

She shuddered; put her tired hand against the cold teapot that stood in a litter of dishes in the center of the dark-red oilcloth.

"Why don't ye lay down, Frank, and get some sleep? Take yure shoes off. I'll make me old man comfortable."

"He'll stay the night, that one?"

"I'd not tur'rn him out," she said.

"I don't know how we'll take care of the little ones, let alone one off the streets," the man said heavily. "It's har'rd to make a start."

"No job that Mart Creel gave ye wud help ye," she said inflexibly.

"He wanted me to go down to his sister's place," Frank Moore said.

"I didn't know he had a sister thin. Who's his sister?"

"It's in the state of Kentucky," the man explained.

NEITHER one had moved. They sat wearily, dully, opposite each other, with the sunken, leonine head of their old Christmas guest between them.

"Whativer he gave ye, he'd only lade ye into more throuble," Honor predicted.

"It's harses," Frank Moore confided suddenly and was still.

A deeper shadow, an anxious knitting of the brows, darkened her already shadowed face. "Harses?" she echoed.

"He thrains thim," the man said.

There was a silence.

"That's what he tells ye, to get ye down there to do more dir'rty wor'rk for him," Honor presently pronounced.

"It isn't like that thin. It's his sister's man is the thrainer, and sure he'd sind me down there anny time I'd go," Frank Moore said unemotionally.

"I'd not be beholden to him did we star'rve for it!" Honor stated roundly. "He made a liar of ye, Frank; he put forgery an' a jail record again yure name. Now you lave him be, an' stay here an' wor'rk for yure wife like the others ahl do."

"Sure, very few of thim loves the harses like I do," he said wistfully. "I'd thought how I'd walk around the bar'rns of a morning wit' Thomas an' maybe the little one-een runnin' along beside me. It'd be very lovely there. It'd be like the old countra."

"Not from Mart Creel!" she persisted, her face hard. "No, Frank, not you. Lave thim alone an' stand on yure fate."

"I've been thinkin' how grand it wud be to get home, but the hear'rt is breakin' in me tonight, Honor," he said despairingly, his cropped, black head in his big, thin hands.

"Mine's been breakin' these nineteen mont's."

"You lookin' so thin, an' the little ones so weary-lookin'," he said, "an' the four of ye in this place that ye'd not put a pig in, at home. Sure, I look back at the days whin you and I'd be ahlways laughin', and takin' little Marie out in the Park wit' that white coat on her—"

"We'll get back to it," she said steadily.

"I wish we had the makin's of a cup of tay in the house!" the man muttered.

Suddenly the tumbled, dirty mane of the slumbering guest was upraised. "I'll step down to the store for ye," the old man said.

His voice was so completely unexpected that husband and wife looked at him dully, bewilderedly, and he had to repeat his offer.

"I'll get ye tay, and bread and butther, too,

"Bride, you simply must have Sterling"

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AT NEW LOW PRICES

BRIDE OF 1930—here's good news for you! International Sterling—the beautiful silver that adorns the tables of smart women, everywhere—*can now be purchased at new low prices.* Choose from these five lovely patterns ... any one can be yours, so easily, now!

Even though you begin with only a limited silver service, let each piece bear the proud old superscription ... STERLING. With a little planning, you'll soon own as much of this exquisite silver as you need.

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You can purchase 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 teaspoons and 2 tablespoons—twenty pieces of International Sterling—for as little as $57.50.

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Twenty-six pieces—including 4 bouillon spoons, 4 knives, 4 forks, 8 teaspoons, 4 individual salad forks, 2 tablespoons—as low as $67.00.

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Just think ... for as little as $225 you can have a formal dinner service in International Sterling for eight people! Silver that will be envied and admired every time your friends come to the house. There's no reason why you should not have the sterling you desire, for at most good jewelers, now, you can pay for a sterling service out of income, the way you purchase a car or a radio.

First ... and most important ... send for Lady Mendl's book of silver advice

The most helpful booklet on silver ever written! Elsie de Wolfe (Lady Mendl) gives authoritative advice on table settings and etiquette. Many superb patterns are shown, with prices. With this booklet we will also send the Book of Orchid. Send 30 cents to cover mailing.

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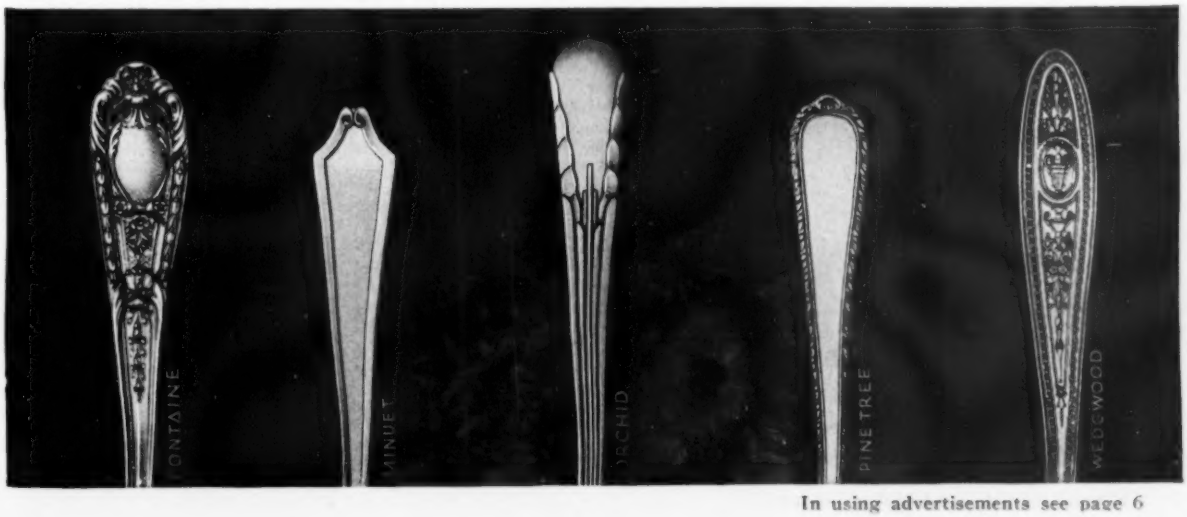

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A SODA BATH WASHES AWAY FATIGUE

HAVE you tried Arm & Hammer Baking Soda to remove the stiffness and soreness of overworked muscles? Here's how:

Fill your bathtub with warm water. Stir in a half-pound of Baking Soda. Relax in it for five or ten minutes. Don't even wash. Just lie there. . . . When you get out you'll feel wonderfully rested and soothed.

Keep Baking Soda in the bathroom for this resting bath. It costs but a few cents a package. Get it from your grocer. Ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

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Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.

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A Woman Who Could Not Be Tempted

if ye'll lind me the price. It's not yet tin o'clock."

Frank Moore took the folded five and some silver from his pocket. The shame of distrusting a guest was stronger in himself and his wife than any possible fear for their own fortunes could be. But the visitor declined the banknote.

"The scrip'll do me," he said. He stood up, in his filthy, heavy, pinned and doubled rags, his old green coat, his stained and greasy muffler.

"An' while I'm gone, Frank Moore," he said with patriarchal majesty from the door, "you tell her—that's as good a wife as God ever made, that's kep' yure children lovin' you, an' that shared her last sup and crust wit' the poor an' needy—you tell her the trut'."

MAN and wife, haggard, dirty, hungry, poor, stared at him amazedly in the feeble light of the squalid room.

"I know ye, Frank Moore," he said. There was a light in his dim old eye, a ring in his cracked, old voice.

"Scotty!" the other man said in a stupefied whisper.

"Scotty it is."

"You used to wor'rk down at the Sons of Justice."

"I did."

"My God!" Frank muttered, staring. He looked frightened.

"Tell her the trut'!" commanded the Christmas guest.

"I'd bust my word to Mart Creel, Scotty," the other man whispered like a person under a spell.

"You gave her yure wor'rd, befure the priest, long befure you iver seen Mart Creel," the old man persisted stubbornly.

"Don't you see, man," he went on in the silence, "that that's ahl she's wantin'—just to know you niver done it, anny more than the Lor'rd done what they crucified Him for?"

"Frank?" Honor whispered, hands stretched across the table, the agony of breaking in her voice. "Oh, Frank—" she breathed.

His lean, hard hands caught at hers eagerly. "I wanted ye to—to want me home," he said ineloquently. "I've been breakin' me hear'rt to have ye say it!"

"But I ahlways wanted ye home, dear'r," she faltered. "On'y—on'y—"

"He never done it anny more than you did!" the visitor said magnificently.

"Frank, God forgive ye, if ye let me br'reak me hear'rt all these mont's—" she began.

"They framed him!" the other man said.

"They didn't frame me," Frank Moore stated flatly. He was still.

"An' I say they did!" old Scotty repeated.

"He tolt the Judge in Coort he done it," Honor reminded the visitor, "an' ast for climincy becuz of his wife and yoong chiltheren." But her eyes were tired with hope.

"An' who made him?" demanded the voice from the past beside the door.

"I tuk me oat' I'd hold me tongue!" Frank protested with an angry glance.

"Ye did. But I tuck none!" said the old man triumphantly.

"They cuddent of made him lie in coort," Honor argued, shaking her heart.

"Mart cud make annybody do annythin'," pronounced the guest.

"He cuddent make a liar of Frank Moore—" declared Frank Moore's wife.

But her shadow-ringed eyes were anxious; she looked, puzzled, from one face to the other. In the silence the croupy breathing of Francis Joseph sounded heavily in the room. He wakened with an acid cry.

Honor went to the crib she had bought in hope and confidence, five years before, when Marie was only a dream and a miracle far ahead in the future, the crib over which her bitterest tears had fallen, and brought the sodden, little, damp, perspiring bundle over to the table. She sat the baby on the oilcloth, guarding him with a tired arm stretched on either side. He rested back against her shoulder, tears drying on his dirty, little face.

"That's the one that was bor'rn after Frank wint up?" old Scotty asked, smiling an old smile at the staring, spotted, pale baby.

"Sivin mont's afther."

"Poor little divil!" the father said, extending a dark finger. "It wuddent do ye anny hur'rt to get down into the sunshine, among the harses," he said tenderly.

"He's healt'y," Honor stated briefly.

"We'll do—" Frank predicted doubtfully, wearily, in a pause.

"Mart Creel tolt him he'd sind him down to Kentucky," Scotty said, reverting to the interrupted conversation.

"What wud he do that for, afther he'd made a jail-bir'rd of him?" Honor demanded bitterly.

"Becuz Frank wint up for two years."

"An' what good wud that do Mart?"

"Becuz it meant that the cops 'ud niver get their hands on—annyone ilse," the old man explained.

"Shut up!" Frank muttered surlily, but he did not mean it.

"Who ilse?" Honor asked, trembling, affected almost beyond bearing.

"Some one they might get for wor'rse than for'rgery," said the old man significantly. "Some one that had a long scor're to sittle wit' thim."

"Ye'd not do that, Frank!" Honor whispered, her face turning pallid.

"He's crazy!" Frank said in the same protestant mutter. But there was a sort of sulky concession in his voice.

"If they come to him, he might," Scotty went on. "If Mart Creel naded him that bad, an' if he putt it to him that the minute he was out, sure he'd sind him down to the grass countra an' the harses, where you'd have a gar'rden for the childer'rn, an' a cow you'd be milkin' for thim—

"Why wuddent Frank do it?" he demanded roundly in the silence. "He'd know—who betther, the poor divil?—that'd it'd break yure hear'rt. He'd know that the little one-een might die on ye, wit' no man to look out for ye bot' whin yure hour came—

" 'But,' he'd say,' at the ind,' he'd say, 'I can go to Mart an' say to him: "I done it for ye, Mart. I tuk the shame and the blame of it. I seen me wife drop like a stone on the flure whin the arficers tuk me! Now give me what ye promised. Give me a chanct to take me childer'rn away from the city, down to the grass and the harses. I done what I done for thim!" ' "

HONOR'S eyes, faithful, loving, weary, were fixed on her husband's scowling, averted face.

"Was it like that, Frank?" her voice said gently. "Dearie, was it like that?"

"I tell ye I done it," Frank said, not looking up.

"Frank, if I putt me hand on little Francis Joseph's head, here—don't look so scared, *avick*, it's only Mama talkin' to Papa—if I asked God to take the child away from me, if iver I bethrayed ye, or Mart ayether, wud ye tell me the trut'? If Mart'll thrust ye to lie for him, can't ye thrust me to hear the trut'?"

The younger man sat scowling down at the table; the older stood at the door, watching.

"I'll look for work in the marnin'," Frank Moore said. "Maybe the Lord'll help us—on Christmas."

"I'll tell ye the story," said old Scotty from the doorway, "an' I'll defy Frank Moore or annyone else to call me a liar!"

"I couldn't do annything for you, workin' in the subway," Frank said, glancing up with a scowl. "I couldn't get ahead!"

"Oh, Frank *avick*," she whispered, and now the hard tears came for the first time. "It

Don't let listless mornings endanger success

Here's a breakfast that gives energy that *lasts* . . . Quaker Oats

In schools, homes and business, 70% of the day's work falls in the morning, say authorities. They urge the necessity of a breakfast that gives "energy that lasts the morning through."

GOOD breakfasts play an important part in success, say business executives. They supply the reserve energy to see you through the 4 hardest hours of the day. One breakfast is rated by nutritionists as unsurpassed for splendid, vitalizing food energy . . . Quaker Oats.

Better, richer, more satisfying than mere oatmeal

No ordinary oatmeal can compare with Quaker Oats for rich, zestful flavor. That's because, after careful selection, the choice, plump oats are "heat-seasoned" for a full 36 hours in closed containers. In addition, *and this is important,* Quaker roasts these selected whole oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. For it has been found, that of all pre-cooking processes, only roasting can give oats that fresh, luscious, nut-like flavor. Only roasting can so perfectly pre-cook oats that they will cook deliciously done in 2½ minutes.

"Put me down as an advocate of Quaker Oats breakfast," says Grace Walton, advertising manager of Julius Kayser and Company. This busy young executive realizes the importance of the right kind of a breakfast as a preparation for strenuous mornings.

The Quaker milling process retains every particle of the vital part of the oat, where nature stores her rich proteins, her fine minerals, her most precious vitamins. Quaker is 65% energy food. It provides 50% more protein than ordinary refined cereals. It contains, too, the roughage to make laxatives unnecessary.

Quaker gives ⅓ more oats

Quaker actually gives ⅓ more oats than most millers pack! In addition, this finest of all energy breakfasts cooks deliciously done 2½ minutes from the time the water boils.

Your grocer has both the regular Quaker Oats and the Quick Quaker Oats. Always look for the Quaker figure and the Quaker name on the package. They are your guarantee of flavor that has never been equaled —of unsurpassed nutrition that has made the name Quaker famous. The Quaker Oats Company.

Unsurpassed in nutrition qualities

1. ***Fastest*** quick-cooking oats. Cooks done in 2½ minutes.
2. ***Unsurpassed*** in nutrition qualities. Rated "the most nutritious of all hot cereals."
3. ***50% more protein***—richer minerals—more abundant vitamin B.
4. ***A rich, zestful flavor*** no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Millions need no other guarantee of a superior product than the Quaker name on the package. For a delicious lunch—try *Quaker Milk Macaroni.* Serve *Quaker Puffed Grains* to children who "won't eat cereals."

James A. Barrick and Son Jack engage in a summer morning "foursome" with Dorothy Johnstone and Madelon Barnes. Keeping fit in vacation on Quaker Oats breakfast is part of their daily schedule.

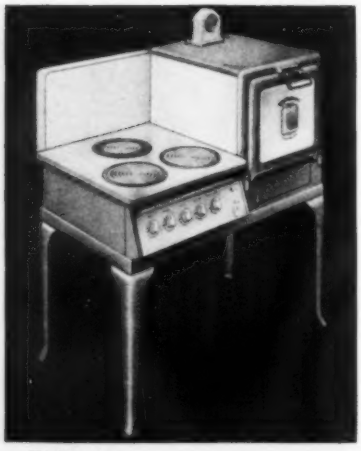
★

Quaker Oats . . . *two kinds at your grocer's*

In using advertisements see page 6

WHEN A FAMILY LIKES OLD-TIME COOKING... AND A WOMAN WANTS MODERN FREEDOM...

There's only one answer... a Westinghouse Range



"OLD-FASHIONED cooking" . . . the very words are redolent of a flavor and tang that many families find lacking in the meals they eat today! And of all old-fashioned cooking, what could surpass in tasteful tenderness the meals that were cooked in the famous Dutch Ovens of Colonial days? This, indeed, is the kind of cooking your family would love—the kind they would thrive on!

In those ovens, roasts were brought to a crackly, brown perfection . . . biscuits to a light, fluffy faultlessness . . . vegetables to a melting tenderness . . . pies and puddings to a rich, nourishing delight. Marvelous food! But requiring so much work, so many tedious hours in the kitchen . . . that women finally rebelled against the drudgery of it. And so old Dutch Oven cooking faded into the past.

But today, the Westinghouse Flavor Zone Range recaptures to perfection the secret of this immortal old-time cooking. It prepares foods in a gradually receding heat . . . imprisons all the precious flavors . . . never requires basting or adding water. And the most marvelous part of it is . . . this automatic range cooks meals to incomparable deliciousness while you are far from the cares of the kitchen You have only to place cold foods in the oven. You can forget them until mealtime.

But the story is too long for the page. Send in the coupon for a booklet of interesting facts about old Dutch Oven cooking and its modern counterpart . . . the Westinghouse Flavor Zone Range.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Domestic Appliance Department
Mansfield Works, Mansfield, Ohio

The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer

Westinghouse Electrification — Wiring

★

Westinghouse
ELECTRIC RANGE

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your booklet, "A Cooking Secret 200 Years Old."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... G.H. 9-30

A Woman Who Could Not Be Tempted

isn't the prison I mind, nor what I've done here wit' the chilther'rn—if on'y you niver done it, dear'r!"

She stretched her hands across the red oil-cloth, and hungrily, eagerly, he took them.

"I niver done it thin!" he confessed sulkily, unwillingly.

"Ye niver signed Jim Garvey's name to that check?"

"Why wud I?" he asked almost scornfully. "Me wit' you, an' me own mother, an' the chil-der'rn to stay straight for? A fine fool I'd be to stip into a mess like that for wan hoonderd dollars!"

THE old man quietly shut the door; husband and wife and the sleeping children were alone in the dark, dingy, little flat under the feeble flicker of the gas jet.

"Creel ast ye to?" the woman demanded in almost painful suspense.

"Ye'll niver bethray me, Honor?"

"Ah, why wud I—that's yure own wife!"

"Mart—" he began with a cautious glance about, "came to me that April, whin Thomas was sick, d'ye see?"

"I mind!" she assented breathlessly, with a nod.

"An' he tolt me that he cud use me, that there was money in it. He told me to get in the way of comin' down to the Club of an avenin'."

"Ye didn't know what he wanted, Frank?"

"How wud I know? There's wan that niver wud tell annywan a wor'rd more than good-marnin' or good-night to ye."

"Mart Creel."

"That's him."

"But he hinted ye that ye'd stay around?"

"At the Club. Avenin's. An' he says, 'Whin I can use ye, Moore, I'll tell ye'."

"God forgive me, bad luck to him!" she said.

"Well, I wint down, as ye know. We'd not paid the docther's bills for whin Thomas was bor'rn, an' the new little one-een comin', an' I was bint dooble wit' me cough—what ilse cud I do?"

"Ye cuddent. Ye cuddent," she said, nodding.

"Wan night," he said, "Mart tolt me that a fellow named Breen wud offer me a Sunda's wor'rk the nixt day, an' that Breen wud talk to me thin. 'But look ye here, Frank,' he says, 'this is from me an' not from Breen,' he says. 'He'll tell ye what I want ye to do,' he says, 'an' I'll tell ye what ye get. This is what ye get. Whin ye've done it,' he says, 'come to me an' show me this copper cent I'm handin' ye,' he says, 'an' wan week from that day I'll sind ye, an' yure wife, an' the little one-eens down to me sister's hoosband's place in the grass countra,' he says, 'where ye'll have a little place wit' a garden, an' a cow, an' where he'll putt ye to wor'rk on the thrack!' he says.

"I tuk his hand, Honor," Frank Moore went on, in the hoarse, sad Irish voice for the sound of which she had been hungering for so many months, "an' I says to him: 'God bless ye, Mart Creel! Sure, to get thim ahl down to the countra, an' touch and see the har'rses again,' I says, 'there's nothin' I'd not do for ye!'

"It was the nixt Soonda', Honor, that Breen tolt me what they wanted. Not that I'd sign another man's name to a paper, for God knows I'd niver do that, but that I'd lave thim think I done it, and take me medicine!"

"But dar'rlin', dar'rlin'," she said, between a laugh and a sob, "didn't ye tell the Judge in coort that ye done wrong, an' ask for clim-incy?"

"An' of course I done wrong, doin' that—to you and the childer'rn," he answered sur-prisedly.

"Ye tuk another man's punishment?"

"That's ahl I done."

"But Frank, why wuddent Mart Creel want him to take his own?"

"That I don't know, dearie, no more than ye do yureself!"

"An' wud he do what he said he'd do, d'ye think, Frank?"

"Sind us down to the grass countra?"

"Like he promised?"

"He said we cud go tomorra, if we wud. Sure he's always wan to kape his wur'rd, I'll say that for him!"

"You don't think he'd do it, Frank?"

"Do what? Double-cross me?"

"Not that." She looked about the sordid, shadowy room. "I mane, give us a chanct!" she whispered.

"He said he wud."

"Befoor ye wint—up?"

"An hour agone," Frank explained with a trace of impatience. "I was waitin' for him whin he come back from seein' ye, this avenin'. 'She's like a rock itself, Frank,' he said to me; 'she'll take no favors from me!' "

"Creel tolt ye that?"

"An hour agone."

"An' would he sind us to the countra, Frank?"

"Woman dear'r, what ilse am I tellin' ye?"

"Oh, God is good!" she murmured, but not to him.

"Ahl I have to do is say we'll go," the man persisted.

She stared at him, thinking.

"Wud ye let me take that much from Mart Creel, Honor, if I laid ye me life that'd I'd have no da'lins wit' him again, come what wud?"

"To get the chilther'ren into the countra—" she mused aloud. "Oh, God is good to us, Frank!"

"Ye'd lave me do it thin?" he demanded eagerly.

"Frank, what ye done ye done to oblige him, an' to kape his friend, or maybe his brother, out of jail—for it might aisy be that brother of his—" Honor elucidated it, think-ing aloud, "Ye did nothin' wrong, dear'r!"

"I done a bitther wrong to you an' the kids."

She was deep in thought. "Had ye ast me I wuddent have let ye!" she said.

"An' well I knew that, Honor!"

Another pause.

"They're looky if they have another man down there knows har'rses as ye know thim, Frank Moore!"

"Well," he said, his dark, thin, anxious, young face brightening into reluctant happi-ness.

"Ye'll not stick the childr'ren up on thim——the har'rses—the way they'll all be kilt?"

His smile deepened to a boyish grin, a grin her heart remembered. "Who'd take care of the little fellers if I wuddent?"

"The mont' here is up on the twinty-sivinth," she remembered after thought.

"We'll never pay another mont's rint in this city!"

Her broken, painful, rarely-used laugh broke like a sob. "I've not a rag they cud thravel in, the creatures!"

"We'll buy thrunks tomorra."

"Yure a fine one," Honor said after a pause, "that wuddent come 'round an' kiss yure wife that loves the dir'rt ye stip on!"

"Oh, Honor, Honor woman," he cried, leap-ing to his feet, "it's that that I've been sick to hear ye say!"

THEY met; their arms were locked about each other. Again she felt the tight, the soul-filling sweetness of his hold, again his hard, young mouth bruising, pressing her own.

"Frank!" she said over and over.

"My own heart'rt's delight!" he sobbed, clinging.

There was a click behind them; they whirled about. Their old guest stood in the doorway, snow on his shoulders, his arms full of the bundles that were bread and butter, milk and eggs.

"Mama!" said Marie shrilly from the shad-ows, "is that Santy Claus?"

"Well," said Honor with a great laugh that had tears in it, "I don't know who ilse it wud be!"

Bow legs—Poor Teeth

The X-ray shows how bow legs often result from lack of vitamin D *before birth*. Teeth may be crowded, too.

. . . caused by lack of one vital element in Mother's diet during Pregnancy!

Mothers-to-be now eat vitamin D in Fleischmann's Yeast

Countless mothers are starving their babies *while yet unborn*, for the very element needed for hard, straight bones and teeth! That vital element is the "sunshine" vitamin D.

Nearly all food is deficient in vitamin D. But one food now contains it in abundance—Fleischmann's Yeast! Every cake is "irradiated" by ultra-violet sun lamps to give it this remarkable vitamin.

You know how baby, before he is born, draws certain elements from your system. Chief of these are lime and phosphorus, the minerals that build hard bones and teeth.

Vitamin D helps you assimilate lime and phosphorus from your food. Your own teeth are hardened against decay. Baby's teeth and bones start growing strong, straight.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast while nursing, also. Its other vitamins, *B* and *G*, will enrich your milk. Just eat 3 cakes a day, plain or in water, milk or fruit juices. It corrects constipation, too, and helps digestion.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Now . . . richest Vitamin D Food!

Standard Brands Incorporated
595 Madison Ave., New York
Please send me booklet, "Newly Discovered Importance of Vitamins in the Diet of Expectant Mothers."

Name_____

Address_____ N.-B.-6

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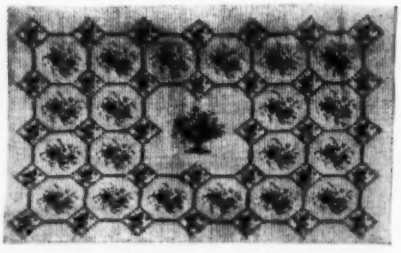
In using advertisements see page 6

Artistic Needlework For the Child's Room

By Anne Orr

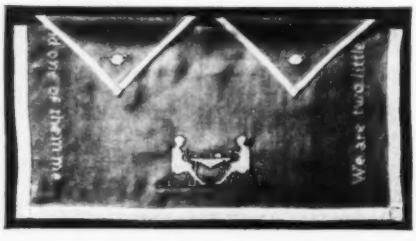


The good-night sampler shown above is one that any little girl who likes a pretty room can make for herself. It is stamped on Italian linen 9" x 12' and with floss to work is 50c. Black wooden frames 3/8" wide with gold lines, size 7" x 10", $1.50

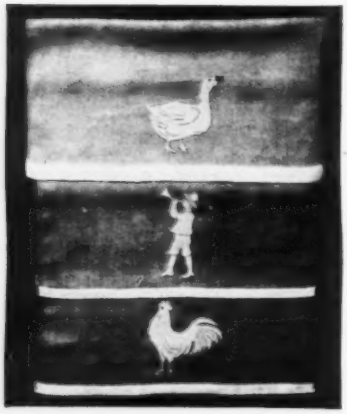
Fascinating modernistic animals form the design of the pieced quilt shown on the bed and in the lower corner of the page. Printed Pamphlet for the quilt and the blue and white hand-braided rug, shown in the room are found in No. A2503, 25c

The footstool cover above is both pretty and easy to make. It is worked in tones of blue, green, yellow, and pink on a square-meshed tan cotton material that is easy to wash and clean. Material 15" x 18" and selected floss for working will be sent for $1.00

Goosey, Goosey Gander, Little Boy Blue, and Cock-a-Doodle-Doo ornament these towels. The figures are cut from white linen and applied with stitching on blue, tan, and green linen. Hot-iron pattern No. A 25-3401, 25c, carries designs for the towels and all the pillows on the window seat above

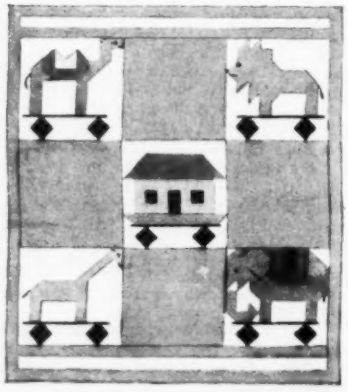


Any small hostess would like the tea-tray set at left of colored linen with white hems. Design and couplets are cross-stitched in white. "We are two little girls at tea. One of them you and one of them me." Printed Pamphlet No. A2502, 25c, has directions for the tea set at left and cover above



For all Hot Iron Patterns, Printed Pamphlets, and Cross-Stitch Designs illustrated and described on this page, send the correct amount in stamps, checks, or money-order to Anne Orr, care of Good Housekeeping Magazine, 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York, New York

In charming procession come the silhouette figures used to decorate the nursery waste basket and screen. First comes a boy with a fishing pole then a maid picking posies, next a boy with a boat, and last of all a little girl who seems to have enough to do just to keep up with the others. These look well painted in solid colors of pink or blue. Hot-iron transfer pattern, No. A25-6705, 25c, contains 6 boys and 6 girls; 24 figures are 45c



Get cake like this with ordinary flour?

Not in a month of Sundays

CARAMEL LAYER CAKE
(2 eggs)

2⅔ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
⅓ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Spread Caramel Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

CARAMEL FROSTING

3 cups brown sugar
1 cup water
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
Cream

Boil sugar and water until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.) Add butter and vanilla, and remove from fire. When cold, beat until thick and creamy. Thin with cream until of right consistency to spread. All measurements are level

THIS recipe is here to show you something. Run your practiced eye over it, and realize . . . Such a recipe, made up with *ordinary* flour, would give you . . . the most ordinary sort of cake. Nothing to boast about, that's sure!

Yet . . . make it with Swans Down Cake Flour, and see! Tender, and light, it will turn out to be *cake that* IS *cake . . . the pride of a cake-maker's heart!*

Its crust . . . crispy, no heavier than a wisp! Its texture, all through, wonderfully fine and velvet-smooth! You'll marvel that just two eggs and very little shortening *could* make such perfect cake!

To get anywhere near as good a cake with ordinary flour, you'd have to add eggs and shortening—you'd have to follow a far more lavish recipe!

Would you ever have guessed that flour makes such a difference as that? It does. Here is the reason:

Why SWANS DOWN *makes such a difference in cakes*

All flours contain gluten. In ordinary flours which are milled primarily for yeast breads, the gluten is tough, elastic—perfect for yeast's slow leavening, but entirely too resistant to the egg whites, baking powder, and other quick leavens used in cakes.

But Swans Down, which is milled especially for cakes, is made of soft winter wheat—because only in this wheat can you get the delicate gluten which cakes require. This gluten, quickly responsive to cake leavens, plays an important part in the success of your Swans Down cakes.

And the difference in Swans Down doesn't stop there. Swans Down is made of the choicest part of the wheat kernel only. Sifted and resifted through silken meshes, Swans Down comes to you *27 times as fine as ordinary flour!*

No wonder Swans Down can make this simple little caramel cake so wonderfully good! No wonder it can make butter cakes, sponge cakes, angel foods, *all* cakes better than ordinary flour can ever make them. No wonder Swans Down permits you to save on eggs and shortening—permits you to save more than its trifling extra cost—and gives you—*finer cake!*

Ask the prize winners at the state and county fairs. They know the importance of using Swans Down. In cake contests throughout the country, it is just about a foregone conclusion that Swans Down cakes will win more prizes than all the other cakes put together!

Send for this wonderful recipe booklet and a helpful wire cake cooler that you'll prize!

Send! Send 25c today, for "Cake Secrets" . . . the most complete booklet on cakes you ever saw! 127 recipes—for cakes, pies, cookies, quick breads! With it will come the most practical little wire cake rack, on which to cool your cakes in no time, and ice them, too. All for 25c.

★

SWANS DOWN
CAKE FLOUR

A Product of General Foods Corporation

MAKE THESE TESTS

when you make your first Swans Down cake

LOOK AT THE CRUST! *Touch it! It is ever so crisp and tender . . . daintily thin . . . springy, under your fingers! Swans Down makes an amazing difference in crust alone!*

NOW CUT YOUR CAKE! *Look at its grain. Did you ever see anything so fine and even? Swans Down cakes are so light and fluffy, that* feathery *is the only word to describe them!*

NEXT, BREAK OFF A MORSEL! *Press it gently, to feel its texture, so tender . . . so delicate! Never tough or "bready" . . . Here is one of the most striking characteristics of Swans Down cake.* It feels like velvet!

AND NOW TASTE IT! *Light . . . fine . . . here is cake worth the making! Here is . . .* cake at its best! © 1930, G. F. CORP.

SEND! Get your copy of "Cake Secrets" and your cake rack . . . both for 25c.

IOLEHART BROTHERS, INC. G. H.-9-30 B
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

Enclosed is 25c (stamps or coin) for a copy of "Cake Secrets" and your practical cake cooler.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

Note: We've prepared a new kind of recipe book for you. Filled with distinguished menus and easy recipes that you'll want to try—and information about how to serve meals enchantingly. Use the coupon on opposite page.

Pineapple from Hawaii — the hand-picked finest — hurried into the kitchens scant minutes after they have left their stalks — they reach you at their tenderest. You might visit Hawaii and never taste fruit so fine.

Our special iced tea blend is blended by experts from selected leaves. It neither clouds nor loses its delicious flavor when served iced.

•

Ice cubes for lemonade may be delicately tinted and flavored by adding our Creme de Menthe or Grenadine to the water in your automatic refrigerator trays.

Melba Pears in Creme de Menthe—so satin-smooth they almost melt on the tongue like some delicious ice. Our new recipe book, "Forty Miracles for Your Table" *is packed with new ideas for salads and desserts. Use the coupon.*

A LITTLE VISIT TO OUR SPICE DEPARTMENT

ENTICING scents that conjure visions of Araby—of Hindustan—of sleepy Ceylon—little fragrant bundles of Cinnamon from a special spot in China—each bundle autographed in hieroglyphics by the patient Celestial who selected them piece by piece—here, scrupulously washed, they are ground—to flavor your dessert. Gleaming red paprika from Hungary—shining yellow mustard from tidy English gardens. Pungent Ginger Root from the Island of Jamaica.

It's almost the nicest place in our plant.

Betty Thomas

* RICHELIEU *or* FERNDELL *or* BATAVIA

Three complete lines of 500 Epicurean foods of identical quality including the finest* Fruits —Vegetables—Coffees—Cheeses—Preserves—Jellies—Olives—*and other good things to eat

Epicures in PARIS, LONDON *and* TOKIO *send us orders for these foods*

WE are flattered when globe-trotters send us orders, as they often do, from the sophisticated capitals of the world—where rare foods are prized as nowhere else on earth—where their flavors and bouquets are sampled and discussed like rare vintages.

We confess that we become a little pleased with ourselves, and with the persistence of our fruit genius who spent more years than you would believe if we told you, in perfecting these glorious Melba pears in Creme de Menthe. So satin-smooth in texture that they almost melt on the tongue like some delicious ice. Only one species of pear from one special spot can give this smoothness —this flavor—we *know* because we have tried them all.

And the special syrups we preserve them in—Creme de Menthe, Grenadine and "Natural." Simmered in little copper kettles they come forth permeated through and through with the cool green fragrance of Creme de Menthe—the ruby sweetness of Grenadine or the rich "Natural" flavor of the fresh peeled fruit.

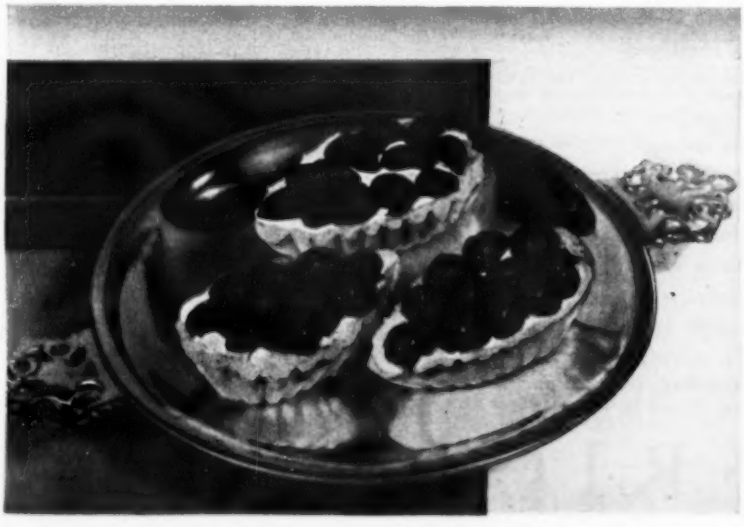
They come to you—to glorify your table—as one of the hundreds of Richelieu, and Ferndell, and Batavia foods—so utterly different that you can instantly taste their superiority.

Never before such variety

You will find more than 500 different foods, each as fine as those pictured here, under each of the Richelieu, the Ferndell, and the Batavia brands. Each one prepared from recipes known only to us—with a care and solicitude no housewife could match. We've spent more than 67 years in perfecting them. Pleasant years—searching the garden spots of the earth for the very finest species of each fruit and vegetable and ingredient that we use.

De Luxe Green Asparagus:—Huge succulent shoots so tender you can eat the entire stalk. Packed in tidy kitchens immediately after cutting. That's why they're so tender—and delicious.

Look for the grocer in your community who sells these finer foods. If you do not know where to find him we will send his name and address with a copy of our new recipe book (use coupon below). Some of our grocer-agents have listed their stores in local alphabetical telephone directories under the headings, "Richelieu Food Store", "Ferndell Food Store" or "Batavia Food Store".



What makes these cherries so tender—so deliciously flavored? Ah, that's a secret all our own!

A new Book

The perfecting of rare foods—and distinguished ways of serving them—is our chief aim and mission. Our new book, "Forty Miracles for Your Table," is crammed with new menus—delightfully easy recipes, and ideas for serving for every possible occasion. Send coupon with a dime for your copy.

SPRAGUE, WARNER & COMPANY,
P. O. Box L, Chicago
I enclose a dime for my copy of "Forty Miracles for Your Table."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

My grocer's name is.....

Please check ☐ if you wish address of a nearby grocer-agent

Now the MULTI-COLD *Frigidaire*

...offering 5 types of refrigeration in one cabinet

Here's a de luxe model just added to the Frigidaire line. It offers *moist* cold, *dry* cold, normal freezing, zero freezing and cold *just above freezing*—all within the same cabinet.

The "Frigidaire Cold Control"

Look at the picture. Note the inner doors. Behind the door at the top, you'll find three trays for freezing ice and desserts. Just below you'll see a large container that is big enough to hold a seven pound fowl or a generous supply of steaks and chops. Here foods can be kept *at temperatures far below freezing—indefinitely.* Here you can store ice cubes, ice cream or any foods you may want to keep frozen until ready to serve.

And behind the lower door is a compartment with two large Hydrators for keeping a peck and a quarter of vegetables fresh and full-flavored until used. This same compartment also provides ample space and ideal temperature for milk and other bottled goods.

All of these features are included *in only half of the cabinet.* You have the other half for foods that require *normal* refrigeration.

The new "Multi-Cold" and all other household Frigidaires have the famous "Cold Control." All have surplus power to keep food safely cold on the hottest days. All have the mechanical unit in the *bottom*—out of the way—leaving the top flat and usable. The food shelves are elevated—making stooping unnecessary. The finish is Porcelain-on-steel inside and out. It won't peel, rust, scratch or blister. And every Frigidaire is sold today with a definite guarantee backed by General Motors.

New Low Temperature Compartment

The 'Multi-Cold' Frigidaire contains a special compartment for storing poultry, game, meats, fish, ice cubes or desserts—anything you want to keep frozen. Temperatures in this compartment are far below freezing ... always.

The Frigidaire Hydrator

The Hydrator is a new moist air compartment that makes vegetables delightfully crisp and keeps them that way until used.

The new "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire is equipped with two Hydrators which hold a peck and a quarter of vegetables.

Send for descriptive booklet and free recipe book

Call at the nearest display room and see a complete demonstration at your first opportunity. In the meantime, mail the coupon. Let us send you our latest recipe book and full details about the new "Multi-Cold" and other Frigidaires.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,*
Dept. H-33, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me your free recipe book—also full details about the new "Multi-Cold" Frigidaire.

Name.....

Address.....

★ FRIGIDAIRE

Electric Refrigerators for Homes, Stores and Public Institutions... Electric Water Coolers for Homes, Stores, Offices and Factories... Ice Cream Cabinets... Milk Cooling Equipment... Room Coolers

The FORUM For September

Discusses Timely Problems of Interest

Photograph courtesy of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In some schools the students prepare the food which is served in the school cafeteria

Notes from our Testing Laboratories

The School Lunch

Its Organization and Management in Philadelphia
written and published by Emma Smedley
6 East Front Street, Media, Pa.

HERE is the second edition of a timely book for those of our readers who have charge of school lunch rooms and cafeterias throughout the United States. It is the summary of the author's eleven years of experience in directing the school lunch in Philadelphia. This revision includes changes in policy and a new chapter—which has grown out of Miss Smedley's experience in planning and directing an employees' lunch in a city bank—on the individual cafeteria.

The chapters deal with organization, service, working force, equipment, purchasing, records, and accounting, and the relationship which may exist between the school lunch and cooking classes, in high school and elementary school. The book contains a wealth of photographs which are both interesting and instructive, since they illustrate many of the subjects mentioned above.

Correct Use of Your Vacuum Cleaner

Has your cleaner an adjustment on the nozzle so that you can raise or lower it according to the thickness of the rug or carpet you are cleaning? Many vacuum cleaners have such an adjustment, and yet too often it is disregarded. Just recently one of our readers complained that her vacuum cleaner would not pick up threads and surface litter; in fact, she considered that the cleaner in general was unsatisfactory. Investigation showed that the cleaner was used on a thin floor covering with the nozzle so high that it did not make close contact with the rug.

An excellent method of adjusting your cleaner as you go from room to room is to raise the nozzle as high as possible; then with the motor running turn the adjustment screw, lowering the nozzle until the suction brings the rug up to meet it.

Keeping Insects from Our Homes

The hot summer months have brought a deluge of inquiries to our readers' mail bag concerning the eradication of, or protection from, various kinds of insects.

Many housekeepers do not realize that diligent and persistent use of an insecticide will go a long way in keeping a household free from insect pests, whether they are such annoying insects as mosquitoes and ants, or the more dangerous types—moths, bedbugs, and flies.

Pyrethrum is the basis of many insect powders and sprays, and it may be mixed with a powder or a neutral oil. The fumes or vapor from the pyrethrum stun or paralyze the insects with which they come in contact.

Tests conducted in the Institute laboratories indicate that housekeepers on the whole do not use such insecticides in sufficient quantity and frequently enough. If a room is infested with flies, mosquitoes, ants, fleas, etc., the doors and windows should be closed and the insecticide sprayed into the air until the air is laden with it. The room should be kept closed for at least fifteen minutes. The oil which acts merely as a carrier for the pyrethrum will evaporate after several hours, leaving no stains. Be sure to follow the instructions and precautions on the label of the container.

The New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station passes on the information that pyrethrum insect powder is the most promising of more than eighty chemicals tested for their mosquito-repelling properties.

Notes from Our Readers

The Mending Basket Listens In

ONE housekeeper's mending basket listens in whenever a neighbor comes in just to chat. She finds it is practical to keep an hour's work always in the basket. In order to do this she keeps watch of all clothing that requires mending. Whatever is to be used first, she places on top, and what may be needed later is folded carefully so as not to muss and is placed in the bottom. The basket is kept in a convenient place.

Last winter the housekeeper used only these listening-in moments for mending. She thinks by following this method she has spent less time mending. The almost daily regularity, without long intervening lapses, proves that a stitch in time saves those extra nine. More time for mending might be required in a family larger than hers, but these chat-times could be similarly utilized.

Mrs. H. V. D., Celina, Ohio.

The Black List

To get many odd things accomplished, plan to do twelve little tasks one day in the week, when the work is lightest—such things, for example, as we all put off to do "some day." Mend a rug, wash hose, mend Junior's trousers, clear a closet, sort papers, cut clippings from magazines which have been laid aside with that end in view, paste up a scrap-book, burn old letters, return a borrowed book or pattern, clean a dresser drawer, or write a letter. What a pleasure to think of what has been checked off your "black list," when you lie down at night. *Mrs. R. J., Sardis, Miss.*

INSTITUTE NOTE—This black list could be worked off in the daily housework schedule which, as recommended by the Institute, provides for one period each day for "specials." Upon request we will send directions for making a work plan.

Good Housekeeping Covers as Decoration

The lovely covers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING Magazine helped me to solve the decorating problem in my little girls' room. I could not afford Mother Goose paper, and so I papered the rather large room in cream ceiling paper. Then at the eye-level of the older child I pasted the cut-out pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. The children love them and never tire of telling stories about each picture. The pictures form a border all around the room. Every one who has seen the room has been delighted with the effect. *Mrs. O. B. M., Bay City, Mich.*

Schooling Raises Pay

Statistics show that, on the average, high school graduates earn $1.00 for every 72 cents earned by boys with merely elementary education.

© 1930 M. L. I. Co.

"Dad, I want to get a job. Lots of rich men didn't go to school any longer than I have."

"My boy, you have heard about only the rare exceptions. You don't know how many millions of men have been barely able to keep body and soul together because they were only half educated and unable to compete with better trained men. You'd better go back to school."

MAYBE it is the boy next door—perhaps it is your own boy—who is eager, restless and ambitious, who would like to quit school and go to work. He is looking forward to the day when he will have more spending money and more independence.

He has read of self-made men who had but little schooling. He sees no reason why he could not do equally well.

Tell him that if he had a chance to talk to one of the big, self-made men of whom he has heard, he would probably be told, "While I was earning a place for myself in the business world I studied at night trying to keep up mentally with my old school friends—even those who went through college."

Before he is permitted to leave school it would be a great thing if he could talk to some man or woman in charge of employment for a big company. He would learn that the better educated boys and girls are given preference, from the outset, over those who quit school too soon.

In almost every kind of work, whether manual, mechanical, business or professional, higher wages and salaries, in the overwhelming majority of cases, are earned by the best educated and best trained.

Apart from the greater enjoyment of books, arts and science gained through education—and just as a matter of cold dollars and cents—education pays the best dividends.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

The American Marquis

(*Continued from page 83*)

know what you're talking about!" said Josephine with almost a touch of ferocity.

"Who doesn't know what she's talking about?" asked Grandma, who had come out to sun herself with the others and had approached from behind unobserved.

"Alicia doesn't," said Josephine. "Lady Phoebe wants another car, and she's gone to see if she can get Ed Wyman. And Alicia's fool enough to hope that he comes."

"Well, why shouldn't he come?" demanded Grandma.

"Toh!" exclaimed Aunt Josephine.

"Ed's a nice boy," continued Grandma warmly, "and he has his living to make—the same as everybody else."

"Toh!" exclaimed Aunt Josephine again. "You're as bad as Alicia. Listen; here comes her Ladyship."

Lady Phoebe, reappearing, brightly nodded to her tall young son.

"A good idea," she said. "The Crown will have a car up here at one o'clock."

"I only hope it isn't Ed," said Aunt Joe, frowning.

But it was—not only Ed, but his canary-colored phaeton with the wire wheels. He had either bought or borrowed a uniform—leather puttees, trim whipcord suit with a tight belt, and a heavily visored cap—and he looked as swanky as a newly-commissioned lieutenant on his first parade.

THE cars left the Towers at one o'clock—and Aunt Joe breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that Ed's phaeton, the second to start, carried no one more dangerous than Lord and Lady Leominster on the back seat, and one of the Shrewsbury girls in front.

"It may work out all right, after all," she thought, following with Major Middlemass, "but whatever happens, I must keep Eddie away from Mother and Lady Phoebe."

Josephine, however, soon had other things to occupy her mind—the gallant Major at her side, for one—and presently the almost solid line of cars and busses and charabancs on the London highway—each one headed for the same destination, and that destination the race-track at Marlebone-super-Mare. Archey was riding with Clynes in the first car of the procession from the Towers; and when they reached the entrance to the track, he nodded to a red-faced Cerberus who touched his cap and unhooked a chain to let them through. In the same way they passed through two other gates within the enclosure—and finally came to rest in the inside field.

"Isn't this beautiful!" exclaimed Aunt Josephine as she looked around.

Indeed it was a setting worthy of the sport of kings. On the land side was a long, low hill covered with oaks—from which, one guessed, the Channel could be seen, glistening and rippling in the sunshine. The grand-stand, banked with flowers, was already crowded, and that part of the field which was not reserved for members was filled with picnic parties.

"I don't think I ever saw so many people," said Aunt Joe.

"Ought to be a hundred thousand by the time the first race starts," said the Major proudly. "You see, we're a bit of a sporting nation—and a hungry nation, too," he added. "I'm glad to see the lunch coming on. Awkward business to have your mouth full of sandwich just as your favorite pushes his nose to the front!"

Sowersby and Barslow were spreading a cloth on the grass and bringing camp chairs. Next, two large hampers were carried forward—one so heavy that Ed Wyman helped Sowersby with it, Barslow having his hands full with the other. This would have been all right if they hadn't stopped for a moment by the side of Grandma's camp-chair while Archey cleared a space for the hamper.

"Hello, Eddie," said Grandma, beaming at

MARGUERITE AND CYNTHIA McADOO

© 1930, The C. of W. Corp.

They're ready for anything on land or in the air

Almost six and almost four. Blue eyes. Yellow hair. Extremely dainty little girls, these daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William McAdoo, Jr. But *intrepid!*

They fly with enthusiasm. (Their parents are much interested in flying.) They swim . . . they garden in their own little plot . . . they romp in the California sunshine with Gypsy and Chita, two beloved and phlegmatic cats, and with Merrylegs, a little white dog.

In their blond heads there's no idea of the careful supervision that is theirs. But their mother, and their nurse, keep up a watchful surveillance.

Their exercise, their play, their hours for sleep, their general routine and, above all, their diet. When each little girl was six months old the family physician advised a *hot, cooked* cereal. That cereal was Cream of Wheat, the one approved by 221 leading child specialists of San Francisco, Chicago, Toronto and New York, in a recent investigation.

"Mimi and Cynthia have always eaten Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. McAdoo. "It's a dietary matter that we're very particular about."

Mothers of small girls and boys all over the country have made Cream of Wheat part of the regular, accepted routine. They know that Cream of Wheat is rich in the energy that children consume so fast, that it is amazingly quick and easy to digest. Inexpensive, too. *Forty generous servings in a box.*

Let your youngsters have this good start in the morning—Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

• • •

● TUNE IN on Cream of Wheat Radio Program every weekday morning at 7:45. Broadcast from stations WJZ, WBZ-A, KDKA, WHAM, WLW, WJR, WLS.

FREE—a wonderful child's game

All children love the H.C.B. Club with a secret meaning. It makes a jolly game of their morning cereal. All the wonder working material is free—badges, gold stars, and big new posters with stirring color pictures of childhood heroes—Joan of Arc, Roland and Oliver, Richard the Lion Hearted. We will also send valuable child health booklet. Mail this coupon to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. C-52, Minneapolis, Minn.

*Child's Name*_____

*Address*_____

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here ☐

In using advertisements see page 6

ABOVE—ORDINARY CLEANSING
Note dirt embedded in pores—undisturbed by surface cleansing. Causes blackheads and coarse, dull skin.

BELOW—PORE-DEEP CLEANSING
All dirt is removed. Pores are small. The skin becomes fine, clear, young!

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR CLEANSING DELICATE SKINS

"Clean out those dirty pores"

skin specialist warns women

"DIRTY PORES! They cause blackheads and pimples. They coarsen the skin. They dull the complexion. Even in the first stages they make a woman's appearance distasteful to men.

"I can't say this strongly enough to the woman who wants to look young: don't disregard even the tiniest pinpoint of black that seems to be lodged in your skin.

Cause of Dirty Pores

"Old fashioned cleansing methods won't do. There's a new kind of dirt in the air today . . . greasy, black, machine-age dirt. It pours from the exhausts of automobiles, and from furnace chimneys. It falls on the skin in minute particles of grease, carbon, tar. "These particles of greasy waste cling to the face, stick in the pores. Only thorough pore-deep cleansing will get them out . . . keep them from spoiling the skin."

How Liquid Cleanses

Remove modern dirt with Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser. You *feel* Ambrosia cleansing the skin, you *know* it is removing dirt as nothing has done before. New color comes in the cheeks... your face feels refreshed and young, pores get small again. See for yourself what Ambrosia does for the skin. Write for generous free sample.

Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 9-E, 114 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y., Dept. 9-E, 69 York St., Toronto, Canada.

4 oz. $1 8 oz. $1.75 16 oz. $3

Copyright 1930, Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.

HOW TO USE AMBROSIA

NORMAL SKIN: Use absorbent cotton thoroughly wet with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck. Repeat until fresh cotton does not show any soil.

DRY: Cleanse as for normal skin. At night add a softening cream to soften and lubricate the skin.

OILY: Apply Ambrosia frequently with cotton or gauze. Wipe face with cloth wrung out of cold water.

AMBROSIA ★

the pore-deep cleanser

The American Marquis

him through her spectacles. "I hardly knew you—you look so spruce."

"It's me, all right," smiled Eddie.

"Have you heard from your mother yet?"

"No'm. Not yet."

"Or anybody else in Belleview?"

"No'm. Not time yet."

"Well, remember me to your mother when you write. And be sure to write soon, if you haven't written already. They'll be mighty anxious to hear from you."

Lady Phoebe, sitting next to Grandma, couldn't help hearing this. She had followed the conversation carelessly at first, but it wasn't long before she was listening more attentively. Aunt Josephine, seated on the other side of the cloth, had all she could do to suppress a groan.

Lady Phoebe waited till Ed had returned to his car, and then she brightly turned to Grandma.

"You evidently know that young man," she began.

"Yes," said Grandma, proud of her knowledge. "Known him ever since he was a baby. Yes, and I knew his father before him, ever since *he* wore short pants. A nice boy, Eddie, but then all the Wymans are. As good a family as you'd *want* to know."

"Mother," said Josephine, desperately interrupting, "are you sure there isn't too much draft where you are sitting? Isn't the wind on your back?"

"Feels good," said Grandma. And to Lady Phoebe she added: "His mother always says that Eddie would have died when he was a baby if it hadn't been for me. I shall never forget the way she came running over with him one morning—"

Josephine, darkly listening, looked as though she wouldn't have greatly cared if Grandma's simple remedies had been less successful.

"I think that was splendid!" exclaimed Lady Phoebe when the story was finished at last. "And—er—isn't he the same young man who came to show Alicia a motor the other day?"

"Yes, he's the one."

"I thought I recognized the motor," said Lady Phoebe, almost purring. Turning to Sowersby, she continued, "That young man who helped you with the hamper—I wish you'd tell him that I want to speak to him."

JOSEPHINE glowered at Grandma as much as she dared; but she quickly turned her glance to the Major when she caught the light of combat in her mother's eyes, knowing that if she looked any longer, Grandma would be just as likely to say:

"What's the matter, Josephine? Aren't you feeling well?"

So poor Aunt Joe was talking to Major Middlemass more or less incoherently about the coming races when Ed approached Lady Phoebe's chair.

"I wished to ask you a question," she said, every word deeply engraving itself in Josephine's consciousness. "This mustard-colored motor which you have here today—isn't that the same one which you showed to Lady Alicia recently?"

"Yes'm," said Ed. "That's the car."

"A very pretty model," said Lady Phoebe, looking at it for a moment over her shoulder. "I myself am thinking of purchasing a new motor. Er—when could you give me a demonstration?"

"Any time you say, madam," said Ed; and reasoning that her interest in the Falcon Eight was probably due to the recommendation of Alicia, he gave the latter a quick smile of thanks.

"Perhaps you can show it to me now," said Lady Phoebe, rising.

They walked off together, Josephine watching with apprehensive eyes.

"Yes—very smart," said Lady Phoebe after she had looked it over. "I rather like your American lines: they always remind me vaguely of a yacht." And then, carelessly, while she

See these new and finer Hoovers!

Hoover now offers two new models at the same prices as formerly. Both Hoovers have remarkably increased efficiency—remove still more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner—and offer important improvements.

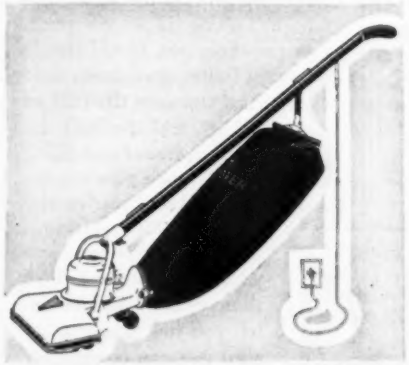
What if you polished your nails but did not clean beneath them?

YOU wouldn't think of having such a standard of cleanliness for your hands! But, quite unrealizing, you may have just such a standard for your floor coverings.

When you clean by broom or suction, you leave untouched dirt beneath the surface. Nothing will get out this dirt except beating. There is one way to beat it out—with a Hoover, whose exclusive cleaning principle, Positive Agitation, is especially designed for shaking out buried destructive grit.

So effectively does The Hoover remove this *underneath* dirt that it gets out more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner, giving more thorough cleanliness in less time and with less expenditure of human energy.

It also gathers up the ugly thread and lint, brightens the colors and lifts and smooths the nap, thus giving new beauty to floor coverings by its scientific care. Ask your Hoover dealer for a free trial or home demonstration of The Hoover and its efficient dusting tools. Two Hoover models. Only $6.25 down; balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.



HOOVER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT BEATS...AS IT SWEEPS...AS IT CLEANS

ON A CUSHION OF AIR

★ MORE DIRT DPM PER MINUTE

Mail this coupon for descriptive literature or a home trial of The Hoover. It is your privilege to see The Hoover—compare it with any other cleaner—without obligation.

Send booklet "How To Judge An Electric Cleaner" - - - - - ☐

Send a new Hoover to me for Home Trial - - - - - - - - ☐

THE HOOVER COMPANY
Dept. 11, North Canton, Ohio

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

In using advertisements see page 6

"This doesn't bother your shower now, does it?"

"No—go ahead! There's lots of hot water since that new copper Tubing went in!"

"Hey! TURN OFF THAT WATER! This shower's scalding hot!"

Why scald your husband or even freeze him?

Replace those rust-clogged pipes with flexible Chase Copper Tubing and have full hot and cold pressure all through the house

SHOWERS that dwindle to an icy trickle or turn scalding hot when the washstand faucet's turned on . . . worn-out pipes that leak and stain walls and ceilings . . . rusty water that ruins laundry—now you can get rid of all these irritations for good—and without wrecking your home to install new pipe!

Chase Copper Tubing makes pipe replacement far less expensive, because your plumber doesn't have to tear out walls and tiling needlessly.

Chase Tubing is flexible, you see. Your plumber usually makes only a small opening in the wall—perhaps lifts a board or two from the floor. Then he runs the Tubing down through the wall. At corners, he just bends the Tubing instead of using fittings. For the few necessary joints he uses special Chase Fittings that he applies quickly.

Once he's finished, that pipe will never give trouble again. For Chase Tubing is 99.9% pure, rust-proof copper. It will always deliver a full flow of clean, clear water. And you save the cost of many fittings, and the bills for patching walls, floors and tiling that formerly made pipe repairs so expensive. But if you've one pipe that needs replacing, hadn't you better have your plumber look all of them over? Then he can tell you just how reasonably you can completely modernize your water system with Chase Copper Water Tubing and Chase Water Tube Fittings.

The mark that is stamped on all Chase plumbing products

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING

A Product of CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.—Incorporated—Waterbury, Conn.

Chase Leaders and Gutters—Chase Bronze Screen Cloth—Chase Plumbing Supplies
Chase Copper and Brass in Sheets, Tubes and Rods for every industrial use

The American Marquis

was apparently trying the handle of the door, "What make of motor did the Marquis drive in Belleview?"

"The Judge—I mean the Marquis—he didn't have a car—" began Ed. And then, like many another young man, he caught himself too late. "You see, he didn't need one," he earnestly—too earnestly—explained. "He lived right in town, only half a block from the trolley." And some dim instinct telling him that this didn't sound right, either, he gulped and added, "I mean—he didn't want a car—"

"Of course, not—living so near to the trolley," said Lady Phoebe gently. "And besides, I expect that Miss Josephine took him around in *her* motor whenever it was really necessary."

"Well, no," said Ed, "she didn't have one, either. I guess the Judge's family was kind of old-fashioned," he loyally continued. "They didn't like cars."

"But some one told me the other day that even the beggars had motors in the States."

"They *are* pretty common, at that," said Ed. "But here and there you'll still find a family that doesn't have one. Fine families, too," he added, almost defiantly raising his voice. "I guess that cars are too common for them—"

Lady Phoebe nodded with sympathetic understanding. "They prefer to retain their horses, I expect?" she said.

Ed opened the door of his canary-colored phaeton and drew a duster out of the pocket. "Wait till I show you how easy it is to keep this nickel work clean," he said.

He was polishing away—Lady Phoebe watching him with smiling interest—when Josephine strolled forward—poor Josephine, who had been simply unable to stay away any longer.

"Have you bought it yet?" she gaily asked.

"Not quite," said Lady Phoebe sweetly. "I was about to ask him to bring it to the Towers tomorrow, so he can show me how it behaves on the road."

The two ladies strolled back to where the picnic cloth was spread; but as soon as lunch was over and she could slip away, Aunt Josephine went looking for Ed Wyman to warn him to be careful. So far as Ed was concerned, however, he had possibly just remembered that discretion is a valuable part of valor. He had certainly temporarily disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE races started at a quarter past two, so at five minutes past, having finished lunch, the Marquis and his party crossed the track to the grand-stand where they took their places in the Marlebone box, inside another railed section reserved for members only.

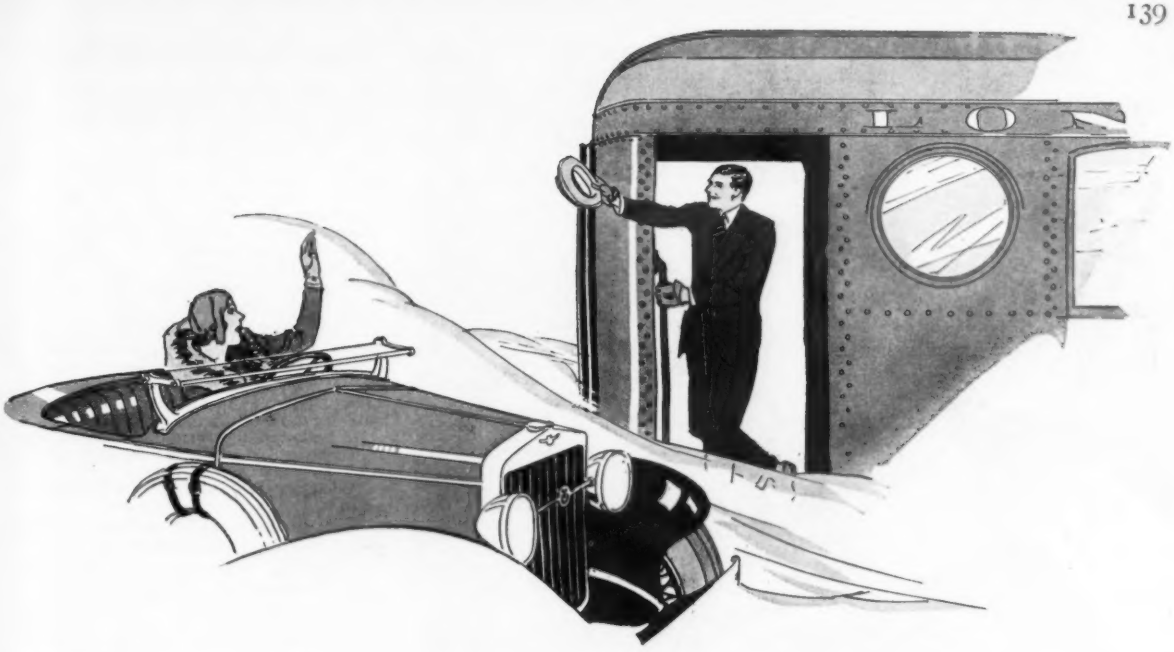
"She knows them all," thought Lady Josephine with a touch of envy, as Lady Phoebe nodded and waved her hand to many of those around her. Some of these came visiting, eager to meet the new Marquis; and for the next few minutes there was an impromptu reception. Aunt Josephine, however, sitting directly behind and a step higher than Lady Phoebe, was not included in the introductions.

"I should worry," she told herself. "I'll know them soon enough if they're worth knowing." And turning to Lord Leominster who was seated by her side, she said: "Now you'll have to tell me about this racing business. It doesn't flourish so well where I was born and raised. In fact, will you believe me when I tell you that this is the first time I have ever been to a track?"

"But you'll soon pick it up," he said. "The Marlebones have always been a racing family. It's bound to be in your blood somewhere." And in a lower voice: "Wait till you see how it acts on Lady Phoebe. I always like to watch her at a race."

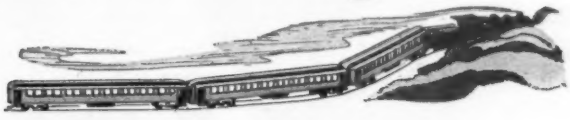
"I don't see why it should act on her so searchingly," thought Aunt Joe. "She's only a Marlebone by marriage, if it comes right down to that."

"Now, you see," continued Lord Leominster,



"Goodbye, dear...don't forget.....

oil...car...today.....



Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930		1929		1928		1927	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Auburn 6-65	AF	Arc.	...	Arc.	...	Arc.	...	Arc.
" 6-66 A, 6-80, 70	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 75	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...
" Model T	...	...	...	...	...	...	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 126	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	...	...	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	...	...	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
" 8-80	...	...	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
" other models	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 6, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	...	...	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" 60, 69, 80	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
"	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-75, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...

The car—one more responsibility that he has handed over to you in the casual little way husbands have. And because you're fond of the man, and probably drive more than he does anyway, you become the one to "see about the oil."

If you are like a good many other wives in this situation, you'll find the Mobiloil Chart indispensable.

Even though you knew nothing about what really makes the car go, this chart would enable you to buy your oil as skilfully as though you were an engineer yourself.

No guess work. No trusting to chance. The Mobiloil Chart rivals a bank statement in authority. And it's much easier to follow than a recipe. A glance shows you an oil exactly suited to your particular car. An oil made to engineering specifications. Tested by engineers.

When you buy Mobiloil you can be sure that the manufacturer of your car approves your choice. (No other oil comes even a close second to Mobiloil in the recommendations of car manufacturers.) You are buying too, an oil which has justly earned its title of "the world's quality oil." For wherever cars travel or airplanes hum, on every continent of the world, Mobiloil is the leading motor oil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Let's Drive Better than Men is a free little book written for women drivers by a woman. It contains many helpful suggestions on road etiquette, driving at night, how to back into parking space, and other questions on driving and care of the car. Address Mary Arnold, Dept. MG-90, Vacuum Oil Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

Mobiloil

Your Mobiloil dealer cordially invites you to hear the famous Mobiloil Concerts each Wednesday evening . . . WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

In using advertisements see page 6

What a pie!

CLOSE your eyes while we tell about it. Generous slices of tender, mellow bananas merged into a custard that fairly melts in your mouth. Then the whole of it topped with a fluff of whipped cream! Doesn't it *sound* tempting? It *is* tempting! What a Pie!

Isn't it good news, too, that such a luscious dessert is actually to be recommended for its food value? The bananas alone provide three of those precious vitamins we have come to demand in our diet. And a liberal quota of those minerals so vital to health.

Banana Cream pie is an easy dessert to put together, and certain of a rousing welcome. And the left-overs make such grand tarts for the children!

Now, how about our free recipe and menu booklet? Every page is alive with new suggestions. Send no money—just the coupon.

HERE'S THE RECIPE!—Mix ¾ c. sugar, ⅓ c. flour, ½ tsp. salt. Add 2 eggs. Pour on gradually 2 c. scalded milk. Cook 15 min., stirring until thickened. Cool. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Put in cooked pie shell, add 3 sliced bananas and cover with ½ c. whipped cream . . . Either pie or tarts may be made by simply folding bananas into whipped cream and pouring into pastry shells.

G. H. 9-30

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION
17 Battery Place, New York City
Please send me "Bananas in the Modern Manner"
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

BANANA
GROWERS ASSOCIATION

The American Marquis

"the horses are walking to the starting post for the first event. Eight of them altogether," he said, looking at his program. "I expect you'll want to make a little bet?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Josephine uncertainly. "I know so little about horses."

"But surely a little flutter," he protested. "Otherwise you won't find the race interesting." From his pocket he drew a newspaper consensus of the favorites. "I'm going to bet on Childe Harold, myself," he said. "Come, now; just to make it exciting for yourself—if only for a pound or two—"

"Well—I don't mind five dollars—I mean a pound," she said, opening her pocket-book.

"Don't bother with the money. I have an account with a bookmaker, and we can settle later. Here's one of his runners in the aisle, watching us now."

He beckoned the runner, a knowing little man who looked as though in his youth he might have been a jockey.

"What are the odds on Childe Harold?" he asked.

"Four to one, m' lord," said the runner almost before the question was finished.

"Very well. Take this to Harry." On a page of his notebook he wrote down "£1."

"That's a pound for you," he said to Josephine. Leaning forward, he added: "Anything for you, Lady Phoebe? We're playing Childe Harold."

"Oh, put me down for five pounds," said Lady Phoebe carelessly.

"Ah-ha," thought Aunt Joe, bridling to herself. "She heard me bet a pound, and so she's trying to put it over me by betting five. Isn't that just like the woman? And I wouldn't be surprised if she never bet on a horse before in her life!"

Lord Leominster wrote £5 under his first figure. "And I'll bet ten," he said, adding that figure to the others. Under the total he hastily scribbled "Childe Harold—4 to 1—Leominster" and handed the slip to the runner, who promptly disappeared down the steps toward the ring of bookmakers below.

"Just in time," exclaimed Lord Leominster less than half a minute later. And pointing to the row of galloping horses on the other side of the track, he said: "You see? They're off! Now try to follow Childe Harold. He's Number Five and— His jockey wears a red cap."

AT FIRST Aunt Joe could see nothing but a confused blur of color and motion, but it wasn't long before she caught sight of a red cap well in the front of the galloping mass.

"There he comes! There he comes!"

"Oh—Goody!" cried Aunt Joe. "Come on! Come on, Childe Harold!"

It pleased her to think that he heard her—even while she knew that he didn't—for bit by bit the red spot drew farther and farther to the front, until at last it flashed past the winning post well in advance of all the other colors.

"Not so bad?" said Lord Leominster, smiling at Aunt Josephine.

"I should say not!" she laughed, not knowing that two red badges of excitement had appeared upon her cheeks. "Four to one. That means I've won four pounds, doesn't it?" she breathlessly asked.

"Beginner's luck," he nodded. "There's no telling what you may do today before you're through. Now let's see about the second race," he continued, consulting the newspaper clipping. "Looks as though Nellie Carter ought to win. Want to bet again?"

"Indeed I do!"

"Another pound?"

"No." And in a clear voice, easily audible to the row of seats ahead, she said, "I'll bet ten pounds this time."

For after all, with what she had won, it wouldn't cost her more than thirty dollars if she lost. "And if that woman thinks she can lord it over me—!" Aunt Josephine thought to herself with more than a touch of Grandma's grimness.

The refrigerator with the *monitor top*

The Monitor Top, which contains the hermetically *sealed-in-steel* mechanism, is the modern symbol of economical refrigeration. Its splendid performance record merits the name — MONITOR TOP.

WHEN you buy your electric refrigerator, look for the Monitor Top *first of all.* It is your assurance of efficiency, your guarantee of economy and convenience.

Within the hermetically sealed walls of the Monitor Top the simple General Electric mechanism moves quietly in a *permanent* bath of oil. Air, dirt and moisture are sealed out.

The dependable mechanism of the Monitor Top makes the General Electric Refrigerator a servant that lightens labor, saves money and above all guards the health of the family.

Prices now start at $205.00 at the factory. You can have a gleaming white General Electric Refrigerator—striking in modern beauty—placed in your kitchen tomorrow by taking advantage of our time payment plan.

For booklet, write Section G-9, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Company, Hanna Bldg., 1400 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

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It's 4th BIRTHDAY

—and this remarkable refrigerator adds still another year to its matchless record of service.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS

Dream rooms come true *when this new dream floor is laid—an almost magical effect called Embosstex No. 2*

SLUMBERTIME FLOORS

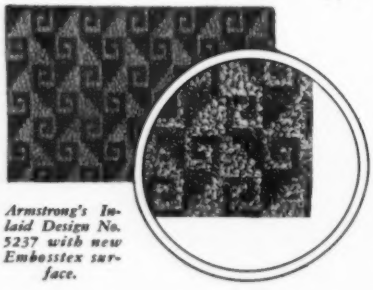
that mirror the moonlight's magic

WOULD you like to spread a fairy carpet in that dream room of yours? One that captures the wistful colors of Crinoline days—yet never, never hints of old-fashioned cleaning care? Then next time you are in a linoleum, department, or furniture store ask to see Embosstex Linoleum—the newest creation of Armstrong designers.

Embosstex has a delicate, almost magical surface. Watch it under the play of moonlight if you want to catch its full, restful beauty. Still, when the sun shines his "Good morning" through your windows, the textured embossing reflects plenty of snap and sparkle to help start your day right.

And that day need not be spent any more doing heavy floor-cleaning tasks! For the beauty of your new Armstrong's Embosstex Floor is protected by the spot-proof Accolac-Processed surface. This surface dusts clean as easily as a chair or table. Wax it lightly, then polish. Or simply renew the surface when needed with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer (not to be applied over wax).

A word about the way your new Armstrong Floor is installed. First it's trimly tailored to snuggle tight to every nook and cranny. Then it's firmly cemented in place over linoleum lining felt. No gaping seams, no splinters or dirt-collecting cracks. The job is quick; the floor permanent—foot-easy, warm, colorful for years to come.



Armstrong's Inlaid Design No. 5237 with new Embosstex surface.

Nothing has ever before been produced in linoleum with the soft textural surface of Embosstex. The enlarged section gives you but a hint of the unusual beauty of this new-type floor. Ask to see Embosstex Linoleum next time you shop.

This is the happy story of just one of the many new fashionable floor effects now offered in Armstrong's Linoleum. Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, ***"New Ideas in Home Decoration,"*** will tell you of others, will show you all types of Armstrong Floors in all types of well-appointed rooms. May we send you a copy? It also brings you a free offer of Mrs. Brown's expert help in planning your own interiors. Just enclose 10¢ for mailing cost when you write to Armstrong Cork Company, Armstrong's Floor Division, 933 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Armstrong's (A) Product

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPÉ . . ARABESQ . . PRINTED . . *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

The American Marquis

"Ten pounds for Miss Josephine," said Lord Leominster, writing in his notebook again. "And you, Lady Phoebe?" he continued, bending forward. "Are you interested in Nellie Carter?"

"Put me down for *twenty* pounds," drawled Lady Phoebe, hardly turning her head.

If Aunt Joe had been using a pencil at that moment, she would probably have placed the marks of her teeth upon the end of it. "Just to sound big—that's all she did it for," she scoffed to herself. " 'Put me down for twenty pounds . . .' As though she risked anything! Hasn't she just won twenty pounds? Well, then. And there she sits, betting it again, as though she were doing something important in a cool, well-bred manner. Arrrrrrr! A cheap gesture, that's all it was. Just the cheapest kind of gesture."

Again, in due course, the horses lined up at the starting post; and again, two minutes later, the sporting writers proved their right to the title of experts, Nellie Carter flashing past the judge's stand a good half-length ahead of her nearest rival.

AT THE moment of her victory, Lady Phoebe was talking to Lady Kineton and apparently paying no attention to the race. But Aunt Joe was watching it. Indeed, when the horses thundered past the stand, Aunt Joe was standing by the side of Lord Leominster; and although she couldn't remember it, she must have stamped her feet, because when she sat down again, her arches were throbbing; and she had probably been shouting, too, from the hoarseness of her voice when next she spoke.

"What were the odds on Nellie?" she asked.

"Two to one," said Leominster, smiling at her.

Aunt Joe did a sum in mental arithmetic. She had won twenty dollars on the first race, and a hundred on the second. As much as she could make by two weeks' steady teaching at Belleview Normal. She caught sight of the front of her dress rapidly rising and falling—could feel her cheeks burning.

"Gets you like a fever," she thought. "Yes—I guess it's in the blood, all right."

But during the next event her fever had a chance to abate.

"I don't like this third race," said Leominster, consulting his printed consensus. "Too many entries—the tipsters themselves can't agree. Let's wait for the fourth—the Marlebone steeplechase. That's the big event of the day, you know. That's why every one's here."

So they watched the third race from a strictly impersonal standpoint—watched the twenty-two entries being patiently formed in a line at the starting post across the track—watched them finally sweep forward and make the turn which would presently bring them past the grand-stand.

"Isn't it queer?" thought Aunt Joe. "It isn't a bit interesting if you aren't hoping that some particular horse will win . . . I wonder what Lady Phoebe said to Ed Wyman when she had him over by his car. I ought to see him somehow before he takes her for a ride tomorrow. She's only going so she can pump him."

The third race over, a buzzing hum of excitement arose from the crowd, gradually growing louder and louder.

"This is what they've been waiting for," said Lord Leominster. "The Marlebone steeplechase. The horses don't run on the track this time. They run on the grass, just inside the rail, where you see those hurdles and ditches—like a golf course filled with bunkers and traps and difficult water-hazards."

"Have you a favorite?" asked Lady Phoebe, glancing over her shoulder.

"Rather! I'm going to play Rajah's Daughter. What are the odds on Rajah's Daughter?" he asked the runner who was waiting for his slip.

"Ten to one, m' lord."

"Pretty!" nodded Leominster with satisfaction. "Anything for you, Lady Phoebe?"

ARE YOU BECOMING AN INTESTINAL CRIPPLE?

HAVE you drifted into the habit of taking a laxative whenever you feel a bit out of sorts? Thousands of people have become intestinal cripples just that way. At first laxatives may seem harmless—they may be easy to take—but prolonged use of them causes dangerous habits. Physicians are constantly warning the public against this growing danger.

Be careful with laxatives. Don't risk your health. When you think you really need one, see your doctor.

If you occasionally become sluggish, take Squibb's Liquid Petrolatum. It is effective and it is safe. Not a laxative but a harmless lubricant. Doctors universally approve it for general use in combating constipation. Can't harm the smallest child. It is safe to use even during pregnancy. Does not build fat. Cannot cause a habit.

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ah! coffee we're friends once more » » »

ONCE more you can eagerly sniff the fragrant aroma of coffee. You can revel again in its full, rich flavor—yield to its immediate sense of comfort and relaxation.

Yes! Even if the caffein in coffee has affected your sleep, your nerves or your digestion, you can enjoy once more the solace of coffee—without fear of caffein's effects. Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.

real coffee»delicious coffee

Is Sanka Coffee delicious? Does it yield the same immediate sense of satisfaction? One single cup of Sanka Coffee will answer those questions for you—in the affirmative. For caffein never added a thing to coffee's delicious flavor—never contributed even to that immediate sense of satisfaction a cup of coffee gives. That comes from the cheery warmth and flavor of the drink itself.

And such flavor as Sanka Coffee brings you! Imagine the choicest of Central and South American coffees roasted and blended to perfection. That is Sanka Coffee. Nothing is added—nothing but caffein is removed. You prepare it in exactly the same way. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer—in quality or in flavor.

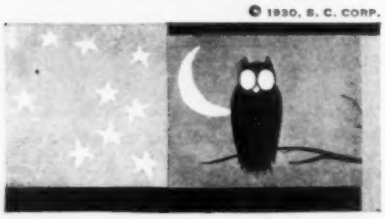
make the night-test

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

satisfaction guaranteed » »

Your grocer carries Sanka Coffee—ground or in the bean—in pound vacuum packages that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. What's more, he sells it with this unconditional guarantee: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not fully satisfied, simply return what's left and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee today. Sanka Coffee Corporation, 1 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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GROUND OR IN THE BEAN

SANKA COFFEE

drink it and sleep!

Sanka Coffee is a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees—from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. Sanka Coffee is approved by the American Medical Association. Thousands of physicians recommend Sanka Coffee to patients who cannot drink other coffee because of the effect of caffein upon their sleep, nerves or digestion.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

The American Marquis

"Yes," she crisply answered. "Put me down for a hundred."

"And you, Miss Josephine?"

Aunt Joe paused—a dramatic pause—feeling already the preliminary thrill of triumph. She had won a hundred and twenty dollars—and if she bet two hundred, she would lose only eighty dollars—a sum which, after all, she could really afford, if she simply *had* to lose it. This would make a little bite into the thousand dollars which she had kept back as an inviolable reserve—but not too large a bite. She would still have plenty left to return to Belleview, if she ever wished to do so, or for any other emergencies. Besides, if she won—!

"Put me down for two hundred," she said, with an air which a novelist could only describe as magnificent nonchalance.

Lady Phoebe looked around for a moment—Lady Phoebe, you may remember, who had only bet one hundred. "Splendid!" she drawled.

But Aunt Joe didn't want the woman's compliments—hardly looked at her, when she turned. Why shouldn't she bet two hundred if she wished to do so? Wasn't it in the Marlebones' blood?

"Ten to one," she thought. "If I win, that's two thousand dollars. And with the other hundred and twenty—!"

The horses were slowly walking past the stand on their way to the starting line.

"That's Rajah's Daughter—Number Seven," said Leominster, after the runner had disappeared with his slip. "Isn't she a beauty? And just behind her is the favorite, Silver Heels—Number Two."

RAJAH'S Daughter proved to be a powerful, long-legged, black mare with an arching neck and tail. Silver Heels was a small, eager chestnut with white feet and a nervous, dainty walk.

"I like that Rajah's Daughter," said Aunt Joe. "She looks as though she could jump over the grand-stand, if they only made her mad enough. Good old girl!" she heard herself shouting the next moment; but checked herself with the thought: "Now isn't that queer? I hadn't meant to shout . . . And listen, Josey, you stay in your seat this time—like this cool customer ahead of you."

But it wasn't long before she was on her feet again.

The steeplechase course, shaped like a figure 8, started near the grand-stand. Twelve horses, lined in a nervous, straining row, obeyed the starting signal, and after a short run they went over the first hurdle side by side with the precision of a military maneuver. The next run was longer, and when they came to the second jump, they went over in waves—four horses in the first majestic billow, the sable form of Rajah's Daughter among them.

Lady Phoebe, Josephine noticed, was also on her feet by this time, steadying herself with a hand on the Marquis's shoulder.

A loud cry swept over the crowd. One of the horses had fallen at the third obstacle—a long water jump—but Rajah's Daughter had already soared over the ditch with effortless ease, side by side with Silver Heels.

"Rajah's Daughter! Rajah's Daughter!"

"Go it, Silver Heels! Go it, old girl!"

A long run followed the ditch, and then came a high hedge. In the galloping interval Rajah's Daughter was slightly ahead once, but she and Silver Heels flew the hedge together.

"Here's a hard one!"

This was a double jump—the hurdles so close that the horses, landing from the first jump, hardly had time to gather themselves together for the second. Silver Heels was seen to falter between the hurdles, but not so the indomitable Daughter of the Rajah!

"Now! Now! Watch!" This was Lord Leominster, trying to make his voice heard over the tumult raised by a hundred thousand excited spectators. "This is the sportiest jump in the Kingdom. Watch her go over it!"

Gorham presents "THE HUNT CLUB"

The distinguished new 1931 Sterling inspired by the traditional elegance of the Hunt Breakfast

The new "Hunt Club" Sterling is as smart for intimate, as for formal, entertaining. Dinner knife and fork and tablespoon are shown here.

Harford Hunt—Mr. Nicholas in the lead

Masters of these Famous Hunts

Harford . . . Middleburg
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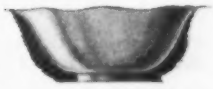
. . . are now using the "Hunt Club" Sterling in their beautiful country estates



Gorham designed this beautiful cup for the Autumn race meeting of the Harford Hunt at Monkton, Maryland.

IN the elegance of the Hunt Breakfast, Gorham artists have found inspiration for this suave, distinguished new Sterling—the "Hunt Club."

Already, masters of the smartest hunts in America are using the "Hunt Club" pattern in entertaining.

Among these renowned sportsmen-hosts are Harry I. Nicholas, Esq., Joint Master of Fox Hounds of the famed Harford Hunt—Daniel C. Sands, Esq., Master of Middleburg—Henry G. Vaughan, Esq., Master of Norfolk—Austin N. Niblack, Esq., Master of the Onwentsia Hunt.

Like the ceremonial of the hunt, Gorham's new "Hunt Club" is in the high tradition, inheriting from the elegance of silver created in the days of great manors and princely hospitality. Yet its clear, cool simplicity of line is as unimpeachably modern as the smart men and women who today ride to hounds.

When you see the "Hunt Club" Sterling at your own jeweler's, you will appreciate the elegance of decorative detail—notice in each lovely line the mark of the master . . . in subtle, long curve of knife handle . . . lovely contour of spoon bowl . . . delicate, graceful fluting of stem.

Yet a complete service for eight in Gorham's "Hunt Club" costs only $227. Beautiful hollow ware to match is also moderately priced. Each piece is identified by the name "Gorham" on the back or base.

Your own jeweler will gladly give you a beautifully illustrated 18-page booklet, "The Hunt Club," showing all the popular pieces in the new 1931 Gorham Sterling. Or simply send this coupon to The Gorham Company, Dept. J-1, Providence, R. I.

Name_____

Address_____

GORHAM

In using advertisements see page 6

"I'm only a bride, but *I've learned this*—

It's *folly* to pay more than 25¢ for tooth paste"

"WHEN you're married to a young fellow who is starting out in the world with a small salary, you certainly puncture a lot of theories while attempting to make both ends meet.

"Theories about what should be spent for clothes. For groceries. Even for tooth paste.

"Before marriage I used to think that unless a dress cost $100 it wasn't fit to be worn. Now I know better. I don't wear that kind any more. I used to think that one had to pay absurd prices for food, for meat, to get quality. But a few shopping tours with the I-want-my-money's-worth attitude convinced me that I was wrong about that, too.

"Finally I began to look at tooth paste with the critical eye of the Budgeteer. I asked myself 'Is there any sense in paying 40¢ or more for a dentifrice?' After a little experimenting, I learned that for 25¢ I could buy the finest quality tooth paste. At the outset I was a little skeptical but time proved that my teeth were whiter, my gums firmer, and my mouth healthier as a result of using Listerine Tooth Paste.

"Jim reported the same result. And it's a comfort to realize it saves us about $3 a year."

In less than 5 years, Listerine Tooth Paste has won its way to leadership. More than 4,000,000 people have discarded costly dentifrices in favor of this modern one at 25¢.

Such success could never have been won unless this tooth paste possessed outstanding quality and achieved remarkable results.

Buy a tube today. Note how swiftly but gently it cleans teeth, erasing tartar and discoloration. And note particularly the refreshing feeling it imparts to mouth and gums—the sensation you associate with Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy slippers with what you save

Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves you about $3 per year per person compared to dentifrices in the high-price field. Spend that $3 as you please. Slippers is merely a suggestion.

25¢

Listerine Tooth Paste

The American Marquis

Rajah's Daughter, two full lengths ahead, was rushing like a demon toward a fence laced with brush—a fence which hid a wide ditch filled with water—oh, surely too wide for any horse to jump! She went at it, though, like a thunderbolt, gathered herself for the leap, arose in powerful majesty—over the fence—over the ditch—but when she came down, though clear of the water, she must have struck a stretch of turf which had been softened by the rains of the previous days, for suddenly her front feet slipped out from under her, and down—down she went on the side of her head—her jockey rolling clear as she fell.

"Beastly luck!" exclaimed Lord Leominster, as Silver Heels safely made the jump and galloped easily toward the winning post.

"Good-night, two hundred dollars!" murmured Aunt Joe to herself.

But suddenly she stopped, and as she stood there in motionless thought she could feel the short curls tightening on the back of her neck as she realized that when she had so nonchalantly remarked to Lord Leominster, "Put me down for two hundred," it wasn't two hundred American dollars that he had put her down for—it was, of course, two hundred British pounds!

CHAPTER XXXIV

BECAUSE of the confusion in getting away from the track, the Marquis and Lady Phoebe stayed behind until all their guests had started for the Towers.

"There!" said Lady Phoebe, after she and the Marquis had embarked in the last car. And whether or not she had any hidden meaning, she added, "The end of a perfect day!"

"Not yet," said the Marquis, glancing out at the lengthened shadows of the trees.

"No?" asked Lady Phoebe archly. "But how intriguing!"

He didn't respond to that, sitting in his corner, indeed, so quietly that presently she said in her soothing, sympathetic voice.

"I suppose you are frightfully tired and headachy."

"No," he said. "My head hasn't bothered me once. I've enjoyed every minute of the day."

"I'm so pleased," she purred. "In fact, I think that every one enjoyed this week-end. They'll be glad to come again. And did you notice how keen every one was to meet you at the races? I felt so proud of you."

Still purring a little, she made an impulsive little movement which brought her shoulder against his. "Perfectly content," she half-sighed, drawing a deep breath, "and perfectly happy . . ."

The rhythmic hum of the motor might have been the accompaniment of a deep refrain which found its way, apparently unbidden, into the Marquis's mind.

"*Not* a bad idea—*not* a bad idea—" he found himself thinking. And as though trying to explain this to himself, he vaguely added, "She with her money, and knowledge of things over here, and I—well, at least I'm the Marquis . . ."

Nor did he draw away from her shoulder. Instead he felt a pleasant wave of warmth go over him—warmth not altogether unmixed with weakness, such as a swimmer in a tropical river might feel when after breasting the current for many a valiant hour, he finally resigns the struggle and allows himself to float with the stream.

Arrived at the Towers, he went to his room to dress for dinner, stopping now and then to look through the windows at his wide and splendid possessions—gazing at them with dreamy eyes, as though at the same time he were also contemplating another vista—an invisible prospect which was not without its charm.

"And it would solve so many problems," he told himself, slowly nodding his head at his reflection in the mirror.

He lifted his collar—a proud, starched affair

Clara Bow— Betty Bronson— Janet Gaynor— You —

In a flood of revealing light YOUR *skin can be flawlessly lovely to close observant eyes.*

Every woman must face her own particular *Close-up Test*

SMOOTH SKIN ***instantly attracts, say 45 Hollywood directors . . .***

A GIRL'S lovely skin is an instant attraction. A whole audience is swept by enthusiasm when the close-up brings the radiant loveliness of a star near to them.

And every woman must meet the scrutiny of close appraising eyes. Does your skin quicken the heart with its loveliness like Clara Bow's, Betty Bronson's, Janet Gaynor's? It can.

For the lovely screen stars have discovered a sure way to complexion beauty. Clara Bow, the bewitching little Paramount star, beguiling Betty Bronson, Janet Gaynor, the beloved Fox star, are among 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood who jealously guard their smooth skin with Lux Toilet Soap. Their enthusiasm has made it official in all studio dressing rooms.

Hollywood—Broadway—Europe the favorite beauty care

Not only the stars in Hollywood, but the famous Broadway stage stars, too, have enthusiastically adopted this gentle beauty care. So devoted are they to this fragrant white soap that it is in 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York. And even in Europe, the beautiful screen stars insist on this soap for *their* beauty.

MARY BRIAN
beloved Paramount star, says: "It's certainly a wonderful soap! I always use it!"

98% of the lovely complexions on the screen and radiant skin of girls everywhere are cared for with . . . **Lux Toilet Soap—10¢***

In using advertisements see page 6

Fashion, in Zion Curtains, keeps step with style!

ZION Curtains express the trend toward richness with just such handsome examples as the one illustrated. Significant features that stamp this curtain as decidedly new and smartly correct, are its

deep, rich fringe
Van Dyck points
graceful, leafy pattern

While this glass panel represents a brilliant selection of formal ZION Curtains for fall and winter windows, there are likewise hundreds of less decorative designs suitable for bedroom, hall or small cozy living room. Your favorite store undoubtedly has the newest numbers on display. Go to them and select the patterns that will bring your home in step with tomorrow's fashion.

All ZION Curtains and Nets are style-sponsored and manufactured exclusively by Marshall Field & Company, Wholesale, Chicago and New York

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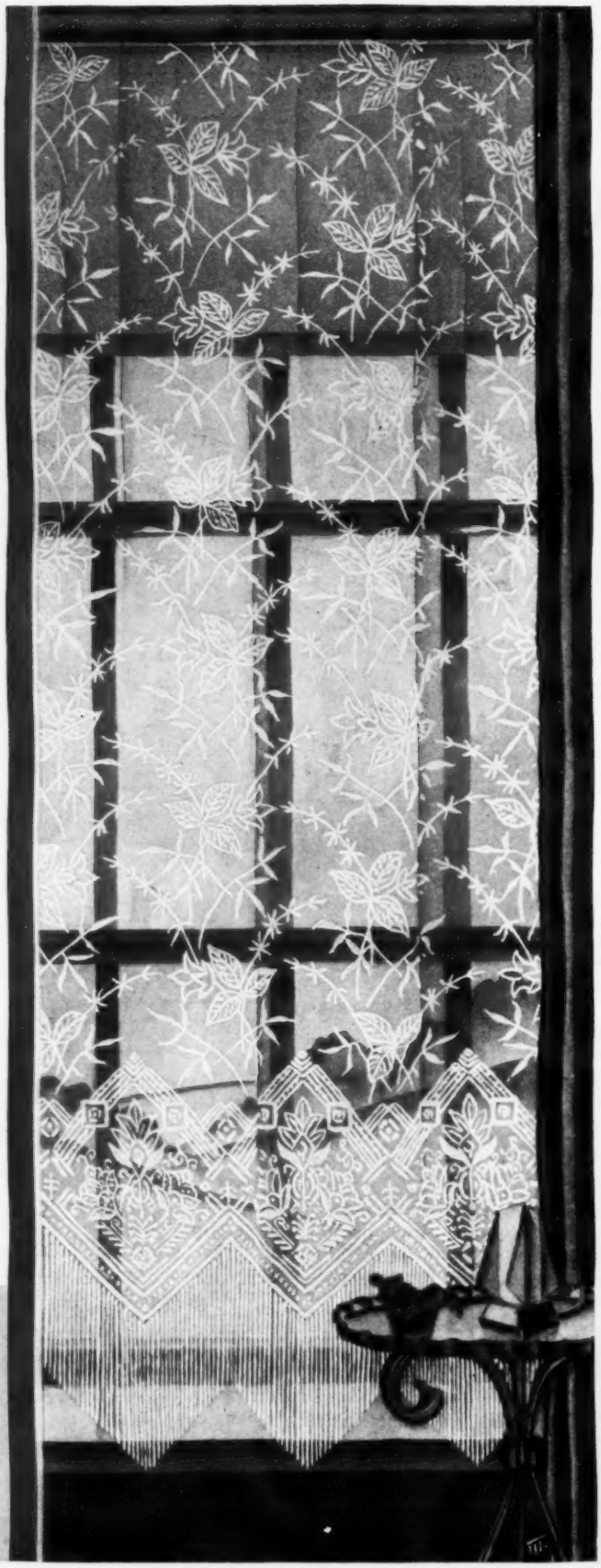

—and fastened it around his neck. "I'll wait till the crowd gets away, and then—well, I may have a talk with her."

He was the first one downstairs. The drawing-room being empty, he went to the library, knowing that the morning paper would be on the table there. The afternoon having been so balmy, the library windows had been opened. The Marquis, carrying the newspaper with him, selected a high-backed chair near one of the casements, but he didn't read much. Instead, his eyes gradually became dreamy again, and for the second time he slowly, thoughtfully, nodded his head, as though saying "Yes," to an important question which he couldn't dismiss from his mind.

The sound of voices outside the window recalled him from his reverie. This being the south wall of the house, there was a small flower-bed there and an ancient, sun-dialed terrace.

"Oh, there you are!" he heard Archey exclaim.

"Yes," said Lady Phoebe's cooler voice. "I was so busy this morning that I forgot the flowers for the dining-room table, and this is so much nearer than the garden."

"I was hoping I'd find you before the others came down."

"Yes?"

"Yes. I say, mater." There was a pause in which it would have been easy to read embarrassment. "I wasn't particularly lucky at the races this afternoon. I wonder if you could let me have a hundred pounds for a few days?"

"You know I won't," came the cool, quick reply.

Before Archey had asked his question, it had been in the Marquis's mind to announce his presence either by some remark or perhaps by a simulated cough—but even while he was wondering how best to do it, the opportunity passed. If now he coughed, or said "Good-evening, out there," they would know that he had heard them, and the Marquis's propriety would then only be purchased—and purchased dearly—by the price of Archey's confusion.

"I'll stay quiet," he thought. "They'll soon move away. I'll stay quiet, and they'll never know I was here."

"I told my bookie that I'd try to pay him this evening," he heard Archey continuing. "He's staying at the Crown till morning."

"What have you done with your money this month?" (This was Lady Phoebe's voice, but pitched in a peremptory key which the Marquis hadn't heard before.)

"I haven't wasted it, dear, if that's what you mean," answered Archey. "I still have forty or fifty pounds; but that's not enough, you see. Of course he can wait till the first of the month, when I shall be all right again. But the poor chap told me he was strapped, and if I could let him have the money now, it would help him."

"How strange—that you should think that his troubles would interest me!"

"But, Mother—Heaven knows you have plenty!"

"Yes; but that's precisely because I've always taken care of it. And what is more, I always *intend* to take care of it! Your father was like that—always coming with some excuse for wanting money—to pay his tailor, or a card loss, or something of the kind—and you'd be exactly the same if I was ever silly enough to begin giving in to you. Run along now, there's a dear. I have these flowers to pick before the others come downstairs."

The Marquis scarcely breathed until he heard her walk away, and then, not at all dreamy-eyed this time, he definitely—and emphatically—shook his massive head.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE guests had hardly gone the next morning when Mr. Chilthorn arrived.

"You have been here a week today, my lord," he said to the Marquis in the study, "and it seems to me that every time I have called

Style · yes
Comfort · yes
AND AN EASY POISE—
THAT WINS ADMIRING EYES

THANKS to their natural arch-fitting lines, you are always comfortable, in action or repose with Natural Bridge Arch Shoes.

Thanks, too, to their clever, artful designs, your feet look small, slim, *young*. And no matter how many tempting models you buy, there's no extravagance! For Natural Bridge Arch Shoes are as *good to the pocketbook* as they are *good to the foot* and *good to the eye. A shoe for every foot from girlhood to womanhood.*

Ask your local dealer for your copy of a picture in full color of that famous world wonder—the Natural Bridge of Virginia. Suitable for framing. If you do not know his name, write us.

NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS
Lynchburg (Division of Craddock-Terry Company) Virginia

LISTEN IN
Natural Bridge Shoemakers entertain with a delightfully different program over WJZ and Associated Stations, every Friday evening at 8:45 EasternDaylightSavingTime.

Widths AAA to EEE
$5 to $6
Why pay more when so much may be had for so little?

Shoe illustrated is one of many models. "Rogue." A four eyelet tie with Beige Calf tongue and threetone applique. Junior Leather heel, rubber lift. Also, black calf with contrasting trim.

Natural Bridge Arch Shoes

MUST BEAUTY COME TO TERMS WITH TIME?

As the years pass, must every lovely face yield a portion of its beauty, must every satiny throat and every youthful chinline accept the marks of middle age? Yours need not. If you will devote a fraction of each day to the proper care of your skin, you can make your youthful loveliness last indefinitely.

Dorothy Gray evolved simple, successful treatments that combat the first three marks of age: double chin, crêpy throat and wrinkles at eyes and mouth. Each treatment is planned to suit the different types of skin, each is readily followed at home—in just a few moments a day. The ★ Dorothy Gray preparations are sold at leading shops everywhere. Ask or write for the Dorothy Gray booklet of home treatments.

When next you're in Paris, enjoy your regular Dorothy Gray treatment at the newest Dorothy Gray salon, a lovely old house charmingly situated at 34, Avenue George V.

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 Fifth Avenue, New York City

PARIS, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, WASHINGTON, ATLANTIC CITY

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during that week I have been the bearer of bad news."

"You've brought some more?" asked the Marquis—beginning to wish, perhaps, that he could be like that pagan monarch who sent his messengers to the executioner unless they brought him cheerful tidings.

"I am sorry—yes. I had a letter from Lorrabee this morning—probably the last thing he ever wrote. You can do no better than read it."

It was, the Marquis soon discovered, the absconding man's confession. He told where he had sold the missing securities, though vague in his dates and amounts.

"Unfortunately," said Mr. Chilthorn, "these transactions took place on the Continent. We shall possibly get some of them back, but of course it will take time."

Deep down within, the Marquis made a secret gesture of surrender. "Possibly"—yes—they would "possibly" get some of them back—and just as "possibly" he would also get back some of the money which he had invested in the Uncas River Power Company and those other one-way enterprises.

"If I should return to America," he said, "and definitely give up the idea of being Marquis of Marlebone, who would succeed to the title?"

"Archibald Marlebone is the next in line."

"You mean Archey here?"

"Yes. You both descend from the same parent stock, but you are a step nearer than he is. You are four steps removed, and he is five—which, I suppose, makes you ninth cousins, or something like that."

"My daughters, then, couldn't inherit after me?"

"No, my lord. It is one of those titles which descend only along the male line."

So Archey would be the next. Perhaps, in consideration of this plaguey white elephant of a title, Archey might be willing to advance the money to return them all to Belleview. He would think of this again . . .

"LADY PHOEBE, of course, must be told," he said to Mr. Chilthorn, who had been waiting for him to speak. "We promised her that."

"Yes, my lord."

"Will you tell her, please?"

Mr. Chilthorn at first seemed about to speak at considerable length, drawing a full breath and making a preliminary gesture—but, breath and gesture suddenly going for nothing, he simply answered, "If you wish."

"You say that in time some of the estate ought to be recovered," continued the Marquis. "Will this be enough to repay Lady Phoebe for her advances?"

"I think so." Again Mr. Chilthorn drew a full breath, and this time, although cautiously, he used some of it. "There is, of course," he gently began, "another way out, and one which—er, personally—I had rather hoped would sooner or later be consummated. You may remember that on the train from Southampton I told you that Lady Phoebe Whitmarsh is extremely wealthy in her own right—and—er—er—to be perfectly frank with you, my lord, I—I had rather hoped—"

"A poor man and a rich wife?" quietly interrupted the Marquis. "I believe it works out well enough at times—and you may be interested to know that I considered the possibility myself once—but—I decided that it wouldn't work out well with me."

"I only mentioned it," said Mr. Chilthorn, "because it would have made everything so much simpler—the servants, for instance—"

"That's right; I was forgetting the servants. Will you please attend to them, too, Mr. Chilthorn? They can't stay any longer, of course. We brought one maid with us—I think we shall get along somehow until we decide what to do next."

Mr. Chilthorn left; and the Marquis, eschewing the bell-pull as a form of service for which he was no longer able to pay, went out and

DON'T WORRY! They'll come home next spring . . . as husky and handsome as ever

CANNON TOWELS IN ALL-OVER COLORS COST AS LITTLE AS 39c—AND THERE ARE OTHER STYLES TO SUIT ANY TASTE, AT PRICES FROM 25c TO $2.50.

NO MOTHER has any illusions about a towel's life at a boys' school. Towels serve so many purposes. They'll be wrapped around wet swimming suits to make fine medicine balls . . . tied in knots for an Indian fight . . . used to dust off Sunday shoes. So Junior's towels will have to be scrappers—up near the top in courage. And they *should be* down near the bottom in costs. ▪ Unless you've seen the newer Cannon kind, you don't half know how many strong points a single towel can have. Quick absorbency and gentle efficiency, of course . . . rugged resistance to use, and abuse—due to finer fiber and closer weave . . . most value because of greater output than all non-Cannon towels combined. Plus a special dash and chic and color charm that are *their own*. ▪ Cannon all-color reversibles have started an entirely new class of towel, smarter and more useful than any before. You can pick bold, straight-lined designs for Bob. For Jane, some sprinkled with gay spring blossoms. And still have several thrilling choices left for yourself and your guests, and your fussiest friends. ▪ New colors are jade, maize, orchid, peach, rose and turquoise—soft tones that blend into any bathroom's decorative scheme. New designs are all bright and breezy, yet just as proper up in grandmother's room. Then there are matching wash cloths and bath mats too—sold separately and in ensemble sets. As usual, the little Cannon label means a lot—in beauty, comfort, service, value. Look for it always before you buy. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

Write for this new booklet

It helps make every bath a joy and a tonic!

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Please send me your free booklet, "10 Kinds of Baths," containing the latest health ideas about bathing—and about towels. No obligation, of course.

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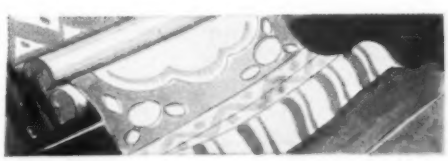
TO TEST ENDURANCE . . . *A great hotel made its own careful test before buying. Typical towels of all the well-known brands were sewed together into a great sheet and laundered a hundred times. Cannon towels showed far less wear than any of the others. On the basis of this strenuous test and on the basis of evident quality—this hotel now uses Cannon towels exclusively. So do the great majority of all hotels, clubs, hospitals, railroads and steamship lines. So do most homes.*



CANNON TOWELS

A good old friend
DONS A GAY NEW DRESS

"THERE'S A REASON"

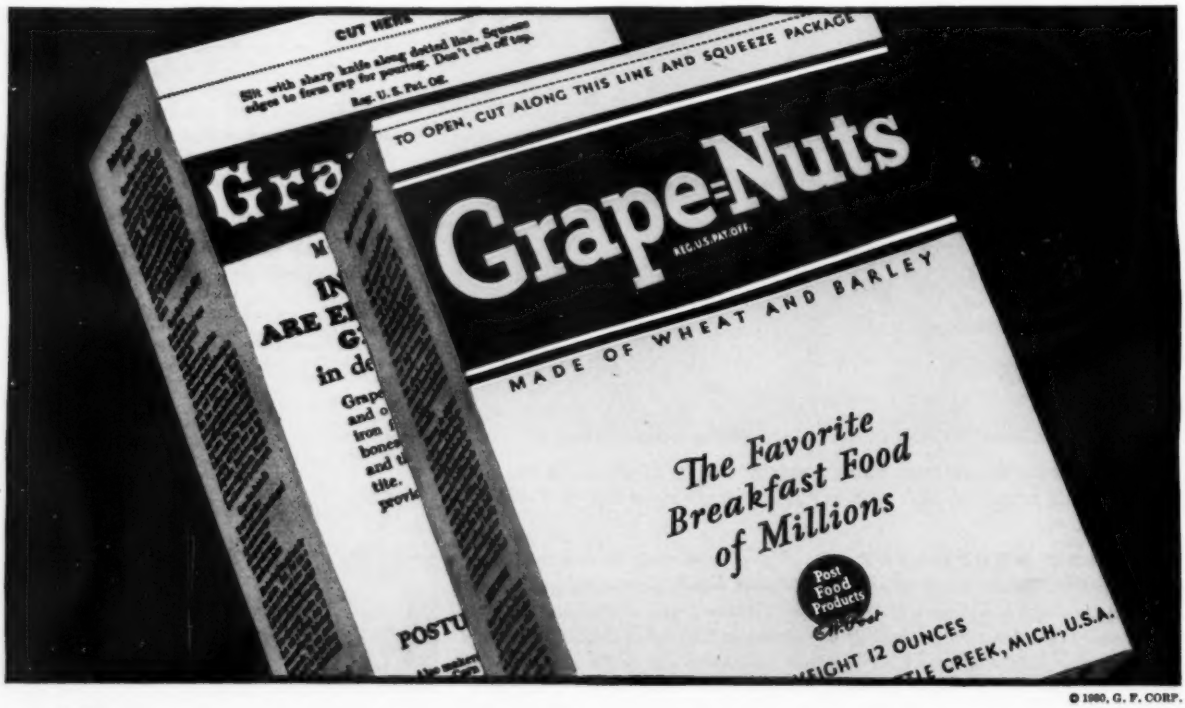
PROBABLY the millions of people who enjoy Grape-Nuts would like to know why the package has been changed . .

Well, the chief reason is that we wanted to make the package brighter, gayer, more suggestive of the fresh deliciousness of Grape-Nuts.

So now Grape-Nuts has a colorful, sunny *new* package, a package which is as appealing to the eye as Grape-Nuts is to the appetite.

A package that helps suggest the crunchy crispness of Grape-Nuts—the nut-like goodness of the plump, meaty, golden-brown kernels—the teasing deliciousness of an ever-so-delicate tinge of purest malt sugar.

Maybe your grocer hasn't received the new packages as yet. It takes time to distribute over the whole country, you know. But whether you buy Grape-Nuts to-day in the old package or the new package—the food itself is the same delicious food, the same wholesome, energy-giving food that has been a national favorite for many years. And the new package has the same generous quantity as the old. Grape-Nuts is a product of General Foods Corporation, and is sold by grocers everywhere.


CUT HERE
TO OPEN, CUT ALONG THIS LINE AND SQUEEZE PACKAGE
Grape-Nuts
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE OF WHEAT AND BARLEY
The Favorite Breakfast Food of Millions
Post Food Products
WEIGHT 12 OUNCES
TLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.

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Buy it to-day for breakfast to-morrow

rummaged around until he found Aunt Josephine.

"Will you get the rest of the family and bring them all to my study, Joe," he said.

"What's the matter?" she asked, feeling, perhaps, after settling with Lord Leominster, that she had troubles enough of her own. "You look like bad news."

"I've got bad news," he confessed, running his hand through the back of his hair—and wincing when he came to Athenie's bump. "But get the folks as soon as you can. I'll tell you all together."

Thus spurred, it didn't take Aunt Joe long to find Grandma and the two girls. They listened attentively to the story of the disappearing Mr. Lorrabee; and when it was over, Aunt Joe said:

"Well! It's a funny thing, but when I first saw that letter back home, I felt sure there was a trick in it."

"I *knew* there was!" said Grandma.

"So we're really no better off than we were in Belleview," mused Alicia.

"Not so well," said Grandma grimly. "I don't have the board money coming in here."

"But isn't there some income coming in from somewhere?" demanded Aunt Joe, looking through the windows at the great estate outside.

"About enough to pay for taxes," said the Marquis moodily. "And I can't handle any of that until the estate is settled."

"Then," said Aunt Josephine, beginning to stare, "we really *are* worse off than we were in Belleview!"

"Oh, no, Aunt Joe!" exclaimed Coral in her deepest voice. "Think of our titles! Even you are an Honorable! Think of our opportunities!"

"I'll give you an opportunity!" said Aunt Joe through her teeth, as she started after her sprightly niece.

Grandma, though, remained behind, watching her son attentively.

"What's Lady Phoebe going to do?" she asked.

"She'll go, of course. The servants are leaving, and I don't see how she can very well stay."

If you had been there, it might have seemed to you that Grandma drew a deep breath of relief.

"What would you have done?" he countered. "Would you have tried to keep the servants?"

"For at least once in my life, Lucius," said the valiant old lady, "I would have done exactly as you have done! Don't you worry! With Mizpah in the kitchen, and all these deer and sheep outside, nobody in this house is going to starve to death unless they want to!"

CHAPTER XXXVI

LADY PHOEBE was packing.

"She'll take a week," said Aunt Josephine, when Coral brought her the news. "The place is probably full of her things. I don't know how many years she has lived here."

"No," said Coral. "Archey was telling me. She moved practically all her things the week before we came. Don't you remember? She expected to leave the next day, but Dad asked her to stay on."

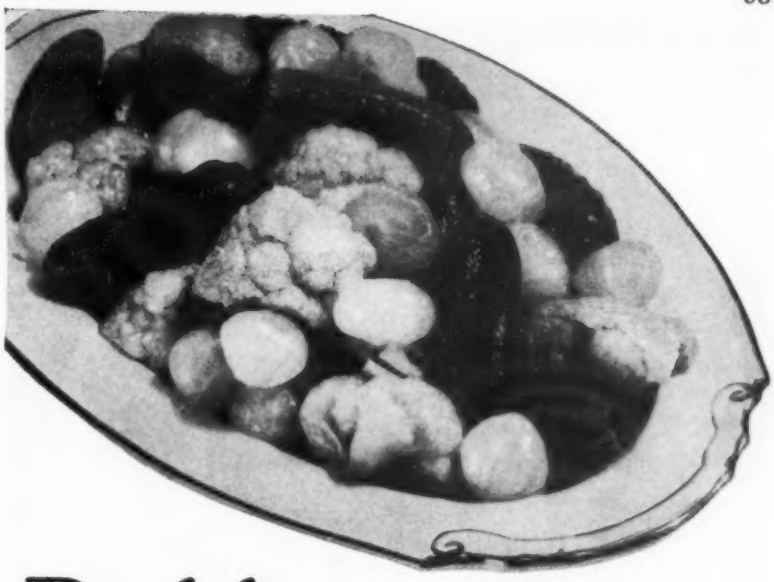
It is just possible that Josephine had a twinge of contrition then. Of course, Lady Phoebe wasn't a poor young girl being forced out in a snow-storm—but the Towers had been her home for years . . .

"Where's she going? Do you know?" she asked.

"Yes," said Coral. "She has a place near Southampton. Archey was telling me about it. She calls it 'The Band Box.' "

"Mmm," said Aunt Josephine, feeling better for the knowledge. "Well, she'll lead the band, wherever she goes."

The servants were evidently packing, too. None had been seen since Mr. Chilthorn had called them together downstairs and—on Lady Phoebe's instructions—had given them each



Pickles depend for goodness on this Racy, Sparkling Flavor

NOTHING in the world except mustard gives your pickles that provocative nip of lusty flavor . . . that important "just right" tang. Mustard stands head and shoulders above all others as the *essential* pickle ingredient.

And Colman's Mustard, above all others, adds to your pickles a raciness, a stimulating pungency nothing else can give.

For more than a hundred years Colman's has been milled from a particularly spicy little mustard seed that grows only in Lincolnshire, England. That's the secret of its rare, animated tang . . . its piquant, glowing flavor!

Sweet Tomato Pickles

1 peck green tomatoes sliced and 6 large onions sliced. Sprinkle with 1 cup salt and let stand overnight. In the morning, drain; add two quarts of water and one quart of vinegar. Boil 15 minutes, then drain again and throw this vinegar and water away. Add to pickle 2 lbs. sugar, 2 qts. vinegar, 2 tablespoons cloves, 2 tablespoons allspice, 2 tablespoons ginger, 2 tablespoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cayenne and 2 level tablespoons Colman's Mustard. Boil 15 minutes.

Mustard Bouquet Pickles

1 quart small white onions, peeled; 6 sweet green peppers with seeds removed and cut in shreds; 3 sweet red peppers, seeds removed and cut in shreds; 1 quart string beans with strings removed; 2 bunches carrots cut in small cubes; 1 quart sliced green tomatoes; 2 large cauliflowers with flowerets separated; 1 dozen small sour pickles.

Boil all but the pickles separately until tender, but not overdone. Soak in brine overnight (1 cup salt to 1 gallon of water). In the morning, drain and make following sauce:

1 cup flour; 1 tablespoon turmeric; 1½ cups sugar; 6 level tablespoons Colman's Mustard; 2 quarts cider vinegar.

Scald vinegar and sugar. Add flour, mustard and turmeric mixed with cold water until consistency of cream. Carefully boil, stirring to prevent lumping. Add all other ingredients and cook until just heated through. Seal in sterilized jars. This is an extremely delicious mustard pickle. You will be proud to say, "I made it!"

J. & J. Colman (U.S.A.) Ltd.
Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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By appointment to His Majesty the King

In using advertisements see page 6

Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap

New summer freedom

with this lighter, cooler sanitary protection

Kotex stays light, cool and delicate for hours . . . it deodorizes . . . fits perfectly . . . thus giving unique summer comfort.

MODERN living demands so much of us! Freedom and perfect poise . . . every day of every month . . . for sports or business or some other interest.

This constant activity would be very difficult, particularly in summer, without the wonderful comfort provided by Kotex. Kotex . . . with its light, cool construction . . . its careful shaping . . . its safe deodorizing . . . its easy disposability . . . has ended forever many disquieting mental and physical handicaps.

Used in hospitals

Many of the unusual comforts of Kotex are due to its unusual filler, Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This material is used by 85% of America's leading hospitals because of its comfort, absorbency and hygienic safety.

Cellucotton absorbs *five times* as much as an equal weight of cotton, or any cotton material. This means your Kotex pad can be five times lighter than ordinary pads, yet have the same absorbency.

Kotex deodorizes . . . so very important in summer. The corners are rounded and tapered to eliminate awkward lines. You dispose of Kotex like tissue. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

IN HOSPITALS

1. 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
2. ***Kotex is soft*** . . . not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3. ***Safe, secure*** . . . keeps your mind at ease.
4. ***Deodorizes*** . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. ***Disposable,*** instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

The American Marquis

the month's extra pay to which they were entitled in lieu of notice.

The service at the Towers had been so unobtrusive that to the casual observer it might not have been discernible. But as soon as it stopped, its absence was unmistakable. Rooms were not made up. Corridors weren't swept, dusted, and aired. Floors weren't polished. Rugs weren't straightened. Books, newspapers, and cigarette ashes were left where they had been dropped. Here and there a picture, touched by a careless or hurrying shoulder, hung slightly crooked on the wall. The men in armor had an unmistakable coat of dust on their visors and gauntlets.

Mizpah was the one who definitely brought the news. "Everybody's packing up and leaving but me, Miss Josephine," she said. "That gen'l'man from London who met us at the ship, he paid 'em all off."

"Yes," said Aunt Joe, speaking with great dignity. "You see, Mizpah, they had probably all been engaged at one time or another by Lady Phoebe; and now that she is leaving, they are naturally leaving, too."

But Mizpah had lived too long with Judge Marlebone not to realize that he was passing through one of those crises which gave to his life a richness and variety unknown to commoner men.

"Certainly going to be pretty lonesome down in that kitchen," she said, "if nobody's there but me."

"I'll be down there, Mizpah, with you, as soon as the others have gone," said Grandma, speaking for the first time. And to Josephine, "I've been dying to get in that kitchen ever since we came, but somehow it didn't seem right with all the help around."

"And if you don't mind, Miss' Marlebone," said Mizpah quickly, "I'll stay up here and make the beds till they've all cleared out downstairs. To tell the truth," she added in some embarrassment, "I been making my brags to 'em about all the money there was in this family, and it kind of looks funny now, the way things are turning out."

THE Marquis of Marlebone was in his study when Lady Phoebe came downstairs dressed for travel, a smart tweed coat over her arm.

"This is my address," she said, giving him a card. "Come and see me—if you can."

In the last three words, a captious critic might have wondered if there was rather more than a trace of gentle raillery.

"You're very kind," he said, "—but then you always have been. If it hadn't been for this man Lorrabee—Chilthorn tells me that you will be fully repaid so far as the money is concerned, but I can never hope to repay you—for—for—"

"I understand," she gently told him, "perhaps better than you know."

And shaking hands, her head smilingly on one side, she left him with one of those parting shots which are generally answered best about half an hour later.

"I often thank Heaven," she said, "that aside from Archey, I have no other family."

Later, when Josephine wanted to know what Lady Phoebe had said, the Marquis repressed her last remark.

The Sowersbys were the last to leave—a small truck moving their possessions down to the town where, for the present, they were to live with one of their married daughters. By that time it was well after four o'clock, and, with the exception of a plate of sandwiches and a pot of tea, the Marquis and his family had not eaten since breakfast. Archey had left with his mother, after the sketchiest of farewell wavings, and Coral had gone for a long walk over the fields, returning whistling and with the end of her nose somewhat red.

"There!" said Grandma grimly, when the family was alone at last. "Now I'm going down in the kitchen and have a good look around. Come on, Mizpah. Let's see what we can find down there."

THE THREE VITAL AIDS WHICH BEAUTY NEEDS TODAY

yours in this one silken cream that • cleanses • • supples • • tones •

then washes away!

© Pinaud 1930

YOU SAID: I don't believe it! *A minute a day to keep my skin lovely?* Why, I spend an hour! *The three essentials combined in one?* Why, I've got an army of bottles and jars! *Just smooth it on, then wash it off?* But a cream won't dissolve in water!

WE SAID: But this isn't just a Cream. It's an entirely new principle in skin care—a scientific modern short-cut to beauty. First of all it's a simply marvelous cleanser—melting deep into the pores, loosening all the close-packed little "plugs" of dirt and grime, leaving your skin more exquisitely, scientifically clean than any other preparation we know. But Pinaud's Cream is equally marvelous in providing just the right suppling oils for thirsty, dried-out tissues—leaving them fresh and buoyant again. And perhaps most remarkable of all is the way it emulsifies and washes away—not only leaving your pores really clean, but toning your face with Nature's finest astringent—clear, cold water!

AND THEN — you tried it! And you found that your skin had never been so exquisitely clean. You found it had never been so petal-smooth, so soft. You found enlarged pores beginning to contract naturally and permanently—as the sticky plugs which ordinary preparations leave behind were deftly *washed away.* You found a new bloom, a new fineness in the very texture of your skin. And you found that all this was possible in just a minute or two of your busy day! Will you ever go back to complex, costly, time-consuming treatments? Of course not . . . not with those lovely jade-green jars of Pinaud's Cream available at every smart shop in France, England, America! . . . Pinaud, Paris—New York.

In using advertisements see page 6

Send for this newest book on modern laundering . . . *it's yours* FREE!

COLORFUL, chatty and charmingly illustrated, this interesting text book contains all the newest and most practical information on modern ways of washing. It is written from the standpoint of the busy modern woman, to whom the saving of time and effort is so essential . . . written, too, from the authoritative experience of Kirkman & Son, makers of fine soap products for over ninety years.

Among the topics discussed are The Washing of Delicate Fabrics and the New Synthetic Silks, How to Wash Woolens Successfully, How to Prevent Colors from Fading, and all about Mechanical and Hand Laundering. Also included is advice on How to Soften Hard Water and How to Achieve Perfect Results in Ironing.

Just off the press, this valuable handbook represents a complete and practical aid to simpler laundering. Fill out the coupon below for your free copy as well as a generous sample of Kirkman's Soap Chips—pure white petals of soap that dislodge the dirt and prevent it from re-depositing.

Soft, white petals of purest soap

KIRKMAN'S SOAP CHIPS

KIRKMAN & SON, BROOKLYN, N. Y. A-S-SEPT.

Gentlemen: Please send me without charge your regular bathroom package of Kirkman's Soap Chips and "Modern Washing of Clothes and Dishes."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Because there is no substitute for purity there can be no substitute for Kirkman Products

The American Marquis

"Got to find it together, Miss' Marlebone," said the cheerful voice of Mizpah, as they descended the stairs. "I was never kep' out of a pantry, or away from a stove, so much in my life as when I came to these here Marlebone Towers."

In the drawing room the Marquis was moodily walking up and down beneath the well-nigh priceless paintings on the walls. For a week or two—perhaps a month or two—they might stay on, but it would be at least six months before he could take any of the money, and even then it would all be needed for taxes! On the other hand he couldn't get back to Belleview without money—and he doubted whether Josephine or Alicia had enough for their return passage—

"But there must be some way—some way—" he kept telling himself. "Now that Lady Phoebe's gone—yes, and everybody else—perhaps I can have a more satisfactory talk with Mr. Chilthorn—"

He stopped near the window and stood there so silently, staring outside, that Coral didn't see him when she entered. She walked slowly to the piano and stood there, her back to the room, quietly enough at first . . .

"What's the matter, honey-dear?" asked her father, gently moving toward her.

She couldn't tell him, but could only express herself with those great, blobby sobs which seem to conspire at times to make such a fool of grief.

"Don't, dear, don't," he said, not far from tears himself. "Stop now. Here's a car coming up the drive. Do you want some one to see you've been crying?"

IT WAS Archey's car, and the moment she saw it, Coral choked back her last sob. In quick succession then there was a short, excited blowing of the nose, the snapping of a compact case, the flourish of a powder puff, and when Archey entered the hallway a minute later, Coral chanced to be passing through—*à la* Mrs. Carruthers—and could hardly believe her eyes when she saw who it was!

"Oh!" she said. "Did you forget something?"

"Forget something?" He stared. "I don't think so."

"Sure you packed everything?"

"Packed?" he repeated. "Of course, I haven't packed! I took Mother home, and here I am back again. Of course, if you or your father *want* me to go—"

"We'll tell you when we do," said Coral, her voice somewhat more husky than usual. "But meanwhile let me tell you something else. If you're going to stay here, you're going to work."

"Splendid!" beamed Archey. "Where shall we begin?"

"Look at these rooms," she said. "Wait till I get an apron."

"You'd better bring one for me, too."

She was still laughing at him in his apron when the messenger-boy from Marlebone, laboriously pedaled his bicycle up the long drive.

"Telegram for Miss Josephine Marlebone," he announced, when Archey answered his ring at the door.

Josephine was washing teacups in the butler's pantry, but it didn't take her long to dry her hands and open the envelope.

" 'Have just arrived from France,' " she read. " 'Are motoring to London. Will call at Marlebone Towers five o'clock.

'Mr. and Mrs. J. Montague Chandler.' "

"The Chandlers!" gasped Aunt Joe. "From Belleview! The state of this house! The way we're fixed! And they'll be here in less than half an hour!"

(To be concluded)

Next Month

Begins in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING one of the most delightful stories we have ever read—the autobiography of

Mary Roberts Rinehart

This Voss Monel Metal Washer *has* Everything . . .

"It will last a Lifetime"

"Surface smooth as Glass"

"The beauty of Sterling"

EVERYTHING you could want in a modern washing machine . . . every improvement that makes home laundering easy, quick and efficient . . . you'll find in this new Voss Monel Metal Washer.

Monel Metal brings to modern washing machines the lifetime durability and protection you've always needed. This lustrous Nickel-copper alloy never rusts . . . never spots or stains your daintiest garments . . . never harms the most delicate fabric. Monel Metal defies corrosion . . . resists the attacks of hard water and washing compounds. It has steel-like strength to withstand hard use and heavy impacts. Beautiful Monel Metal is easy to clean and keep clean. It looks and lasts like fine sterling—it is solid all through.

You'll never realize how much a Monel Metal washer can mean to you until you see one. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the many improved features in the new Voss Monel Metal Washer. It will also pay you to ask your architect or plumber about a Monel Metal sink.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 WALL STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

MONEL METAL

MODERN AS TOMORROW

Monel Metal is a registered trade mark applied to a technically controlled nickel-copper alloy of high nickel content. Monel Metal is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

Send For Booklet

Don't deny yourself the convenience and protection of Monel Metal washing machines, kitchen sinks, table tops and other modern labor-saving equipment. Mail the coupon below for booklet giving sources of supply.

The International Nickel Company, Inc.
73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me literature checked below:

☐ Information on Monel Metal Washing Machines

☐ Booklet—"Planning the Modern Kitchen"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ C. H. 9-30

In using advertisements see page 6

Unguentine has taken the pain away

Don't let your child suffer an instant needlessly when Unguentine can stop the pain from a burn so quickly. Keep a tube in the house always.

Suave and soothing, Unguentine penetrates the skin and relieves the stinging, inflamed tissue underneath. Rapid, *natural* healing follows. Hardly ever is a scar left.

***Antiseptic*—guards against infection**

Unguentine prevents infection, too—and every burn is a potential infection. Unlike applications that dry out in a few minutes, and lose effectiveness, Unguentine's *antiseptic* action continues as long as it remains on the wound—safeguarding against infection, conquering pain.

Eight out of ten hospitals use Unguentine. Never be without it. Use it for burns, scalds, cuts, insect bites, bruises. It's easy to use—just spread it on gently and generously.

Get Unguentine from your druggist to-day. Only 50c for a tube that will relieve household hurts for months to come. Write for free booklet, "What to Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D., Dept. UC-9, The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Use Unguentine for sunburn, too. Stops painful burning, and helps change raw red to glorious tan.

Unguentine

Quick-healing and *antiseptic* for BURNS, CUTS, SCALDS, BRUISES

A Product of **The Norwich Pharmacal Company**

Carnival City

(*Continued from page 61*)

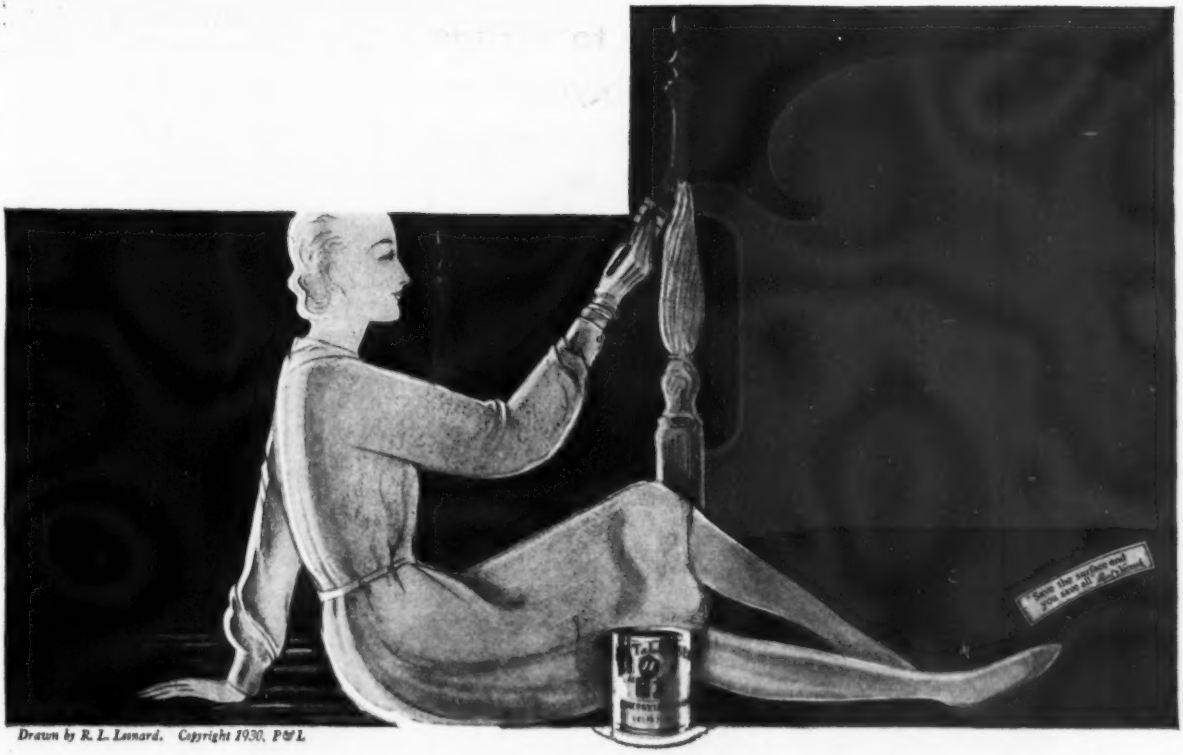
carry it home and save it for the next National Convention! But it is the King of Beasts himself that the Queens have chosen to honor. Their throne towers above his tawny, crouching, powerful form; rainbow-colored ribbons of paper, used in such profusion that they form a solid, billowing blanket, fall from the seat of Celeste Aida and, sweeping across the lion's mane, flicker down to the very pavement. Threading their way through these fragile, clinging strands, as nymphs might flutter through a waterfall, the Queens descend from their chariot and ascend the pavilion. President Leguia gives his arm to Aida and leads her to a seat beside him. She looks like a medieval bride, in her white satin gown with its full skirt and tight bodice, and her headdress of pearls; and certainly her attendants, in their raiment of nile green, of peach color, of silvery blue, would all have found their appointed places in a troubadour's Court of Love. The party, which was merry already, becomes merrier still with the arrival of these young and lovely visitors. The air is filled with that sweet, stinging spray from the *chisguetes;* and it is permeated with something stronger and subtler still—the stimulating, sparkling spirit of the Carnival of Lima.

It is easy to think of Lima as a carnival city, not only in its connection with its annual celebration of this festival, but also because of the romance that surrounds its story, because of its glamourous past and its radiant present; and I am glad that I approached it first, not prosaically, by train and boat, but adventurously, from the air. John and I had left the slumbrous and serene city of Arequipa at eleven one morning, in a small, swift mail-plane, and at four we had reached our destination, having traversed in five hours the ground which it would have taken us fifty to cover by train and boat!

Entering Lima

We approached Lima in a spirit of joy and adventure, and we approached it also from the outside looking in, rather than from the inside looking out; for an airdrome is necessarily located on the outskirts of a city, and we passed through some of Lima's pleasant suburbs before we reached its center. All these suburbs — especially Miraflores, Magdalena, Barranco, and San Isidro—are most attractive; the streets are wide and smooth, and embellished with a profusion of trees, shrubs, and flowers; the houses—many of them, rather strangely, of the English half-timbered type—are surrounded with swimming-pools and tennis courts, deep verandahs, wide lawns, and large gardens.

Of course these suburbs are modern in fact as well as in aspect; and the eager sight-seer, bent upon the immediate discovery of the ancient wonders of "the most glorious work of Pizarro's creation," will need to penetrate farther into the heart of the city before he finds them; and having found them, he must be prepared, in some instances, to meet with disappointment and disillusionment. The beautiful, carved stalls of the cathedral choir have been brightly varnished, the still more beautiful ceiling of the Senate Chamber—formerly the seat of the Inquisition in the New World—has been garishly painted; and irremediable injury has been done to both in the process. What is still worse, the charming pleasure-palace of La Perricholi, the sweetheart of the last Viceroy of Peru—immortalized in the exquisite story of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"—instead of being carefully preserved in the fulness of its delicate perfection, is used for a barracks, and horses are stabled in the basement, around which circle the streams which a river-bed was diverted to create, because a lovely woman wished to go to sleep to the sound of running water! Many other magnificent buildings have been mutilated or completely destroyed; and it seems strange that the Limenians, who take enormous pride—as well they may—in the glorious past of their



Drawn by R. L. Lenard. Copyright 1930, P&L

Play with color!

Dip your brush into "61" Quick Drying Enamel and surround yourself with vivid beauty in furniture, woodwork or floors. It *is* a pleasure to use "61" Quick Drying Enamel . . . solid-covering, free-flowing, self-leveling . . . *dries in 4 hours!* Gay colors that fit any color scheme . . . any shade you wish with a simple mixture of two or more colors. Ask your paint or hardware dealer to show you these delightful colors and be sure you get "61" if you want your work to be durable, wear-resistant and waterproof. Write for names of local "61" Q D E dealers and attractive color chart.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 79 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N.Y.
In Canada, 21 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario

PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

In using advertisements see page 6

how to escape a job you hate!

In Paste or Liquid Form

and save 50% of your dusting

■ Is there any way of having exquisitely polished furniture without the stickiness that *collects dust* and makes housework that much harder?

■ Yes! Experimenting on just this problem, chemists found that 50% less dust collects on Johnson's Wax than on ordinary oil-type polishes. These findings are certified by ourselves and by a well-known firm of New York chemists.

■ The diagrams above (in photograph) compare the different action of oil and wax on furniture. Upper one shows how dust particles stick on the oily film like flies on flypaper. Below—note how dust particles rest on top of dry waxed surface—and how few there are! You dust only half as often!

■ A practical little booklet, "Reducing the Care of Floors & Furniture" together with 25c can of Johnson's Wax will be sent on receipt of ten cents.

INSTRUCTIONS—

■ Johnson's Wax (either liquid or paste form) is applied like any polish, except that you use less of it. Wash surface clear of oil or dust first, and let it dry thoroughly. Apply Wax and polish with soft cloth.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. GH 9, Racine, Wis.
Gentlemen: Please send me full 25c can of Johnson's Wax and new booklet, "Reducing the Care of Floors and Furniture." Enclosed find 10c to cover mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

Carnival City

city, should have permitted these desecrations to occur.

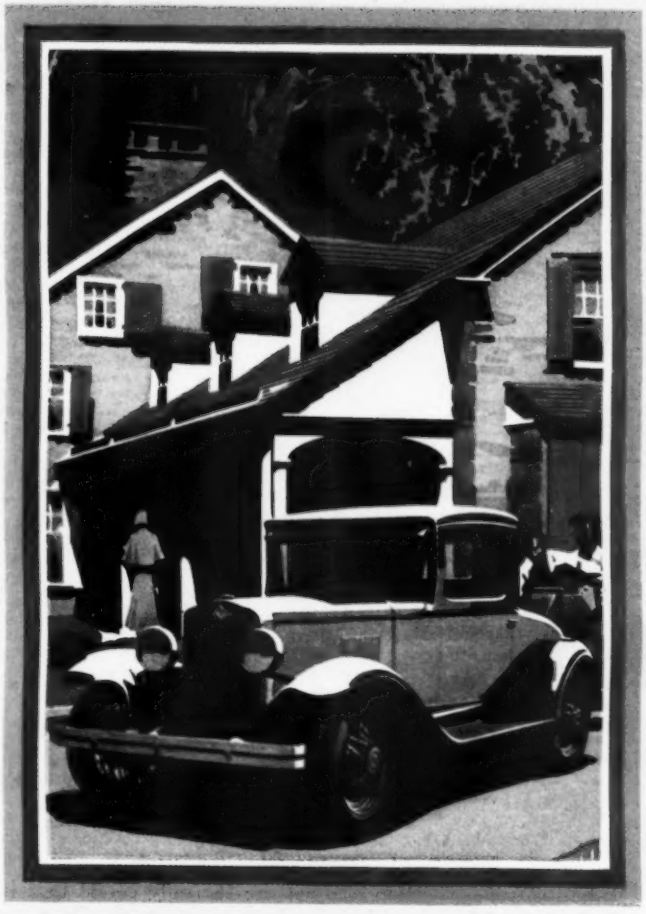
But in spite of such artistic sacrileges, there are still many lingering evidences of the fact that "Lima was long the first city in South America, through which the silver mines poured fabulous wealth," as Lord Bryce reminds us in his "Impressions and Observations" . . .

"Its Viceroy was the greatest man on the continent," he continues, "a potentate whose distant master could seldom interfere with him, for there were no telegraphs or steam vessels in those days. Nobody but the Archbishop could oppose him; nor need he fear anybody but the head of the Inquisition and the head of the Jesuits. The pomp that surrounded him, the pageants with which his entrance was celebrated were like those of a Mogul Emperor . . . Lima's Viceregal Court was long the center of the best society on the continent. Its Archbishop was the greatest ecclesiastical potentate on the Southern Hemisphere. It had a closer connection with Spain through its leading families, as well as through official channels, than any other place. Loyalty to the Spanish monarch was strongest here. It was the last great city that held out for the Catholic King, long after all the other countries, both to the North and South, had followed the examples of revolt set by Mexico and Argentina . . . Few riches of antiquity are left anywhere in Lima. Yet . . . out of the many fine old mansions of former days, one has been preserved intact, with a beautiful gallery running along its four sides, a spacious patio, and in front a long-windowed, richly decorated balcony, a gem of the domestic architecture of the seventeenth century, perhaps the most perfect that earthquakes, fire and war have permitted to survive in South America."

An Architectural Marvel

The building to which Lord Bryce refers with such unqualified enthusiasm is the Torre-Tagle Palace, for centuries the home of the family by that name, and a center of the most elegant and cultured social life of the city, and now the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It owes its exquisite state of preservation to Dr. Alberto Salomon, who during his incumbency as Minister caused it to be skilfully restored to its original state of magnificence without imparing in the slightest degree its air of antiquity. Nowhere else in the city do those shuttered, rectangular balconies of dark carved wood, so typically and uniquely Limenian, and so tastefully reproduced in many of the more modern dwellings, disclose such delicate craftsmanship; nowhere else are the sculptured ceilings, the tiled floors, the broad staircases and galleries, the superb suites of apartments so imposing and stately. During office hours, the inevitable bustle and stir of business detract a little from Torre-Tagle's air of romance. But if it is possible to go later in the day, when everything is quiet, the empty house seems peopled from the past. The lovely Limenian ladies—the *tapadas* (covered ones) as they were called—who draped their black *mantas* about their heads in such a way as to leave only one eye exposed, and held these half-concealing, hair-revealing draperies against their breasts with a bejeweled hand; the Archbishop in his scarlet and purple; the Viceroy in his velvet and lace; the courtiers and *Conquistadores*, the Jesuits, the ladies-in-waiting—across the patio, up the tiled steps, through the galleries, in and out of the balconies, they seem to pass, filling them with the vibrant life, the vivid color, of the carnival city as it must have been two centuries ago.

No intelligent observer could possibly dispute the Torre-Tagle's position of preeminence among secular buildings not only in Lima, but in all South America; however, there are two other ancient buildings in the city which seem to me scarcely less lovely and interesting, even though they are less imposing. One of these is the palace of the Paz-Soldan family, now used



for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

IT'S WISE TO
CHOOSE A SIX

You can be proud of the **CHEVROLET SIX**

because it is thoroughly modern

Women know *style*. And so their eyes instantly approve the Chevrolet Six, with its modishly smart Bodies by Fisher, harmonious in every detail. Each model is gracefully long and low—as a modern car must be—to inspire pride when you ride, or call for friends, or park before your home.

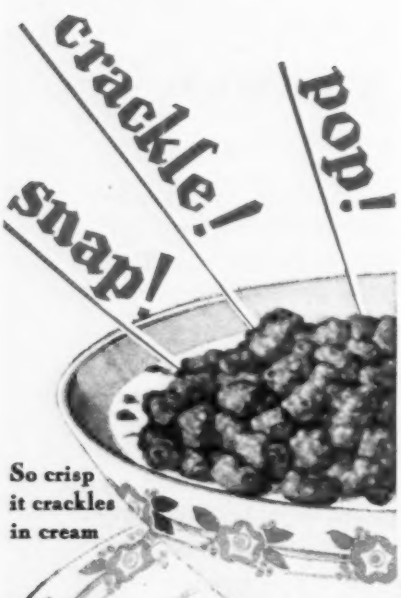
You will be fully as proud of what you can *do* with a Chevrolet Six, because of its thoroughly modern six-cylinder design. Nothing less than six cylinders can permit such smooth, easy, capable handling, with such gratifying peace-of-mind in every situation.

Once you feel modern six-cylinder advantages, you will insist that it's wise to choose a Six—especially since there is no premium to pay for all the extra performance, comfort, style and pride assured by the Chevrolet Six.

Roadster or Phaeton . . . $495
Sport Roadster $535
Coach or Coupe $565
Sport Coupe $635
Club Sedan $665
Sedan $675
Special Sedan $725
(6 wire wheels standard)
Prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Mich.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

"It Sho Do Crackle"



INDEED, Kellogg's Rice Krispies are the only cereal that is so crisp it "talks"! Golden-toasted flavor-bubbles that crackle right out loud when you pour on the milk or cream. . . . Have them for breakfast. Taste the flavor of sun-browned rice as it crunches in your mouth. No wonder Rice Krispies are such favorites with both grown-ups and children.

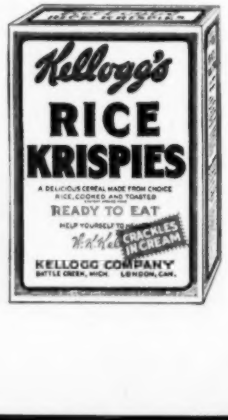
What could be more wholesome? Nourishing, healthful rice in easy-to-digest form. Ideal to serve with the afternoon glass of milk when the youngsters come from school. For nursery suppers. Excellent for lunch with fruits or honey added.

Try Rice Krispies in cookery too. They take the place of nutmeats. Make delicious candies. Use in salads, soups. Sold by all grocers. Served by hotels, restaurants. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. *Try the delicious macaroon recipe below:*

RICE KRISPIES MACAROONS

2 egg whites
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup shredded cocoanut
2 cups Kellogg's Rice Krispies
½ cup nutmeats (chopped)
½ teaspoon vanilla

Beat the egg whites until stiff. Fold the sugar into the egg whites. Then add the vanilla, Rice Krispies, cocoanut and nutmeats. . . . Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered pan, and bake in a moderate oven (400°F.) until the macaroons are a delicate brown. Recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.



Kellogg's RICE ★ KRISPIES

Carnival City

as the headquarters of the Entre Nous Club—an organization, which, from what I saw of it, seems to me to be in a position to dispute the claim of the *Liga de Damas Chilenas* to having the only woman's club, as we understand the term, in South America. Its membership includes many of the most prominent women in Lima; it is entirely self-supporting; it has kept clear of the octopus of political obligations; and it provides its members, not only with the usual forms of entertainment in the way of lectures, concerts, and so on, but with an excellent lending library, and with a center for exhibitions of various sorts. The exquisite little private chapel, carved and gilded—the niches of its altar adorned with small graceful images—which is disclosed beyond folding doors, the "earthquake arches" solidly built of stone between adjoining rooms which served as shelter in times of peril; the deep, shuttered shelves—also placed between two rooms—where lamps were set, frugally illuminating both apartments at the same time; the dark wooden bars, not unlike corkscrews in shape, on the tall carved windows, so characteristic of Lima, and at the same time so reminiscent of our own Colonial "spool" furniture; the summer dining room, cool, huge, open to the pleasant, flickering breezes fluttering through it—all these seem significant and beautiful enough, to the outsider, to serve as "exhibitions" themselves, but the members of the Entre Nous Club may enjoy them every day.

The other ancient Limenian building—or rather group of buildings—which I found most absorbingly interesting were those which were once the home of that remarkable woman, born near the end of the sixteenth century, who has become known to posterity as Santa Rosa de Lima—the only person on this continent who has been glorified by canonization, though one or two others have been beatified. The daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic family, with money, intellect, prestige, and beauty to fortify her position, she dedicated herself, from early youth, to the service of humanity and of God; and in due course of time entered the order of the Dominicans. She converted one of the smaller houses on her father's estate into a hospital where she cared for sick children; and this and the other places—all within the same enclosure—especially associated with her life and labors have been beautifully and fittingly preserved, and are called the Sanctuario of Santa Rosa. The well into which she cast the key of her iron girdle still stands in the fragrant, quiet garden, not far from the cell which she occupied in the later part of her life. Her original bedroom has been made into a chapel, and the room in which she was born has been reverently kept. A visit to this Sanctuario recalls, inevitably, a visit to the home of that other sanctified woman, Catherine of Sienna. Most of us, whatever our belief—or lack of it—are convinced that in certain rare instances, an understanding sympathy, a power and a vision, are mysteriously granted to some human beings, while these qualities are withheld from most of their fellow creatures. Admitting this, we should inevitably concede that both the Siennese Catherine and the Limenian Rosa were dowered with such understanding sympathy, such power, such vision, and derive inspiration and enlightenment from the scene of their activities.

Maggie Conroy

It may seem a far cry to you from a sixteenth-century saint to a twentieth-century teacher; but the fact remains that during the troubled days when the feeling over the boundary line between Chile and Peru was most bitter, the Peruvian press coupled the name of Santa Rosa with that of Maggie Conroy in designating the two greatest women that Lima has ever produced. It went a step further; it called Maggie Conroy the Peruvian Joan of Arc. And Maggie Conroy, in everyday life, is a teacher of languages, with the gift of tongues which is partly the legacy of a roving Irish grandfather who finally settled in Lima, married into a distinguished family, and became a Peruvian citizen; and partly a God-given talent which she has developed and expanded by unremitting study and constant practice. Miss Conroy was sent by her government as a delegate to the Pan-American Conference in Baltimore—that wonderful gathering organized and directed by the League of Women Voters, which gave the women of the United States their first general opportunity to meet face to face the Latin leaders in the various fields of feminine endeavor—and the brilliancy and buoyancy which make her so outstanding a figure in Peru immediately won her a host of friends in every one of our cities which she visited. She was next chosen to accompany the *Comision Plebiscitania* for the Tacna-Arica Controversy in the capacity of official interpreter, and remained with it for an entire year on the ship anchored off the disputed territory. Her task was extremely difficult; she had no opportunity for diversion, for relaxation, or for exercise, and only a modicum of the elementary comforts of life; and the errand upon which the mission had been sent appeared for so long to be futile and fruitless that there was constantly an atmosphere of depression and hopelessness with which to contend. The tact and skill with which she met the situation, the spirit of cheerfulness which she not only showed herself, but spread about her; and her persistent refusal to admit that in the end the outcome of the dispute would be war, not peace—all these qualities and many others which she displayed were extremely far-reaching in their influence; and that these have received the wide-spread recognition which they deserve is a credit to her country as well as to herself.

The Naval Mission

And here it occurs to me that I should perhaps stop writing—at least temporarily!—about Miss Conroy and tell you a little about the Naval Mission. Peru, in common with many other countries, has sought foreign cooperation in building up certain government departments. It has, for instance, a Spanish Police Mission there at present, and there are British, Italian, and French, and other missions on the continent. I have never heard a South American suggest that any of these missions had "imperialistic" designs; and their presence, which is of course the result of official invitation in every case, is sought because of the benefits which it is believed can be gained through their experience and advice, and retained because it proves helpful and welcome. Since the arrival of the United States' Mission in 1921, an advancement has been made in naval science, organization, and equipment which is extremely satisfactory to the Peruvian Government. The development of the Naval Academy at Callao, under the direction of Captain Charles Gordon Davy, has been a work of such tremendous scope and has been achieved in such a spirit of consecration that a visit to this institution is a privilege as well as a pleasure; while a visit to Ancon—the Deauville of Peru, twenty-five miles north of Lima—where the school of Naval Aeronautics is situated, reveals an equally gratifying degree of progress.

John and I spent a delightful day there as the guests of Commander and Mrs. Wyatt, flying back and forth, and "wedging in," after an inspection of the school, a swift trip by motor boat to the guano islands which lie off the coast—strange, sharp rocks rising abruptly from the sea, dazzling white from the priceless deposit which lies upon them, but giving an illusion of blackness except when the myriad flocks of birds clustered upon them rise in swift and sudden flight and circle overhead. These islands are carefully guarded day and night, as well they may be, for far too often in the past the wealth which they yield has been lawlessly seized; and since it is already diminished in quantity, it requires zealous

Beautiful Alice White, charming film star, knows the beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat Rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty — color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, marvelous *underglow* that makes brilliancy natural.

Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of accustomed flat, shallow, "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat *amazes*—gives beauty so thrilling that it actually bewilders.

The Life Principle of All Color Is GLOW. The mysterious fire of rubies, the fascinating hues of pearls, the soft, velvety tints of flowers — all depend upon *glow*. So does the subtle tone of the complexion, if it is to be truly beautiful. Now then! Where ordinary rouge *blots out* glow, Princess Pat *imparts it*. Wonderful, luminous color seems actually to come from within the skin. It modulates, glows — so that only beauty is seen — "painty" effects never.

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color. No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones*, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. A mystical *undertone* gives lovely *glow* — an overtone gives vibrant, glorious color. And, too, Princess Pat magically changes on the skin, adjusting intensity to your individual need.

Every Shade of Princess Pat Rouge Matches Any Skin. Whether you are blonde or brunette, any shade of Princess Pat will match your *skin and type*. The duo-tone secret does this. And what an advantage! You can, at will, use shades for brilliancy; for rich, glowing healthful color; for wondrous delicacy; for exotic, radiant beauty under artificial light.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before.

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty for *your* complexion is too precious to defer. Today, then, secure Princess Pat rouge and discover how gloriously lovely you *can be*.

PRINCESS PAT *

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Dept. A-1399

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set,

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

In using advertisements see page 6

I'VE HAD THESE SHEETS FOR EIGHT YEARS. THEY'VE NEVER BEEN SCRUBBED..... JUST SOAKED IN RINSO SUDS
SCRUBBING AND BOILING EVERY WEEK RUINS MY LINENS. I MUST TRY RINSO

NEXT WASHDAY
LOOK, MOTHER.. DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH SUDS? HOW GLAD I AM I CHANGED TO RINSO AT LAST
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? I NEVER SAW WHITER CLOTHES

New kind of washday gets clothes whiter

safely . . . without scrubbing

WHEN a laundry soap saves work and gets clothes whiter, too—you can be pretty sure women everywhere are going to talk about it.

And they do! Millions of women all over the country are singing the praises of Rinso. "For safety, for economy, for snowy washes—give me Rinso!" writes Mrs. W. D. Villars of St. Paul, Minn. That's what *thousands* tell us!

Rinso saves the clothes. They don't need to be scrubbed threadbare. A real thrift-soap; gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as the lightweight, puffed-up kinds.

Great in washers, too

The makers of 38 famous washing machines recommend Rinso. All that's needed in tub or washer, even in hardest water—no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Get the BIG package. Mavelous for dishes, too . . . *loosens grease in a flash.*

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

Millions use Rinso
in tub, washer and dishpan

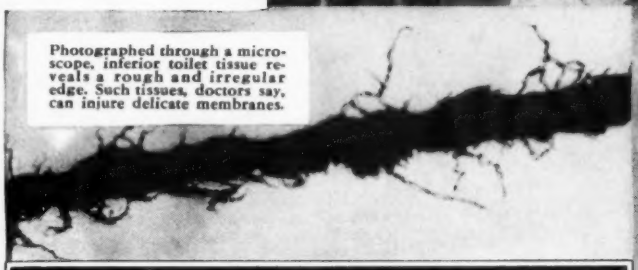
Carnival City

protection. Indeed, Peru has been peculiarly unfortunate in the reduction or loss of the natural products which belong to its drier regions; the guano of these rainless islands; the nitrate which lies in the district which has become Chilean territory "by right of conquest"; and the silver which was forfeited when Bolivia—where many of the richest mines containing it were located—was created as a separate republic. Some silver and copper mines still remain to her, to be sure, in the high Andes on Peruvian soil; and from these and from agriculture—the potential riches of which are in the first stages of development—its future sources of prosperity will surely spring.

Meanwhile, even when times are hard, financially speaking, for some Peruvians, they accept the reverses of fluctuating fortune with that splendid spirit which never fails to carry on and carry through—carnival spirit! And the stranger in their midst finds that whatever their problems may be, they make of life a leisurely and a lovely experience. There is no sense, in Lima, of either haste or friction; and the warm, tranquil days slide past filled—but not crowded—with pleasures, with impressions which prove rich and lasting rather than transitory and stimulating. How peaceful it is in the ancient convent garden of the Sacred Heart that lies secluded in the very center of the city, where all the flowers—one of the nuns tells us—"turn toward the Virgin's Shrine," and what poetry lies hidden in her words of simple and unquestioning faith! How the learning and wisdom of the ages seem to fill the colonnaded courtyards of the University of San Marcos—the oldest university on this continent, for it was founded in 1551, nearly one hundred years before Harvard and William and Mary came into existence! What priceless archæological specimens of a buried and remote civilization—evidences of a culture the discovery of which will clarify obscure passages of history—has been assembled by the great scholar, Dr. Francisco Grañas, in the Inca Museum! How vital seems the personality of Bolivar the Liberator of all the Northern Republics of the continent, and the first President of independent Peru, as disclosed through the relics and records of his life displayed in the house which was his residence when he lived in Lima, and which is now known as the Museo Bolivariano. The director of this collection, an author and historian of note, is Dr. Jorge Guillermo Leguia, a cousin of the President; we met him first the day before we met one of the President's brothers, Roberto Leguia, the President of the Senate, at the inauguration of the Beneficencia which I have mentioned before; three days before we met another of the President's brothers, Eduardo S. Leguia, the new Minister to France, at a delightful luncheon given by the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Lyrot in celebration of his appointment; while the President's daughters—one of whom, a charming widow, keeps house for him, as he is a widower—honor this and almost every other social occasion with their presence. Indeed, the general prominence and distinction of the Leguia family is reminiscent of the prominence and distinction attained a little more than a century ago by the family of Napoleon Bonaparte; and some observers have not hesitated to compare the President himself with the "little general," and other great world leaders.

An Extraordinary Career

His career has been an extraordinary one: as a youngster he went to school in Valparaiso, where he learned English perfectly; later he took up commercial studies in Lima. He fought in the Peruvian-Chilean war, taking part in the battle of Miraflores, and in the defense of Lima, and after the war he first associated himself with two large insurance companies, and then became General Manager of the British Sugar Corporation. In 1903 he was appointed Minister of Finance, a position he occupied until he was elected President



Photographed through a microscope, inferior toilet tissue reveals a rough and irregular edge. Such tissues, doctors say, can injure delicate membranes.

How Toilet Tissue Illness is Caused

. . . and how it can be prevented

LOOK closely at the photograph above. Notice the harsh surface! This is a cross section (the edge) of a sheet of ordinary poor quality toilet tissue. It has been magnified 35 times.

Do you wonder that ten million people in this country are suffering from some form of rectal trouble?

Doctors and hospitals have repeatedly warned housewives to be careful in selecting toilet tissue.

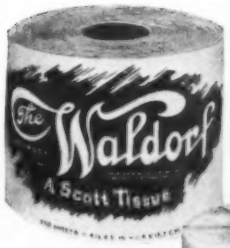
It has been estimated that nearly half of the toilet tissues sold today are unfit for bathroom use.

Many are rough surfaced. Or glazed! Or chemically impure—made from reclaimed waste material.

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are three famous tissues which meet all the requirements medical authorities say toilet tissue must have to be safe: *softness*, *absorbency*, *chemical purity*.

Crumpled in the hand, they feel as suave and soft as old linen.

Take no chances with the tissue you buy for your bathrooms. Always ask for ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue, Waldorf. Tell your grocer no other kind will do. Scott Paper Company.



WALDORF
3 for 20¢

SCOTTISSUE
2 for 25¢

Prices for U. S. only

Scott Tissues

"Soft as Old Linen"

In addition to ScotTissue and Waldorf, dealers now offer Sani-Tissue, the new popular priced white toilet tissue with the same health-protecting qualities.

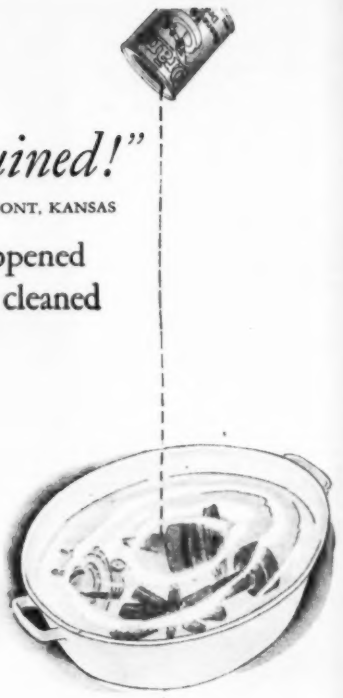
In using advertisements see page 6

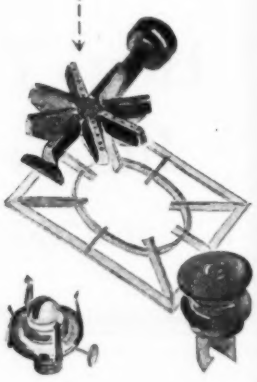
"I rushed to the kitchen . . .

My beautiful, new gas stove was ruined!"

WRITES MRS. SCOTT GRAHAM OF ALTAMONT, KANSAS

—but read how Drāno opened the burner "eyes" and cleaned the cooking-top





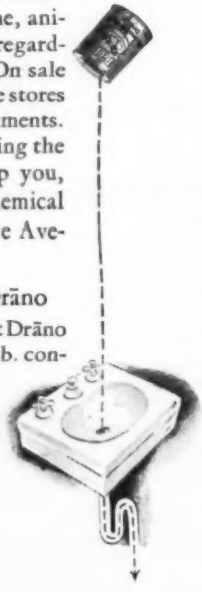
If you've ever had jelly to boil over—or anything else, for that matter—then you know how Mrs. Scott Graham felt. A cooking tragedy—but it had a happy ending. Just a Drāno soaking, and the messy, sticky burners and cooking-top were clean and bright as new.

And the Drāno way is the quick and easy way to remove food or fuel deposits from burners of every kind—gas, gasoline or oil. Just as it is the laborless way to clean grease-encrusted skillets, broiler-pans and roasters; food-burned cooking-ware; casseroles and waffle-irons; stained glassware and vases; poultry troughs and odorous garbage cans.

Of course, you are using Drāno regularly to keep the drains in your home open and fast-flowing. Now let it do all those other time-wasting, hard-to-do cleaning jobs for you. For Drāno melts away accumulations of grease and grime, animal and vegetable matter, regardless of where they collect. On sale at all grocery, drug, hardware stores and house furnishings departments. For copy of our booklet, telling the many ways Drāno can help you, write to The Drackett Chemical Company, 5020 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Tell your husband about Drāno

Does your husband know that Drāno is packed in 5, 10, 25 and 50-lb. containers for industrial use? Drāno is used for difficult or unusual cleaning jobs—in hotels, mills, mines and all kinds of factories—and is available through supply houses.



Here is the way to clean burners and stove parts of all kinds

Put two cupfuls of water into dishpan (any kind but aluminum). Add ¼ can of Drāno. After Drāno has dissolved, put burners or stove parts into the solution, and add enough water to cover. Move articles about so that solution touches all surfaces. Let soak an hour or two. Pour off solution and rinse thoroughly with hot water.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

. . . keeps them free-flowing

Carnival City

five years later. This administration was an extremely agitated one, and so was the administration of his successor, Billinghurst, in the course of which Leguia was first imprisoned and then deported to Panama. Entirely undaunted by these experiences, he proceeded to London and established himself in business there; and in 1918 he triumphantly returned to his native land and has been its Chief Executive ever since. "Autocratic, but exceedingly efficient," says Herbert Adams Gibbons in speaking of Leguia's achievements, "he put a different spirit into the administration of affairs. . . . For ten years he has held undisputed sway in Peru. . . . Having downed the politicians, this Mussolini of Peru has thrown himself into a program of reforms and internal developments. . . . His great problems are the character of the population, its lack of education, and the extraordinary configuration of the country. . . . His great cares—road building. irrigation, improved sanitation, and the encouragement of aviation. We need a spirit of open-mindedness, of understanding, of interested hopefulness, when we see a man like Augusto Leguia at his job."

President Leguia

All these President Leguia has been able to command; and he has attained, moreover, almost universal admiration for his achievements in the face of difficulties, and a degree of personal popularity which amounts to adoration.

"Have you met the President yet?" I was asked so many times during my first few days in Lima that I lost count of them. "Well, you'll be charmed with him. He's simply delightful. There's no one like him, absolutely no one!"

I met the President, all in due course, more than once and with fitting ceremony; but I met him first, as I have said before, when the cares of office were temporarily abandoned, and he was enjoying himself immensely and giving enjoyment to hundreds of others. It is thus that I shall always remember him best, and therefore it is thus that I have chosen to describe him primarily to you. For you can read of him, as a statesman and a leader, in any book about South America which you pick up; but perhaps you will never read—except in this letter—about how he appeared as he stood saluting the floats as they passed in bright array before the presidential pavilion, the lovely, laughing girl who was Queen of the Carnival on his arm, his silk hat in one hand, his *chisguete* in the other, slender, suave, smiling—the idol of the holiday throng. . . .

It is late at night, for as usual I have been out to dinner, and a dinner which *begins* at nine o'clock is considered early in Lima! I have been sitting on a wide paved open terrace facing a beautiful garden with my host and hostess and some of my fellow guests, listening to the strains of Inca music from the opera of "Ollantay." Other guests have been playing it for us—on a violin, and on the piano which stands at the end of the entrance hall, under a somber, splendid, ancient portrait of one of the *Conquistadores*—but from where we sat, it sounded like the call of the *quenas*—the Inca flutes which still echo over the Cuzco hills. There was nothing on the terrace to destroy the illusion—no noise, no motion, no light except that which shone from the dim lantern above the garden gate, and the two little flickering lamps at either side of the sacred image on the wall. There have been so many delightful dinners here in Lima—dinners at the different legations—dinners in the American houses—dinners in Peruvian homes—but none more significant and more lovely than this. Tomorrow we shall be on our way to Ecuador; and since it is time for me to go away from the Carnival City, I am glad that I am leaving it, as I entered it, feeling that it is filled with music!

Always affectionately yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

"This work was an answer to my prayer for help. For five years it has supported my sick husband and myself," says Mrs. Chisholm, of Virginia.

"My Lansdowne earnings are often $200 a month," Mrs. Westerbeke, of Florida, tells us enthusiastically.

A Buick car . . . her daughter's education and a fruit grove in Florida are some of the ways Mrs. Snyder, of New York, spends her Lansdowne income. $15,000 in six years!

Made $340 to $400 apiece

in 4 to 8 Weeks, working only part time

Without experience, and working only part time, you can turn your spare hours into dollars, just as these women did! We tell how to do it in our free booklet, "How You Can Make A Big Income." Write us today before your territory is assigned to someone else!

WOMEN of high social standing, women with homes and children to care for, are now our representatives and have been for years.

Just working part time, many of our new, inexperienced representatives have cleared a substantial profit their first month! Mrs. Kenny, of Wisconsin, made $25 in a single day! For the past eight years, Mrs. Baker, of Texas, has earned never less than $2,500 a year.

If you want to become financially independent, write for our booklet, "How You Can Make A Big Income."

Many of our dress silks, light-weight woolens, velvets and staple cotton goods . . . and our wide assortment of interior decorating materials are personally selected by Miss Lansdowne on her frequent buying trips abroad.

FREE!

This book tells you the amount of money you can earn; advice from Miss Lansdowne herself to women who have never before worked; helpful hints from experienced saleswomen. WRITE TODAY. USE COUPON BELOW.

Perfumes Created for Three Princesses of France!

While Miss Lansdowne was in Paris a year ago, she won the consent of three famous French Princesses to have their personal perfumes distributed to American women . . . through the sole agency of Lansdowne representatives!

Three alluring fragrances . . . each one originally blended to express the radiant personality of the gracious hostess and social favorite whose name it bears. Alis, the perfume of Princesse Carlos de Rohan; Gisele, the fragrance blended for Princesse H. de Faucigny-Lucinge; and Brenda, created for Princesse Alphonse de Chimay.

These perfumes are one of the most successful items ever sponsored by The Lansdowne Co. Read what a few of our 3,500 representatives say of their happy experience in selling these perfumes, the exclusive Lansdowne fabrics, French handkerchiefs and our original Christmas cards.

No need to be experienced—More than 3,500 women, many of whom had absolutely no previous sales experience of any kind are now earning good money for themselves. Mrs. Cable, of Michigan, says, "In my first five months, working only a few hours a day, I sold over $1,100 worth."

Friendly Work—"The big thing I have received from Lansdowne work is far beyond financial gain. It is the countless friends I have made among the worth-while people of our town," writes Mrs. Luke, of Michigan.

We Exchange References—To you, about to join our company, we offer our business references . . . For twenty years the fifth largest bank in America has handled Lansdowne finances. For twenty years we have conducted one of the foremost import businesses in the country. These are our credentials. As a symbol of mutual confidence, we shall ask you for yours, when you become a Lansdowne representative.

THE LANSDOWNE COMPANY, *Inc.*

30-20 Thompson Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

Christmas Cards like these usually cost far more! Sell your friends this box of 21 for $1.00 . . . and earn a generous commission.

Princesse Alis

For whom this debonair perfume was created, now shares her personal blend with the women of America.

"Alis"

Costs your friends half the usual price of imported perfumes . . . and brings you a handsome income!

Here in actual use are our cretonne hangings and crewel work upholstery. One of countless charming interiors easily achieved with Lansdowne fabrics.

Sheer French handkerchiefs in a modern art portfolio . . . imported from the shop patronized by well-dressed women of Paris. All designs are exclusive with us, many are exquisitely embroidered. Only 20¢ to 50¢ apiece.

This coupon brings you free samples and full information on how you may earn this worth-while income

THE LANSDOWNE COMPANY, Inc., Dept. L. 30-20 Thompson Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.
Please send me free samples of your materials and the free booklet

Name..... Address.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Every MAYTAG *makes a friend*

THE Maytag makes a friend of every user. Over a million and a half women who enjoy this friendly Maytag partnership are continually praising its performance to their friends, and thus Maytag world leadership continues year after year.

There are no long, tiresome wash-days, no hard-to-wash clothes, no carelessly handled clothes when the Maytag does your washing.

Among the many outstanding developments of the NEW Maytag that you will specially appreciate are the new one-piece, cast-aluminum tub and the new roller water remover.

'Phone the nearest dealer for a trial home washing with the NEW Maytag. If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it. Divided payments you'll never miss.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, Newton, Iowa
Founded 1893
The Maytag Company, Ltd., Winnipeg.

★

Maytag
ALUMINUM WASHER

A postcard request brings an interesting booklet—"Better Methods of Home Laundering."

More Thought for Safety

(*Continued from page 91*)

household accidents by establishing requirements with respect to design and construction of all equipment tested in our laboratories, and by holding strictly to these requirements in our testing. One of the major things that we keep in mind in all of our tests is *safety*. If a piece of equipment appears to have unusual hazards—that is, hazards that are greater than would normally be expected from equipment of that type—we will not approve it. In testing heating and cooking appliances using a fuel which requires oxygen, we are extremely interested in questions regarding proper combustion. Electrical appliances must be safeguarded against conditions which might result in shocks to the operator. Even connecting cords have close scrutiny to see that they are suited to the work for which they are intended. For example, the connecting cord on a washing machine or other appliances that is to be used where water or moisture is prevalent must have a moisture-proof outer covering. As a matter of extra protection we insist that motors on washing machines shall be insulated from the frame of the machine and from the mechanism, so as to prevent any leakage of electricity to the machine itself in the event of a failure in the motor. Stands for smoothing irons must be adequate for protection against fire. These are just a few examples, but our insistence on safety is fundamental and applies to everything we test where hazards are involved.

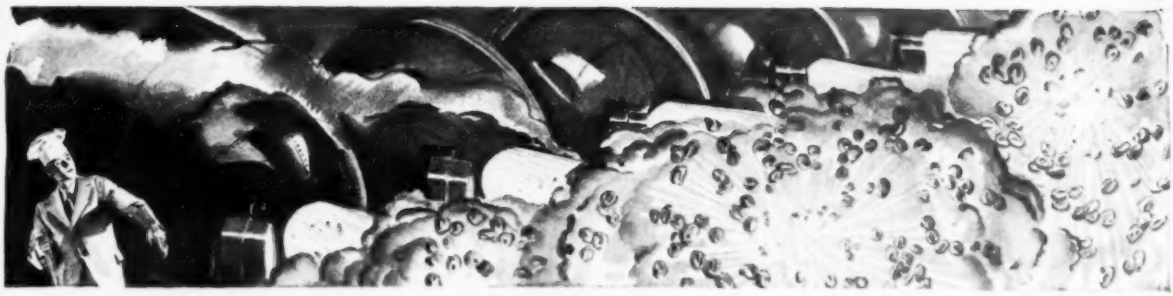
Every thinking person realizes that life itself is surrounded with possible hazards. Whether or not these hazards affect us depends largely upon ourselves. If we are careless and thoughtless, we are inviting trouble. Many of the things that must be used in the home have inherent possibilities of hazard. Flames and fire always have an element of danger if they are not properly confined and properly handled. Even a paring knife has hazard potentialities if not used properly. All of this means that in the final analysis safety in the home depends largely upon each and every one of us. In the Institute pages in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING we are continually giving proper methods and safeguards for the use of household equipment. The orderly house is one where safety will be found. Proper routine is essential. On busy days work tends to become crowded with resulting fatigue and weariness. It is then that accidents are most likely to happen. If you find yourself getting tired, it would be better to let some of the work go and take a rest. This practice will bear dividends in many ways. And always work under the best possible conditions. For example, do not tolerate poor lighting. If you can not see well in your kitchen, fatigue will come sooner, and the work will not progress properly. Have good ventilation throughout the house and particularly in the work rooms, for fresh air at the right temperature conserves your energy. Overheated kitchens are ruinous to dispositions and lead up to conditions which are far from satisfactory and which are conducive to accidents.

MARY AND MARTHA

By Edith Horton

PART *of me is Martha,*
Troubled with many things;
But part of me is Mary,
With lovely shining wings.

TODAY *it was that Martha*
Picked warm grapes from a wall,
But Mary softly spread her wings
And was not there at all.



Grains of Wheat and Rice kept as freshly CRISP in this NEW package

as the moment they were Shot from Guns

CRISP! A delectable, flavory crispness that no cereal has ever before possessed!

Puffed Grains have this unique crispness, because they are actually "shot from guns." Plump, meaty grains of wheat and rice are sealed into huge bronze guns. The guns are revolved for hours in ovens. Then fired.

This causes 125 million explosions. It makes Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice virtually as nourishing as hot cooked cereals. But it does more. It gives them an unusually delectable flavor, a unique, crunchy crispness no other ready-to-eat cereal possesses.

And Puffed Grains stay crisp, too

That's because of the Puffed Grain Seal-Krisp package and the special exclusive process that heat-seals these oven fragrant grain goodies in the box so that all their original nut-like flavor, all their fresh, new crispness, is kept intact. As they rustle from the box to your breakfast dish, Puffed Grains are as deliciously crisp as the moment they were shot from guns!

Order Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat from your grocer today. You'll find that hard-to-please appetites revel in this deliciously different stay-crisp cereal. The Quaker Oats Co.

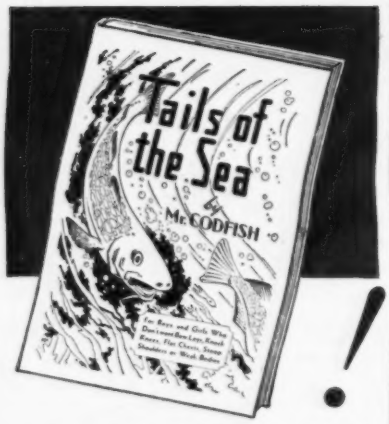
Hear Phil Cook, the Quaker Man, every evening except Saturday and Sunday over WJZ and associated stations on an N. B. C. network, 7:30 p. m. Eastern Daylight time. Consult your local radio time table for your station and time.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN

This seal signifies that this product has been accepted by the American Medical Association

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice

In using advertisements see page 6



MOTHERS

Send for "Tails of the Sea," by Mr. Codfish—a booklet both you and the kiddies will enjoy

In the body of Mr. Codfish, Nature performs a miracle of great importance to children—especially those who are backward in growth and physical development.

Mr. Codfish gives the *inside facts* about this miracle in a book so fascinating and whimsically entertaining as to delight any child.

"Tails of the Sea" is offered with the compliments of the manufacturers of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Extract Tablets.

Your attention is again directed to the wonderful process whereby vitamins A and D are extracted from Norwegian cod liver oil and put into sugar-coated tablets which even small children take with pleasure.

McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Extract Tablets are hundreds of times richer even than eggs, milk or butter in these vitamins, which are so essential to health, growth and normal development of bones, teeth and body tissues.

For any child or adult ailment, rundown or underweight condition for which cod liver oil vitamins are known to be beneficial, McCoy's are of equal benefit.

Send Coupon for FREE Booklet

McCoy's Laboratories, Inc.
62-70 W. 14th St., New York
Kindly send your FREE booklet, "Tails of the Sea," by Mr. Codfish.

Name.....

Address.....

It's All in a Summer

(*Continued from page 89*)

half of expectation. "Now that I'm going away—for my father'll order me out as soon as he hears that I'm in the North Country—I may tell you that I could have liked you better than all the rest of them."

"You don't mean that." He leaned over the desk to seek truth in her eyes, and found instead a softness which brought a blaze to his own. "Is that true, Craigie?"

"It's true—Eric."

"If I'd known," he said, "if I'd only known!"

He moved around the end of the desk toward her, but as she drew back, a little frightened at what she had done, Bertie Evans came into the shack.

"The Royal Presence," he said, "has just had me on the telephone."

"My father?" Craigie asked.

"None other."

"What did he say?"

"He says that we are to put you on the engine and send you down to the main line, where you will take the first train to Winnipeg, thence to Montreal. Hard luck, I call it."

"Why doesn't he come here?"

"Can't. Has to go back on the new survey. More gold mines for little Craigie to play with. Only came down to Churchill to give the order about you."

"How long'll he be up there?"

"Weeks."

"What did he say?"

"He may be gone all summer," Bertie Evans surmised, a little appalled by any responsibility for the MacNair's daughter.

"It'll be a summer," she said, "to be remembered."

IT WAS, for her, a summer so alien to all that her life had been that it sometimes took on the aspect of unreality, although she drifted into the ways of the north as easily as her father and grandfather had done.

Within the shack of the Lecours, Lucie, bride of a prideful dredging engineer, served Craigie with *habitanté* thoroughness and a zeal inspired by curiosity, but, once outside, Craigie slid into the life of the Bush as readily as a canoe slips into northern waters. Tramping through muskeg under pines which pressed down their pungent odors on moveless midsummer air, riding on hand-cars even over unballasted tracks, paddling on still rivers that ran to the Pole, she mingled with the railroad builders in a *camaraderie* which amazed her as much as it delighted them.

For days after her overture to Eric Raynor, however, she avoided him in self-conscious uneasiness, but a long July twilight when the afterglow hung above the pines brought him to her shack, a paddle slung across his shoulder.

"We're going out," he told her, "to the mirror of the stars," and led the way down to the river.

For long moments he worked against the current, while she sat in silence, watching the grace of his movements and letting the rhythm of the boat sway her into a curious lethargy. Between shores that blackened in the dusk they cleaved the dark water until Eric's paddle sent them into a pool which reflected flawlessly the stars that gleamed now in the sky above them.

Wordlessly they gazed on the beauty of the place before they turned to each other.

"It's lovely," Craigie said with a little catch in her tone, and felt the north the livelier for the look which Eric gave her in the starlight.

"I've come here every night since I met you," he told her, "to dream of you."

"Why didn't you bring me—before?"

"I was afraid," he said.

"Of what?"

"Of you. Of what you have. Of all you mean."

"But why?"

"We're an ill-fated crew, we Raynors," he said, "a family gone into its late afternoon. We've lost all that we used to think we could never lose. Security. Position. Home. That's why I'm here."

"How did you lose it?" she asked a little wonderingly; the MacNairs lost nothing they had once possessed.

"War, I suppose, although some fellows got their big chance after the war."

"I suppose so," she said, and thought of her father and of another man who had carved their world to their liking when war was done.

"But it took my father and my elder brothers. Its taxes took Raynor Hall. It took something out of me, too, even though I wasn't old enough to go into it. Not money. I wouldn't mind that. I'm the first Raynor since the Crusades to work for a living, but I'm proud that I can." He squared his shoulders bravely. "What I hate," he rushed on, pouring out on her sympathy the loneliness of long months in the Bush, "is being outcast from what was home. No one has cared whether I live or die."

"I care," she said softly, stirred by his sadness so strange to her in youth.

"I know," he said. "That's why the whole world's different now, Craigie."

For an instant, in swift realization that this was not the light love-making of Bertie Evans, not the blithe philandering of Kiley, not the naive admiration of Winship and the dozen other men who had been her swains since she had come into the Portage, she had the thought to halt him by telling him a truth about herself which would have sent him whirling the canoe back to the shore; but something in his wistfulness, some quality of pathos in his remembered sorrows, silenced her.

"Yes," she said, "it's different," and was glad of the length of the canoe between them.

ON THE next night he came for her again. Against her intention she went with him, breaking an engagement with Winship to drift over the quiet waters until, in the harbor of the still pool, Eric poured out for her from the chalice of his adoration that wine of tenderness and yearning which is the love of youth. With the spell of the night and the north upon her, she gave him her hand as, hours after midnight, he pushed the canoe on the sand of the deserted landing at the Portage. Then, with a little cry of wonder, she went to him, lifting her lips for his kisses.

"Oh, Craigie, I love you, I love you," he told her. "All my life I'll love you!"

"Don't say that," she pleaded, although she clung to him as if she feared lest he let her go.

"Why not say it? I shall love you always."

"Don't," she begged. "Perhaps, Eric, it's only love for a summer."

"There's no such thing," he said fiercely, "between you and me. It's forever, Craigie. Say it after me. Forever."

"Forever," she repeated, as if she dared not say otherwise. Then, "Oh, take me home," she begged, and began to weep.

"Some day," he said solemnly, "I'll take you to our real home," and half-led, half-carried her to the Lecour shack.

She told herself the next day that she must cut this knot of her own winding with a speed and certainty that would send Eric Raynor out of her life more quickly than he had come into it; but she counted the hours until his work was done, and went down the path to meet him in a riot of emotion that made clear thinking impossible. They went back on the river, but not to the pool which mirrored the stars, and drifted into a remoteness from all other human contact which drugged her intention.

"It's all in a summer," she defended herself defiantly to the starry-eyed girl in the mirror of her room in the little Lecour shack, "and summers end—too soon."

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It's All in a Summer

BERTIE EVANS and Kiley, Benton and Winship, and the boys from residencies and mines and construction camps, who had come long miles into Cranberry Portage for an hour with her, saw the lay of the land and, with philosophic acceptance of the inevitable situation, gave her and Eric a clear track.

"With every switch on the main line open," Kiley explained.

"What'll the chief say?" Benton worried.

"What won't he say?" Bertie Evans chuckled.

"I hope I won't be around to hear it," Winship put in.

"I hope I do," Bertie declared. "Angus has an educational vocabulary."

"I've noticed," said Kiley, "that runaway trains don't give great heed to the man in the semaphore tower."

"Runaway train?" jeered Bertie Evans. "It's a comet."

With the speed and the brilliancy of a major comet the summer love of Eric Raynor and Craigie MacNair rushed to zenith. Isolated from civilizations which had reared them in inessential luxuries, they seemed to find in the primitive and each other an answer to all the restless questionings of their struggling youth. Walking in the pine woods, riding a hand-car on the right-of-way, canoeing on the river, sitting on the little porch of the Lecour shack, they lifted eyes of such happiness to all who saw them that Kiley went around the Portage whistling "The Young May Moon," and Bertie Evans lapsed into a trance of sentimentality.

"If I ever find love like that," he told the office crew, "I'll not care if I never again see London."

"You'll never find it," Kiley told him. "Only the dark, romantic English do."

"They find it," Benton said with a sigh, "and they lose it."

"And their loss keeps the course of empire moving out to the edges."

"Eric won't lose," Winship said.

"How do you know?" they all asked him.

"Haven't you seen the way she looks at him?"

"That's her line," said Bertie Evans.

"It's all women's," said Kiley.

"I mean when he isn't looking at her."

"Even odds," offered Benton.

"She hasn't sent out a message to any one since she's been here."

"That's the North Country," said Kiley. "There's a bit of the lotus on every stream."

IF CRAIGIE MACNAIR ignored her world outside the Bush, that world evidently did not forget her, for into Cranberry Portage flooded a rising tide of letters, of packages, and finally of telegrams to her. Opening the packages, she distributed wilting roses and slightly stale candy from Montreal, but she burned the letters unopened, and tore up the telegrams when she had read them.

"If any one telephones to me," she bade Benton after one of them came, "say that I've gone up on the new survey with my father."

Some one telephoned from Montreal that afternoon, and Benton lied for her.

"Keep it up," she said when he told her.

"How'll you fix it when you go back?" he asked, remembering the quality of the tone which had demanded speech with her.

"I'm not thinking beyond the first of September," she said, and told the truth, for the Bush and Eric Raynor engrossed her heart and mind to the exclusion of all that had gone before them, and all that might follow. By day she dwelt in the haze of memory of that thrilled beauty of life which his love evoked for her in the long northern twilights and mystic northern starlights. With him she wandered into realms of the spirit she had never before known, land of the loveliness of tradition, of poetry, of keen, fine appreciation of the glories of woods and of waters, of sunsets and starlights, of a white moon shining on a river of mystery.

He taught her, too, the lore of a more distant way of living, the old life of Raynor Hall, which was, she realized with a pang of envy, built on a code even stronger than the rocks of its foundation. England, it read, had given the Raynors what they had. To England, when her need came, the Raynors gave it back. If he was the ultimate loser from a war which had taken away his older boyhood and the heritage of promise for his manhood, he had at least the live coal of memory for the lighting of his own hearthfire.

Of that hearth he talked more often, painting for Craigie through her silences the picture of the cabin which should be theirs.

"It's built already," he told her proudly. "I put it up myself, with a couple of Crees to help me, when I came in with the gold rush to the Flin-Flon. I thought I was going to make a strike that first week."

"You may yet."

"Perhaps," he voiced the eternal hope of the North Country. "I haven't yet, though. I was glad to come down here and find a job when this work started. I'd prospected all over the camp, then I staked my claim. I had a tent for the summer, but winter came, and I had to build something stronger. I built it well, too. I had the thought that some day some one like you would come to it."

"Haven't you ever loved another girl, Eric?" she asked him.

"Never any other," he told her, "and I never shall. When may I show you the cabin?"

"Where is it?" Almost against hope she waited to have him tell her that it was too far for a day's journey.

"On *Petit Lac de mon Coeur*."

"Little lake of my heart," she repeated. "Who named it?"

"I've never known. Some poor devil of a *voyageur*, I suppose, with a dream like mine. You'll come to it?"

"How far away is it?"

"Not far by the trail. About five hours by canoe."

"Too far, Eric." She shook her head.

"We can go one Sunday morning and come back that night. Won't you come?"

She knew that he was pleading for more than the journey; knew that if she went with him to the cabin on the claim, he would believe her pledged to him and the north. Instinct urged her to go, but a belated thought of a time beyond the summer and a place out of the Bush tempered her answer.

"Some day," she promised.

SHE had no real thought of going out with him to the little lake, and she put him off week after week; but when Angus MacNair telephoned down from Churchill that he was coming the next week to Cranberry Portage, his daughter faced reality with clouding eyes. Three days—four at most—remained to her of summer and the North Country.

"I'll ride them," she told herself grimly, "high, wide, and handsome," and told Eric that she would go with him on Sunday to the cabin on the claim.

"Every woman in the world," she said to Lucie Lecour as she breakfasted by lantern light, "is entitled to one perfect day."

"*Ah, oui*," the little *habitante* bride acknowledged, "but how is one to know if it is perfect until it is done?"

"I know," said Craigie, "that this will be," and set out in the dawn to meet Eric at the river.

Gliding through pearly mists between ghostly pines, she had the feeling that she was going backward into an experience she had known, rather than forward to one she had chosen to meet. Even with the rising of the sun above the jagged line of the river bank she could not shake off belief that she and Eric had taken the journey before, and the emotion persisted, growing stronger as Eric paddled into streams she had never before seen.

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It's All in a Summer

Crees on their way to the Mission passed them. Wild ducks fluttered near them, and a moose, pausing to drink at the water's edge, stared at them with deep, solemn eyes. For hours Eric worked, then, catching the current as a little stream poured into the larger river, he let down the struggle and turned to smile at her.

"Want to rest?" she asked him.

"Not yet," he said. "We'll be there soon."

It was mid-morning when he thrust the prow of the canoe into *Petit Lac de mon Coeur.* Again the strange sense of return to a familiar scene rushed over Craigie. The oval of the shining water, the line of the shore, the roofs of a little settlement upon it, the spire of a mission church, even the tiny beach—all added to her recognition of the place.

"It's because he's talked of it so often," she tried to believe, but she knew that her apprehension portended a deeper meaning.

Not until he beached the canoe and held out his hand to her did she realize, however, the significance of her vision.

"We're home," he said, and seemed to pay no heed to the flush which ran up her cheeks.

For a moment she had a soaring thought that he might bear her over the threshold of the little shack in the fashion of some old Northumbrian overlord, but he only flung open the door to bid her enter, displaying his treasure with a wave of his hand. Seeing its poverty, she could have wept for him; but beyond its outer aspect she caught a glimpse of the courage which had built it, the dreams which had inspired it, the love which might make it glow brighter than jewels.

"Oh, Eric," she said, "it's lovely!"

"Fair, isn't it?"

THE query kept him, she realized, from taking her in his arms, and bore to her his chivalric idea that while she was upon his land, he must not even touch her. All through the day he held to it, as he showed her the rock outcropping from which he still hoped for fortune, the wood he had cut, the vines he had planted, the pictures he had brought from England, the stone chimney he had built for his hearth fire.

Only when they sat before it, with the summer afternoon waning over the little lake of the *voyageur's* naming, did Eric's determination waver. Then, as she put her hand upon his own, he bent over and kissed it.

"Oh, Craigie, Craigie," he said, "if I might only keep you here now and always!"

"You have me now." She moved a little closer to him.

"No," he said with an insight she had not expected of him. "If I have you now, I shall not have you again. I'll wait."

"But if—"

"If what?"

"If I don't come back."

"You'll come back." His hand clutched hers. "You'll have to come."

"Summer's such a little while, Eric, dear."

"I know," he sighed, then suddenly rose. "We'll have to be starting back now."

"We'll wait," she told him, "until the sun goes down across the lake."

Like children they sat on the cabin step, watching the swift descent of the great crimson ball below the dark pines of the Bush, and feeling themselves enfolded in the vast peace of the northland until it seemed to the girl that they were drifting out upon a sea of infinity with nothing but each other's hands for rudder.

Then in the gray dusk Eric stood up. "We'll have to go," he said.

Slowly, reluctantly, she followed him to the little beach, but at his low cry she sprang forward, realizing as quickly as had he the far-flung consequences of the trick that fate had played them. The canoe was gone.

For an instant the physical fact of their marooning troubled her more than did its social aspect.

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A GUIDE

to remember in time of need

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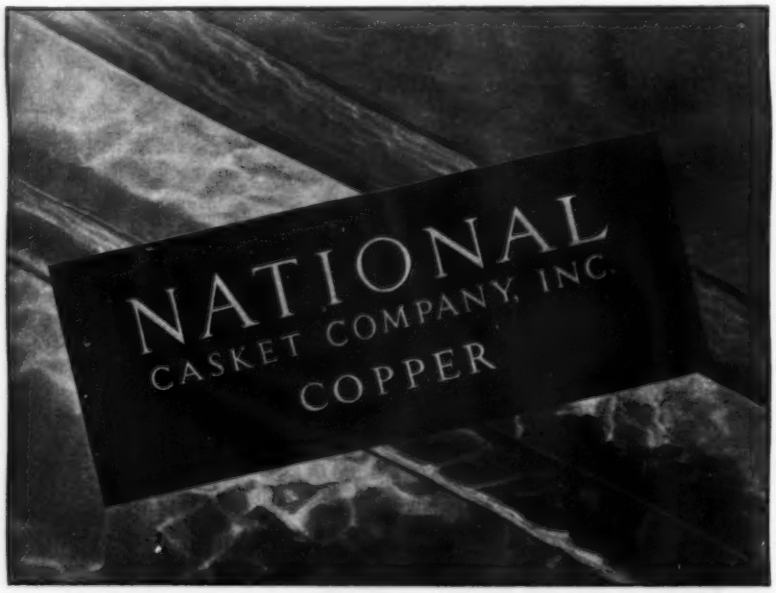

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.

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It's All in a Summer

"How'll we get back?" she demanded, then understood what their belated return would mean in Cranberry Portage.

For Benton and Winship and Kiley and Bertie Evans, for Lucie Lecour and for boys from camps and residencies along the Flin-Flon, there could be only one possible sequel to the adventure—her marriage to Eric; but that was the trail she had not thought to take. Eric Raynor and the North Country had been a summer idyll, interlude in a life in which they were to have no other part.

"We'll have to get back," she declared.

"I know." His tone was troubled, contrite. "I can't tell you how sorry I am. I never dreamed it'd drift away. It never did before."

"What can we do?"

"Nothing until daylight. The settlement's miles upshore. There's no trail."

"And no alternative?"

"There's a trail through the muskeg to the right-of-way."

"We'll take that."

"We can't until dawn." Restlessly he paced through the darkness. "Don't cry, Craigie," he begged her.

"I'm not crying," she said unsteadily. "I'm laughing at the joke that something's played on me."

ALL through a night when she tossed sleeplessly on Eric's bunk while he stood guard at the cabin door against wilderness terrors which seemed to grow great in the stillness, Craigie strove to chart her course in the face of this storm of circumstance which had risen on her gay jaunt of flirtation. She would not—could not, she muttered—marry Eric. She would go back with him to the Portage and tinker the plane into shape to bear her out of the Bush. She would pick up life where she had left it somewhere on the line of the National, and in a week or two, a month or two, a year or two, Cranberry Portage and *Petit Lac de mon Coeur* would be a dimmed memory. Definitely she made decision; but the sight of Eric working in her service, kindling fire and making coffee for her ere they set out on the muskeg trail, brought unaccustomed tears to her eyes.

Out of her knowledge that their path led to parting she tried to make the way over the trail as gay as a pleasure journey, clinging to pine branches, laughing at missteps, standing to give homage to the rising sun. Just as they came to the right-of-way a flock of wild geese, heading southward, honked over them.

"It's the end of the summer," Eric said.

"I'll always remember it." She did not know how her tone put it and him into the past until he looked at her in startled wonder. "It's been a wonderful time."

"You're not going away now?" His cry rang out sharply, reverberating through the jackpines. "Craigie, you can't! You won't!"

"I must." She struggled against strangling sobs. "I shouldn't have come."

"But you did."

"I must go back."

"You can't. You love me. You'll marry me."

"You needn't think you have to ask me because of last night."

"I don't. You know that isn't why. You know I've loved you since the day you came into the Bush. I struggled against it. I didn't dare hope that you'd care. But you do. I know you do." He seized her hands and held them fiercely. "Craigie, tell me that you do!"

"I don't."

"Then you've lied—all this time?"

"I never said I'd marry you. I—I couldn't."

"There's some one else?"

"There—there was."

"You can't love him as you love me."

"I loved him enough to promise him."

"He's rich, I suppose, and powerful?"

"That isn't why. You mustn't think that. It's because I said I would."

"But you can't—when you love me."

"He's my kind. Oh, Eric, can't I make you

I CAN HEAR THEM STILL . . .

THOSE GAMELAN BELLS AT SUNSET

Landing Day in Java—Batavia is such a surprise! A Dutch city of canals, clean streets and palms overhead. Brown natives in Batik sarongs bespeak the tropics. Very different—this country—from any other in the Orient. Thoroughly cosmopolitan. An education just to be here. This noon we tried a Dutch "Rijsttafel" luncheon. Looked like an Arabian Night's procession of waiters! 24 boys. Roasted "sautes" (lamb) on skewers, rice, browned peanuts, shredded cocoanut . . . topped with condiments galore! And the tall mug that properly accompanies it. O, we'll never be the same again!

Wednesday—Took the early morning train to Djokja. This is the center of native art. Young women making *batik*. A complicated process. Drawing in the design in beeswax with a *jantung* (copper tool). And then dipping the fabric in many dye baths. You can tell the real batik by its soft silky feel. Went through the Sultan's Palace. And saw a strange procession. Attendants carrying a yellow umbrella over a tiny tot arrayed only in a string of beads. *He's* a royal baby! Visited native shops. Saw them making beaten copper things, snakeskin bags (O, ridiculously cheap!) and wooden puppet dolls. We're keen on their puppet shows here. A one-man circus played in the flicker of torchlights. The old showman sits cross-legged on the ground working the puppets with clever hands. Reciting the story in dramatic fashion; and playing the gongs and bells with his toes! The natives weep and shout as the hero rescues the pretty maid and slays the villian. A show as old as the world itself. And as strange. A high point of our world trip is this visit to Java. And we still have time to rejoin our friends on the S. S. President Wilson in Singapore. We've already planned a party in Colombo.

Later—Last night left Djokja at twilight. Drove out to the Borobudur; a colossal Buddhist temple built by a fervent Hindu race in the 6th century. Only recently uncovered under a hill, with over 2 solid miles of carvings and bas-reliefs. We walked along the ghostly passages by moonlight, entranced. Our old native interpreter sat and told stories. And we decided to stay up all night and watch the sunrise—from the top stupa. The sort of thing you do once in a lifetime.

Friday—Am writing this on a lazy little boat like a yacht. On the way to that mysterious, medieval island of Bali. The water is the color of turmaline. So clear that we can watch the sea gardens. Porpoises and flying fish race with the ship. *Singaradja*. Stars! We were met by a Balinese princess, *Patimah*. She took us to visit her native house. A proud red cock strutted in the courtyard, (for they're dotty on cock-fighting down here). At a handloom her two daughters were weaving silver threads through a *salendang* (scarf). This is the Garden of Eden isle. The women wear no clothing above the waist. Just their colorful sarongs swathed round their slender hips. They're so bronzed and beautiful. Bali is a Woman's Paradise. They choose their mates and handle the shekels, as far as I can see. And it's the most peaceful spot on earth. Every night, at sunset the Gamelan bells call the natives to prayer. They drop down on their knees wherever they are, and face toward Mecca (Balinese are Mohammedans). It's like that picture—The Reapers. Only more intense. Last night the moon was too gorgeous for sleeping. We walked down a forest lane just to smell the Cambodia blossoms. And happened in on a native temple offering. We held our breath so that the exotic scene might not vanish like a dream. An old priest chanted a Hindu prayer. Little children bowed down, holding flowers high in their right hands. Heaps of temple offerings banked the altar. Child dancers in gold cloth did a swaying dance. Swinging incense pots made the air heady with perfume . . . And far off, those strange bells resounded again—I can hear them still . . .

O, lovely Bali—Enchanted Isle.

Note: This is the fifth of a series from the travel diary of a President Liner passenger. The full set in attractive booklet form may be had by writing to Dept. 1809 of the nearest Passenger Office listed below.

This is the one steamship service on which you may go Round the World as you please, when you please and with all the comforts and conveniences that you enjoy in your own home. All staterooms are large, outside, with beds (not berths). De luxe Liners, luxurious public apartments, outdoor swimming pool, world-famed cuisine. First Class only, Round the World, as low as $1110—$1250; with private bath $1370. Your ticket good for two full years, stop over in any or all of 22 ports in 14 countries, as you like.

You may start from New York, Boston, Seattle, Victoria, B. C., Los Angeles or San Francisco. Every week a palatial President Liner sails from Los Angeles and San Francisco—via the Sunshine Belt—for Honolulu, Japan, China, Manila and thence fortnightly to Malaya—Java nearby—Ceylon, (India overnight by Pullman), Egypt, Italy, France, New York.

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WRITE FOR A COLOR BOOKLET CONTAINING THIS SERIES OF ROUND-THE-WORLD TRAVEL SKETCHES. ADDRESS DEPT. 1809, NEAREST OFFICE.

In using advertisements see page 6

Every young mother faces one great Danger

All mothers are in danger of neglecting their own appearance because of their unselfishness. The care of children and the management of a husband and a household absorb all their thought. Before they realize it the youthful lines of their figures have vanished, they become fatigued easily and suffer from backache and nervousness. All these unhappy conditions may be avoided, or overcome, by wearing a Spencer foundation designed to meet the individual requirements.

All expectant mothers should know about the Spencer maternity corset. Each one is designed individually for the one person who is to wear it, and so gives comfort and support not obtainable in a ready-made garment. The clever design of the garment enables any woman to enjoy social life during the entire period.

All Spencer garments are made to meet the personal requirements of each individual. They range from boneless silken foundations for dancing to flexible surgical supports for post operative conditions. Always comfortable, and may be ordered in inexpensive materials.

The Spencer Maternity corset has an inner supporting section of unboned material so designed that the pull of the abdominal support is transferred to the pelvic girdle, relieving the spine of strain. Prevents backache and relieves nausea.

Wherever you live, a Spencer Corsetiere will come to your home and make a study of your figure without obligation to you. Look in your telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere", or send us the coupon below.

Do you have any figure problem?

If you have any problem concerning the control or slenderizing of your figure write Anne Spencer direct, enclosing this coupon. She will give you her personal advice free.

SPENCER

Anne Spencer, c/o The Berger Bros. Co., 139 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Conn. ©Sept. 1930
(In Canada: Spencer Corsets (Canada) Ltd., Rock Island, Quebec. The Berger Bros. Co.
In Great Britain: Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 96 Regent St., London, W. I.)
Please send me a free copy of your interesting illustrated booklet, "Fashions and Figures."

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Do you want to make money?

Let Anne Spencer tell you how to build a prosperous business in your community. Check here ..... ☐

CORSETS, GIRDLES, BRASSIERES, BELTS, SURGICAL CORSETS

It's All in a Summer

see it as I do? He'll give me the life I've always had. I'm afraid of your way."

"Afraid?"

"Yes, afraid. The North Country's a man's country. It makes men—and kills women."

"Then you've tricked me and fooled me—for a summer's game?"

"It wasn't like that."

"How else?"

He turned away from her, and strode along the mound of the clearing to the shed where a hand-car waited the use of a residency crew.

"Ready," he bade her when he had lifted it upon the steel. "Back to where we started," he said bitterly.

"You mustn't care like that." She tried to steady her voice, but it wavered weakly. "You'll see some day that I'm right."

"To be sure." He was once more the sullen boy who had faced her on the day she had come into the Bush. "It's all in a summer, isn't it?" he shrugged, and sent the car spinning down the track.

THEY came into the Portage to find the office shack deserted, with a notice upon it that Eric was to join Benton and Kiley at the warehouse, and no one in the camp paying them any heed. Without word of farewell Craigie sprang from the car and took her way to the Lecour cabin, bracing herself for Lucie's gaze of reproach. No Lucie awaited her, however, a little note in French explaining that she had gone down the road to spend Sunday with her mother, and might not return until Monday evening. It had been written on Sunday morning and was, Craigie saw, reprieve from conviction, but she felt curiously unelated by it.

At the edge of the clearing she found her plane under cover of a canvas Benton had ordered for it. She had trouble to get into the cockpit, but she worked steadily until she had repaired enough of its machinery to carry her safely down over the height of land.

"It'd take a bigger break than that to stop a MacNair," she thought as she made ready to start the engine for flight. "Take it, Craigie!" she bade herself, but halted before the barrier of the thought that followed.

"I've let a break stop me," she mourned in shame. "I told him I was afraid—a MacNair afraid of the North! I'm not," she cried, the pride of a fearless clan lashing the last of them into *caoin* for failure. "I'm not! It isn't in us to be afraid of anything. We meet fate, and we fight it, and we beat it!"

Grimly she set her jaw and recklessly leaped to the pine-strewn ground, facing back the way Eric had gone, for suddenly she knew, with the second-sight of the Gael, what old Angus of Auchincloss and young Angus of the Abitibi had known—that the last frontier was heritage of the MacNairs, and that if she gave it up, she yielded her birthright. More luringly than place at the Court of Saint James's the cabin on *Petit Lac de mon Coeur* was beckoning her, and the North called with Eric Raynor's voice.

At the door of the warehouse she met Bertie Evans.

"What ho?" he queried. "The portcullis is up, and the warder falls. Why the haste?"

"I must find Eric," she said breathlessly.

"Not taking him out with you?" He glanced at the plane.

"Not I!" She flung up her chin, and faced him as if he were sign and symbol of that world she was abjuring. "I'm staying here with him. I've made the grade—and I'm going to marry the boy. We're going to live in a cabin out on Little Lake of my Heart, and we're going to be happy forever!"

"I believe you," said Bertie Evans. "I wish," he told her and the pines and the sky, "that I didn't have golden hair. It's the dark English who have the luck in love."

"It wasn't luck," said Craigie MacNair. "It was destiny."

"I think," said Bertie Evans, "that it was summer—and the North Country."

This efficient Westinghouse Cleaner polishes your floors *as easily as it cleans your rugs* » » » »

Here . . . in the Westinghouse Wax-Vac you find the extra convenience you've come to expect in all household appliances that bear the Westinghouse name. It's the same kind of convenience that makes you value your Westinghouse Adjust-o-matic Iron or your Westinghouse Flavor Zone Range.

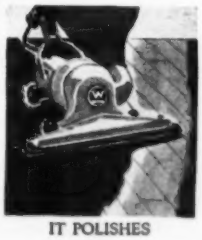
The Wax-Vac does a *complete* cleaning job for you. Its super-suction cleaning power gets both deep ground-in dirt and clinging surface litter from your carpets and rugs. It saves you time because it cleans so quickly.

But the usefulness of the Wax-Vac does not stop when the floor coverings are clean. With it you can wax and polish your floors and linoleum just as easily as you can clean your carpets.

Two simple attachments provide this additional convenience. There is a spray that delivers a fine film of wax, evenly, over the floor, and a polisher that attaches to the nozzle of the cleaner. The combined weight of the cleaner and polisher, together with the suction of the machine, seals it firmly to the floor. This easy polishing and drying action gives you a high lasting finish.

IT CLEANS

IT WAXES


IT POLISHES

The Westinghouse Vacuum Cleaner with Wax-Vac outfit, costs only $50.00. The cleaner alone is $37.50. You have your choice of two sets of cleaning attachments at $6.00 and $10.00. Return the coupon for a booklet that tells you about this most convenient household helper.

The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer

Westinghouse Electrification
Appliances Apparatus
Wiring

★

Westinghouse Wax-Vac

cleans..waxes..polishes

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
Domestic Appliance Department, Mansfield Works, Mansfield, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send me your folder, describing the Westinghouse Vacuum Cleaner that also waxes and polishes floors. (Write name plainly)

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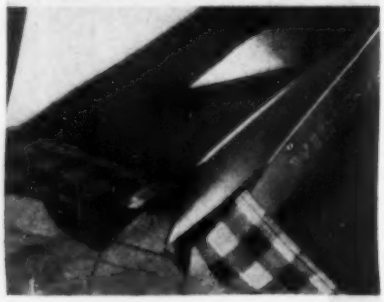
In using advertisements see page 6

WISS SCISSORS



...POINTS
Keep Sharp
Cut Clean...

Wiss Scissors are well made. They *cut clean and easily, clear to the points.* You will appreciate this every time you cut out a dress, particularly in following an intricate pattern. Points that are always sharp save your time.

HOUSEHOLD SHEARS
For dressmaking or heavy sewing. A second pair should be in every kitchen. 8 inch size. Ask for No. 138—$1.70.

SEWING SCISSORS
For mending and light sewing. Stay sharp . . . 5 inch size. Ask for No. 815—$1.40.

EMBROIDERY SCISSORS
Light, dainty, yet strong. Needle points cut clean. 4 inch size. Ask for No. 774—$1.20.

MANICURE SCISSORS
Needle sharp curved points, match perfectly and hold their edge. 3¾ inch size. Ask for No. 573¾—$1.50.

NAIL SCISSORS
Strong curved blades. Cut heavy toenails easily. 3½ inch size. Ask for No. 623½—$1.35.

BARBER SHEARS
Finest cutlery steel. 7½ inch. Ask for No. 447½—$2.10.

WISS SCISSORS
Wonderful Cutters

J. WISS & SONS CO. • • NEWARK, N. J.
ESTABLISHED 1848

West Wind

(*Continued from page 31*)

nibbling contentedly at a great armful of hay, John brought his knapsack into Besta's room, while he took out all the wonderful purchases he had made in Molde—*shillings kake* as a special treat for supper, a white silk kerchief with knotted fringe to cover Marit's bright hair, and a paper bag of anise drops for Besta.

Marit tied the silken kerchief under her chin, and her smile stirred strangely in Lovat's heart. All the time she walked so surely about the kitchen, turning the newly churned butter out of the carved form on to the apple-green plate, opening a jar of the jelly the pastor's wife had sent Besta and which she had insisted was to be opened to celebrate this gala day, his eyes followed her. She was like the beginning of spring, with her fair hair and her skin that was a budding briar rose. She was like the beginning of spring with that soft promise in her eyes, and he sighed because he did not love her. For however lovely spring may be, it is not so lovely as the fulfilment of summer, and his heart was heavy again with remembering.

The winter was going so quickly, and John Lovat knew it would soon be over when he saw the lighted windows in the manor house. So the Ludwigsons had come back from their wanderings on the continent. Maybe they had been in London or in Edinburgh; maybe they had seen his kinfolk.

There had been a mildness that day which belied the snow still thick on the ground, and John and Marit found their heavy woolen clothes almost too warm, as they rode on their skii behind the roan mare. Their laughter had trailed behind them as they raced, Marit's crimson-mittened hands holding the reins, with John's stronger ones over hers to guide them. The horse's hooves had clattered over the wooden planks in the Ora bridge, bared by the beginning of the thaw, and Marit had gasped a little at the spray of icy water that spattered her woolen stockings, and John's fingers had tightened on her hands as he swept her away from it.

It was then that he saw the lighted windows in the manor house, and Marit said,

"That means spring is coming, when the great folk come back from their traveling."

A sudden nostalgia swept over John. Beyond those lighted windows were shaded lights and hothouse flowers and the conversation he had known. Impulsively he pulled on the reins, and the horse wheeled and stopped.

"Come, Marit, let us go in," he cried.

Marit drew away from him.

"But, John," her voice shrank into a whisper. "The likes of us can't go in there—they're manor house people."

John Lovat took stock of himself. This man in the coarse wool trousers and worn sheepskin coat, this man in the heavy, shapeless shoes and the black mittens grotesquely embroidered with peasant roses—could he be that John Lovat these friends had known?

Without a word his fingers closed over Marit's again, and the mare started an obedient trot homeward, but this time they rode in silence, and laughter no longer trailed behind.

SPRING quickened the countryside, and John threw himself into plowing and harrowing with a fervor that left him too tired for remembering at the day's end. There were other springs waiting for him down the years, and it would not do to let the first of them conquer him.

But on the Sabbath, when he walked to church with Marit between rows of blossoming trees, with violets and primroses coquetting down the broad meadows sloping to the sea, John Lovat pretended he was walking through another spring. Another spring—another lass—but the nesting call of the linnet was the same he had heard then.

There was work to do, and even the unbearable pain of spring passed, and summer came and went.

The autumn storms were nearing, and the rowan trees flamed against a bluer sky, and again the heather bloomed through the cracks in the gray stone path.

It had been a good year, and Marit knew it was John Lovat who had made it so. Never before, even when her brothers had lived, had the barn loft held such a plenty of grain and hay, and the *stabbur* been stocked with so much to tide them over the coming winter, with the legs of corned mutton and huge stacks of flatbrod, the bags of finely ground oats and rye and wheat meal.

But for all that the song was stilled on Marit's lips. Besta was dying. All day long the girl sat at her bedside across from John, each of them holding one of the worn old hands in their firm young ones.

When Marit's tears fell, her grandmother's hand tightened around hers.

"The young must not grieve for the old," Besta whispered then. "When all of life is waiting, it does not do to be *trist*."

But it was at John she looked, and the man felt a rueful stirring in his heart that he could not quiet the fear that stared at him from those shrewd, kind eyes.

AFTERWARD, when Besta lay so strangely still in the unfamiliar grave clothes, when their footsteps were muffled in the branches of juniper that had been spread from the east room where she was lying, through the long, quiet hall and out on the path outside, John and Marit passed and repassed each other with averted eyes.

It was ended then, their time together, Besta's brittle voice and sharp, questioning eyes, her delight in all the little things that had made the last twenty years of helplessness bearable—all, all of it, was ended. But it was ended, too, that which had never been begun.

John leaned heavily against the old cupboard as Marit went from one to the other of her flower pots, snipping little twigs of green myrtle and the white roses and azalea that were blooming so incredibly in the south room where the faint autumn sunlight lingered the longest; and then without speaking she spread them all on the table in front of her, and her deft fingers fastened them together. Her tears fell on the glossy green of the myrtle and were bound up with it into the wreath that was to lie on a mound in the churchyard.

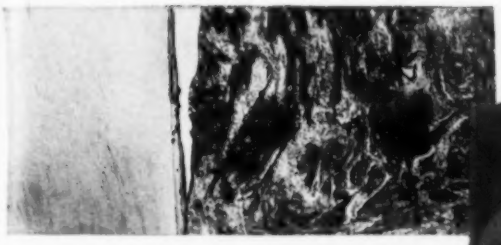
The man, looking at her white face, at the faint shadows under her eyes, could not tell her the thing that was troubling him. Even when the neighbors came, their voices hushed, their eyes questioning as they looked from the man to the girl, he could not speak.

But sometimes the thought that he must leave her caught at him unawares, and a fugitive tenderness troubled his heart.

When the long week of waiting was over, John knew that he could not delay the moment of speaking any longer. The grave ale had been quaffed, and John had held Marit's hand as they headed the little procession to the churchyard. Afterward, they sat together at the long table the county carpenter had hastily nailed together for the burial feast, while the neighbor wives waited on the mourners, passing huge plates of sliced ham and savory meat cakes and potato cakes. The voices that had been so hushed all during that long week sounded suddenly raucous, and occasionally a laugh rang out and was as quickly silenced.

Only Marit did not forget, and John felt a yearning tenderness for her, as she sat so white and still beside him, her eyes brooding on her untouched plate, and once his hand found hers and held it under the table. He looked up to find the eyes of Ola Haugen smoldering across at him, and then, as though a thousand devils possessed him, the blue-eyed giant rose to his feet and, holding a glass of ale in his hand, spoke cumbersomely.

"And now that the sadness of burial is over, is it not fitting we drink a toast for the bride

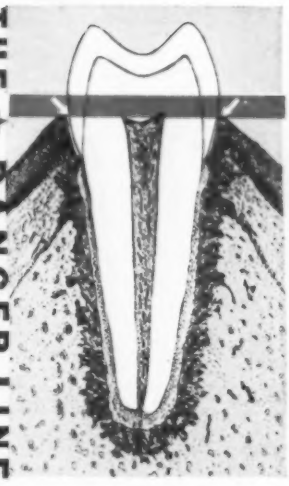


A cross-section of a tooth and the gum, infected with pyorrhea. Notice how the gum tissue (right) is pulling away from the tooth. The continuation of this separation will cause the tooth to become so loose it will probably be lost.

AS LONG AS THE DANGER LINE KEEPS HEALTHY,

THERE IS LITTLE DANGER OF PYORRHEA

Start today using Squibb's Dental Cream—for its help in protecting the delicate Danger Line



★The Danger Line is the imaginary line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. Nor will tooth decay spread beneath it and attack the sensitive neck of the tooth. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line no longer furnishes protection.

TRUE, pyorrhea is practically incurable. But there are a number of ways in which you can guard against it. Clean, healthy gums, sound teeth are a protection. For pyorrhea usually begins with an infection of the gum tissue at The Danger Line. And so . . . if you safeguard The Danger Line, pyorrhea will have little chance.

The Danger Line is where gums meet teeth. The gum margin. It is one of the most important tissues of the mouth. Never cause it to bleed by using too stiff a brush or a gritty dentifrice. Never wound it with toothpicks or hurt it with strong astringents. And . . . *never allow acids to irritate it.*

At the edge of The Danger Line is a tiny crevice too small for your tooth-brush to reach. Fermenting food particles collect here and generate destructive acids which irritate the gum tissue. No wonder the delicate gums sometimes become inflamed—and the more they recede, the wider the road is open to infection.

Ordinary dentifrices, ordinary methods are ineffectual against such a menace. But there is a safe way to combat these acids. Brush your teeth regularly with Squibb's Dental Cream. It contains 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate crevices and fissures, *where the brush fails to reach.*

And, because it soothes irritation, Squibb's helps the gum margin keep firm and healthy—a real protection against infection. It cannot injure The Danger Line, for it contains no grit, no astringents.

It cleans beautifully. The *regular* use of Squibb's will restore and preserve the luster of your teeth. And it will clean *between the teeth* and in the *tiny pits and fissures.*

Get a tube and begin using it from tonight. Make it a rule to visit your dentist regularly. *Know that you are guarding against pyorrhea and tooth decay in one of the safest and most effective ways.*

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

★

This Soothing Beauty Bath is Astonishing to Fastidious Women..

RESULTS ARE IMMEDIATE!

TRY the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin smooth and soft and to give it an invisible light "coating" of Linit powder so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary.

After the Linit Beauty Bath, the thin "coating" of Linit is spread evenly and is so light that it cannot possibly stop the normal functioning of the pores.

To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

White is the natural color of Linit and there is no needless coloring or odor. Pure starch from corn is its main ingredient and being a vegetable product contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today.

Linit is sold by your grocer

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

A Salad Dressing

that made her friends write for the recipe...

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City

Gentlemen:

One day last summer, I came across the *Mazola Salad Dressing recipe in a magazine. It looked so simple and easy to make, that I immediately sent to the grocer's for a can of Mazola and made it. I was surprised with the results—it was so creamy and smooth.

It happened that some friends came to supper that evening and I had a potato and meat salad. The gentlemen asked me where I bought such good salad dressing. When I replied that I had made it, the folks could hardly believe it. The ladies asked me for the recipe. It happened that I forgot to give it to them before they left, but I received a letter from them a day or two later asking for the Mazola Salad Dressing recipe.

I don't know how many people asked me for that recipe last summer. If I didn't write it while they were here, I was sure to get the request by mail a day or so later.

Everyone that has tried this Salad Dressing claims they will never use any other kind. I am never without Mazola now and always keep a quantity on hand. Mazola Salad Dressing is the only kind that I have used since first trying it; as it is not only the best but the cheapest to make. I expect to have still more calls for my favorite dressing recipe.

Thank you for introducing Mazola into our home.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Emil Abramson
Amherst, Mass.

*THIS IS THE MAZOLA SALAD DRESSING RECIPE MRS. ABRAMSON FOLLOWED:

1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup Mazola
1 cup water
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch
(All measurements should be level)

★

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

Send for This Book!

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S famous book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" contains nearly 300 new, helpful recipes. Use coupon below.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. G-9, P. O. Box 171
Trinity Station, New York City

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

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Town_____ State_____

West Wind

and the stranger who has come among us? For surely it won't be long before the bridal bells will drown out the funeral dirge. Unless it is that the bridegroom is dallying with his love as he does with the salmon—baiting it with flies as though he is half glad it should escape, instead of trusting to the sureness of the net."

He sat down as suddenly as he had got up, and a film of tears blotted out the hatred in his eyes, for Ola Haugen had loved Marit in his own way.

Marit came to herself slowly, as though she was awakening from a deep sleep, and the others looked from one to the other.

Slowly John rose, and the hand holding Marit's pulled her to her feet beside him. His voice did not waver, but he felt the tears sting his eyes as he spoke.

"It is a great honor Ola Haugen proposes for me. But as I am only the man servant on the *gaard* it is not fitting that I answer for my mistress. So now before you all I ask Marit's hand in marriage."

Marit looked at him as though she was trying to read his heart beyond his eyes and his trembling lips. Before he could stop her, she broke from him and ran sobbing into the room where Besta had lain so many years, and knelt beside her empty bed. John found her so, and it seemed as it should be that he fell to his knees beside her, and that his arms went about her and his lips touched her cold cheeks.

So it was that the words he had planned to tell her were stilled before they were spoken, and Marit did not know how near John Lovat had come to wandering again.

Three Sundays they sat beside each other in the church and heard their banns read out. Curious to hear their names thus together, John Lovat and Marit Nilsdatter, but still more curious to stand together at the last, Marit so slim and straight in Besta's wedding dress and tall, gilt bride's crown.

Afterward, when the wedding guests had gone, Marit missed John and, throwing a shawl about her shoulders, went out to look for him. She found him smoothing the earth over a small hole he had dug in front of the yellow rosebush, and she knew what it was he had buried there.

He saw her then and opened his arms, and she went to him. She felt his kisses on her cheek, and somehow she knew they were meant for that girl he was putting away forever, but when he spoke his voice was steady enough.

"Marit, behold your bridegroom born anew this day."

And then his arms tightened about her, and his lips found hers and held them. He loved her . . . he must love her . . . this girl who was his wife. The past was buried under the yellow rosebush, with her laugh, and her yellow hair, and her smooth, pale skin. Only the present remained—and Marit—and her need of him.

ALL that winter they worked side by side, and at night, when their toil was done, they sat before the tall stove in the south room, and John Lovat found it was good to be there with Marit and her bright flowerpots, to look up unexpectedly and find her calm eyes smiling at him.

It was amazing, too, how everything prospered with them. In the spring they had two new head of cattle, and the roan mare foaled.

"When the young heir arrives, he will find a manor house waiting for him, if things keep looking up like this," John laughed, and Marit's smile echoed his happiness.

When Whitsunday came, they rowed across the fjord with their neighbors to the centuries-old church that was open for services only on this day. Those looking on sighed a little enviously as John helped Marit alight from their boat.

Happiness closed in on her, as she walked beside him to the church, and there was a prayer in her heart for all the good that had come to her, and for John and the little one who was coming. Everything seemed so sure, so secure—it was almost as though the uncertainty had never been.

Something of the peace of that Whitsunday *held* her during the summer, and it almost seemed that John, too, had found something of her calm.

But sometimes he was restless, and instead of sitting in front of the stove with her, he went up into the hills. Marit trembled then so that her hands could hardly hold the wool she was carding, and the calm left her eyes. Only John knew nothing of all this, for when he returned he found her lying quietly under the down quilt, her closed eyelids belying the turbulent beating of her heart.

It was only when John held his son in his arms, and Marit smiled at them from the tall bed, that her heart was at ease.

NEVER had there been a young one like that small John. When they were haying, he lay in the tall grass cooing at them, and during the evening milking his bright eyes followed the cat arching her back against Marit's legs, as she sat on her stool in the saeter, and afterward he rode down the mountain in his father's arms.

How secure Marit felt then! It was as if the girl in the miniature had never been, until that day the master of the manor house happened in.

Marit was laying the supper table, talking the while to the little one who lay in his cradle before the fire, for the harvest nights were cold. There came a knock on the door, and when she opened it, Master Ludwigson was standing outside, his ruddy face smiling.

"Good evening, Marit. I've come to see for myself if it's true all I've been hearing about you, that you've grown to be a woman and have taken to yourself a husband and bairn since the last I saw of you scarcely three years gone."

He laughed then and chucked Marit under the chin as she curtseyed before him. Marit was all smiles and blushes with pride and embarrassment, as the squire lifted the blanket and smiled down at the cooing child.

"It's plain to see his father is not one of the country boys hereabouts with those dark eyes of his," he said.

But it was at the baby's hands he looked as he spoke.

Marit looked up, her eyes alight, as John came in, setting the milking pail down on the bench and patting the cat who had followed him in and was twining in and out between his legs, begging for her supper.

"John, come here," she cried. "It's a great day indeed with Squire Ludwigson himself paying us a visit."

The two men looked at each other, and it seemed to Marit that everything was being swept from her, John and the baby and the very house in which she stood. For she saw the look in the squire's eyes and the look in John's that answered it, and she remembered that she knew nothing of her husband save that he had come to her one night when the wind was blowing.

"Will you allow my wife to set another place for you?" he asked then, and the squire nodded rather too vigorously as he took his outstretched hand.

Marit thought afterward of all that small talk that had passed between them, of crops and horses and fishing, when all the time she read the questions that looked out of the older man's eyes. But things went on smoothly enough, and after supper the men sat and smoked while she busied herself about the kitchen.

Only after their visitor had gone did the mask leave John's face, and for the first time since the baby had come she lay alone in the tall bed with only her thoughts and her beating heart for company, while John tramped alone in the uplands.

Clothes that touch Baby's Skin need Borax

YOUR clothes—baby's clothes—all the family wash—need the gentle purifying touch of BORAX. Borax-softened water permits the soap itself to do 3 to 5 times more work. White clothes are *snowy* white after a Borax washing.

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Borax, you know, is an excellent, odorless deodorant. That's why a weekly "boiling out" with BORAX and water will keep your coffee pot absolutely fresh and give your coffee a chance to give you its finest flavor!
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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

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Address .....

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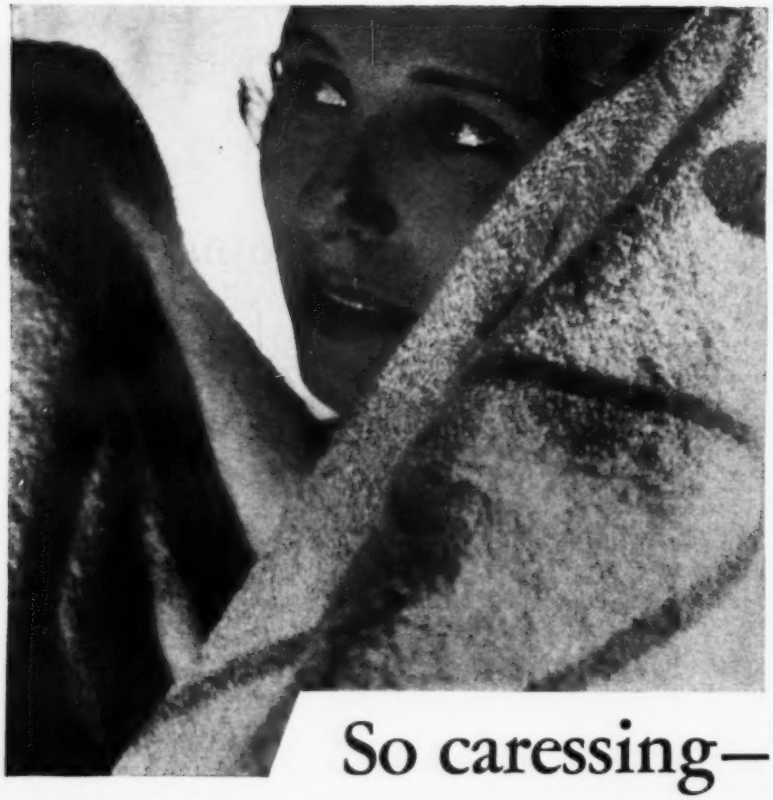


So caressing—

so soft, it seems incredible anything as lovely could be so durable. Yet in spite of their delicious softness Martex towels wear, and wear and wear, keeping their beauty long after ordinary towels surrender to the laundry. It's the special texture that does it. The underweave of an ordinary Turkish towel is loose, open, weak. The Martex underweave is close, strong, very durable.

See Martex towels in the new colors with bath mats and wash cloths to match. At all good department stores and linen shops. Wellington, Sears & Co., 65 Worth Street, New York.

Martex

West Wind

Once more fear had come to her, and all John's kindness could not drive it away, so that at last, on the day when the yacht came riding up the fjord like a great white bird, she alone of all the folk in the parish felt no surprise. And it seemed again that the hand of God was in it, for the west wind was beginning to blow.

The ship anchored in midstream, and a small dory was lowered and pointed toward her own boat house. She saw Ola Haugen lay down his axe and leave his birch logs to run headlong down the hill, and the neighbor women called to one another and to her, as they followed him with as much decorum as they could muster.

But it was not of these she was thinking. It was of John who stood staring rigidly from the barn.

It had come at last. The west wind was demanding retribution, the west wind that had brought her so much sadness and that had tricked her for a time by that transient gladness it had given her. Holding the baby closer in her arms, she saw the dory landed on the rocky shore and a sailor spring ashore to help a gentleman and lady alight. No need to tell Marit who they were even from that distance. Wasn't it John she saw in that proud carriage of the older man? Wasn't it John who looked at her from his mother's eyes?

They walked slowly up the hill, and Marit ran before them and threw herself into John's arms. Slowly his arms tightened about her, and she felt a tear on her cheek as he pressed his face against hers.

IT was Marit who knew they had reached the doorway and who tore herself out of John's arms. He looked up then, and though his eyes softened when his mother smiled, they hardened again at his father's cold greeting, and he picked up the currying comb and busied himself with the mare.

"We never thought we would find you here like any peasant," the old man said slowly with no attempt to hide the bitterness in his voice. "We couldn't believe what our friend Ludwigson wrote us. We had to come to see for ourselves."

John went on with his task almost as though he had not heard, but when his mother gasped a little and said softly,

"It's been so lonely without you, John," the bitterness left his smile, and his mouth trembled.

Marit saw it all from that dark corner where she was standing, and for the first time regretted the English John had taught her, for she would have been happier not to understand at all.

"That a son of mine could go looking like a crofter, currying a farm horse and cleaning the dung in a barn, when he has a stable full of thoroughbreds at home, is more than a man can understand." The old man's horror glared at them from his eyes, from the expressive gesture of his hands.

John spoke then, so quietly that it was only Marit who knew how hard it was for him to speak at all.

"But, father," he said, and his eyes sought Marit's over in the shadow, "I bought this horse out of money I earned, money I worked for. You don't know what that means—buying a horse from the toil of your own hands, housing it and caring for it and feeding it all from your own labor. It's different from just owning things. I've never loved a horse so much before."

He turned abruptly, and the hand that held the currying comb trembled.

"But have you no pride of family, no feeling of home?"

The old man's voice broke, and for the first time John looked at him as he answered.

"My home is here with my wife and son, and never has a man had more pride of family than I have in mine. You understand I'm making a life of my own—a name of my own that my son won't be ashamed to carry after me."

THE BEGINNING OF LIFE

The Miracle of Creation

LIFE . . . a *new* life . . . growing cell upon cell with mysterious precision . . . the beginning of a new being who will take his place among mankind . . . humanity.

The creation of a new human life is mystifying . . . marvelous . . . as tremendous an achievement as the creation of a universe out of the vastness of disintegrated space.

There are the weeks of grave expectancy . . . hope . . . anxiety . . . a gentle restlessness . . . the stirring of new life . . . and joyous reality. Through weeks and months, the laws of creation have been at work.

To many, these laws are little understood . . . as unknown as the mysterious cell from which life emerges. During the months of waiting, your physician should be your counsellor. Through years of study, he has become familiar with the forces in operation . . . with the mysterious succession of developments.

It is his mission to help you . . . to direct you to live in accord with the physical laws which govern both the born and unborn. He has it in his power to help you during a trying period . . . to assist you to pass on to your children a splendid heritage of health. Consult him frequently, for there is deep significance in all that manifests itself.

After the baby comes, your physician's responsibility is two-fold: mothers need expert guidance . . . and babyhood is a period of extreme delicacy, appealing helplessness, utter dependency. Be directed by the one who knows . . . by the one who devotes his life to the help of humanity . . . your physician. Conform to his suggestions.

No greater responsibility ever falls on human shoulders than to care for another human life . . . a baby. Completely helpless, it depends upon you for strong bones, good teeth, a sturdy constitution, and a stable nervous system. You have much of its future happiness and well-being in your hands. You need the guidance of your physician.

This advertisement has been reviewed and accepted for publication by the American Medical Association and by eminent pediatricians.

"THE NATION MARCHES FORWARD ON THE FEET OF LITTLE CHILDREN"

Published in the interest of better babies by
MEAD JOHNSON & COMPANY, *Evansville, Ind.*

In using advertisements see page 6

"CHARMING, EVEN IN THE COLD, RAW MIST OF A HUNTING MORNING"

"Even as a youngster she took all the hardest fences. And do you remember how hurt she was when we rode point to point without her? She's as keen as ever—grown up to be a beauty, too. . . . Amazing, isn't it, how charming an English woman can always look, even in the cold, raw mist of a hunting morning!"

—From the letters of an English traveler at home.

One Soap, One Cream, One Powder hold the secret of the English Woman's fine Complexion

In her active, strenuous life, the English woman of position has no time for the elaborate beauty ritual. Simplicity, above all, must be the keynote of her cosmetic rites. Yet, through sensible daily care of her skin she has achieved a reputation for the loveliest complexion in the world.

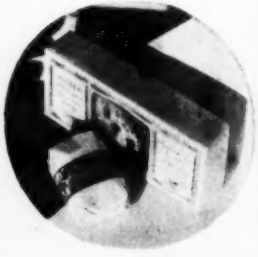
Three famous toiletries comprise her only treatment: Yardley's English Lavender Soap, Yardley's English Complexion Cream, and Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder. And now they may all be yours. First comes the soap, with its generous, mild lather—a stimulating shampoo for your face and neck. Then the cream, to complete the cleansing. It will loosen all imbedded impurities and lift them gently to the surface. Wipe the accumulation away with a pad moistened in Yardley's Cleansing Lotion. A second layer of English Complexion Cream is left on all night, to refresh and stimulate the skin.

In the morning, use English Complexion Cream as a powder base. Smooth on a liberal coat, allowing the skin to absorb as much as it will. Wash off the surplus in water, with an ordinary face cloth; a thin, invisible film remains, to which Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder will cling for hours. Would you like our booklet "Complexions With an English Accent"? It is free—. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 33 Old Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York; also Toronto and Paris.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Yardley's English Complexion Cream, to cleanse, freshen and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed pot, $1.50.

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in four skilfully blended shades to accentuate the charm of your own coloring. The price is $1.



Yardley's English Lavender Soap for bath and complexion. Bland, cooling, cleansing, refreshing. Box of 3 cakes, $1, or 35c a cake. Guest size, 20c a cake. Bath size, 50c a cake.

Yardley's ★ THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE English Lavender

West Wind

His father's disdain was gone now, and when he spoke his voice was almost pleading. "Laddie, if it's yon quarrel you're holding against us all, I want to tell you that Gavin has forgiven the blow you gave him . . . and he asks your pardon of what went on before. And I ken now how harsh my own words sounded, but I went mad when I saw you strike him, for he is my first-born, who will carry my name and title after me. It wasn't until you were gone that I knew about Lesly and what provocation you had."

He stopped then, and his wife slipped past him over to the stall where John stood so still with averted eyes.

"Lesly is here with us," she whispered then. "She wanted to come herself to tell you it's you she loves—that it was only a madness that came over her that night you found her with Gavin."

"But don't you understand, mother, it's too late now? I can't see her."

The words were torn from John's heart before he realized what he was saying, before he thought of Marit standing there so quietly. He turned to her then, but she ran past him, the baby in her arms crying out in sudden fright.

Down the long hill to the fjord she ran, the wind whipping her skirt about her hurrying feet. The girl in the miniature was waiting there on the flat rocks near the boathouse, and Marit's arms holding the baby grew tense as she saw the hair and eyes and smile that had haunted her so long come suddenly alive before her eyes.

It was hard to go on—to give John to that strange woman who looked at her so coldly. She had so much with her smile and her pretty clothes and the rings that gleamed on her fingers. It was not right that she should have John, too—John who was her all. But that pride of her ancestors who had fought for this little bit of rocky farm, who had lived through the long dark winters, who had always held their heads as high as any gentry, came to her then, and she forced a smile to her cold lips.

"John waits you," she said in her careful, stilted English and, turning abruptly, led her up the long hillside.

THEY had only gone halfway when they met the others returning, their failure showing in their dragging feet that had climbed uphill so confidently. Marit tried not to look at them, but when John's mother stopped beside her and lifted the baby from her arms and held him in her own, the sobs she had stilled so long would not be denied any longer, and she half turned so they would not see.

"Oh, the bonnie wee bairn!" the older woman cried, holding him close to her breast. "See, Gavin, he has our John's eyes."

She stopped then, confused, for she saw Lesly, and it came to her what Marit was doing. Tenderly she laid the child back in Marit's arms, and just as tenderly she put her arms about the sobbing girl.

"My dear, thank you for giving him back to us," she cried. "If I had known, I hardly think I would have come—for somehow I can't feel sure but that his happiness is here with you and not with us at all."

But Marit could only shake her head. "I do not give him to her," she whispered. "He never has belonged to me."

She went on then, with the proud Lesly following humbly; and as the others stood watching, it occurred to them that it was Marit who walked with the gallantry of one who has stepped to the pipers, who held her head high with all the grace of a duke's daughter.

With never a backward glance she walked uphill, and when she reached the house she held the door wide for the girl who followed.

"Wait—I will bring him," she said then.

Only when her hand grasped the latch on the barn door did she falter, but it was only for a moment, and her head was still high when she stood before John. He had dropped the curry

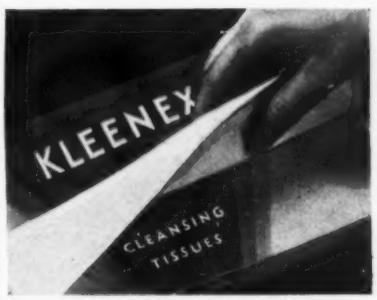
"Kleenex... the only *safe* way to remove face creams and make-up"

Helen Morgan

She started all America singing "Can't help lovin' that man". . . she played in some of the greatest successes Ziegfeld has ever known . . . and she tells you here how she protects the beauty that made her famous.

YOU saw her in "Show Boat," didn't you? And if you are human—and feminine—you *must* have wondered how she preserves her creamy skin and cool, magnolia beauty.

Well—take a peep into her dressing room!



More and more people are using Kleenex to replace handkerchiefs. It is especially valuable during colds, to avoid reinfection.

Right past the doorman, into the star's own inner sanctum! And here we find her, cleansing her skin . . . with Kleenex!

"Kleenex is always on my dressing table," she says. "It's the only safe and sanitary way to remove face creams and make-up. Soft and absorbent, it wipes away *but does not scratch or stretch the skin.*"

You see, Helen Morgan knows the importance of proper cleansing. So she uses Kleenex.

Kleenex is powerfully absorbent. It blots up . . . not only every trace of cream and oil . . . but embedded dirt and cosmetics also.

Women everywhere are rapidly adopting the Kleenex way of removing cold cream. Kleenex is so sanitary. It's so much safer than germ-filled "cold cream cloths" or towels. And far less expensive.

Kleenex comes in white, and in three safe, lovely tints, at all drug and department stores.

May we send you Kleenex—free? G-9

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

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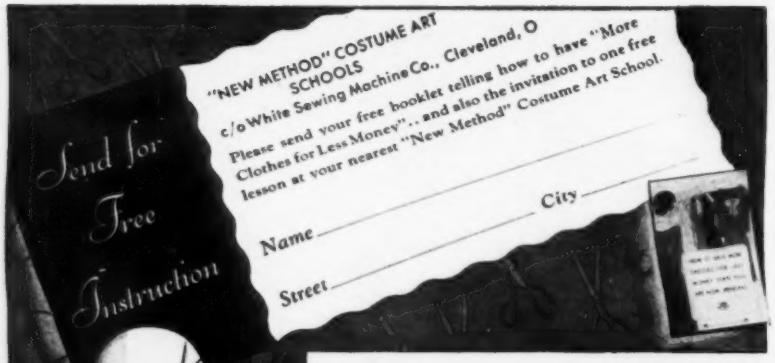
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Please send your free booklet telling how to have "More Clothes for Less Money"... and also the invitation to one free lesson at your nearest "New Method" Costume Art School.
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We teach you *style* and *fit* and *color harmony* and all the easy, fascinating "tricks" of making clothes look just right. The art of glorifying yourself becomes real fun. Do not get old-fashioned sewing schools and "New Method" Costume Art mixed in your mind. "New Method" is for the busy modern woman of today.

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In 127 cities throughout the nation, thousands of women are learning to be "Better Dressed at Less Cost".... under the personal direction of a specially trained staff. There is a "New Method" school in or near your city where the valuable course is offered FREE OF CHARGE to purchasers of White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines. That you may appreciate this great opportunity, we will send you an invitation that entitles you to one free lesson. Send for it! And if you are doing any sewing take it along . . . the instructress will give you valuable advice.

White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines

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SINCE 1876 ~ THE SERVANT OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

West Wind

comb and was leaning there against the stall; and if Marit had any doubts before, they were gone when she saw his face.

Taking his hand, she led him through the barn sweet with the scent of dried clover, past the broad meadow and up the little path where the heather struggled between the cracks in the stone. But when they stood before the door, she drew his face close to hers and to the sleeping child.

She left him then, walking swiftly with the wind, and even when she heard the door close behind him she did not turn.

The wind tore at her skirt and loosened her hair under her coif, and the salt from the fjord stung her cheeks, and the spray blew on her lashes and clung there with her tears. Faster and still faster she walked, keeping pace with the wind, trying to lose herself in its fury, wooing the forgetfulness that would not come.

But somehow she did not fear it any longer. It had taken its toll—she was free of its spell at last. She held up the child so that the wind rumpled his dark hair, and he laughed with delight. She laughed then, too, but her laugh was wild with the tears that followed it so swiftly.

It seemed to her then that the wind was playing a mad prank, for she thought she heard feet running behind her and John's voice calling her name. If she turned, she would find it was all a dream, so she walked on, holding the dream close to her, not daring to turn lest it escape her. Only when she felt warm arms about her did she stop at last, and with a little gasp she opened her eyes and saw that it was John who held her.

"Marit, my little one—my foolish one," he whispered then.

He took off his worn sheepskin jacket and laid it around her shoulders so that it covered her and the child in her arms. And then he kissed her again and yet again, as though he had only just found her kisses.

"All this time I have been thinking of her eyes and her smile," he said then, and his voice was still shaken. "Only when I saw her again I knew it wasn't her eyes I was remembering at all. They were your eyes all the time, Marit. It was your smile instead of hers, and in my blindness I did not know."

His arms were still around her as they turned, and the wind closed in about them as they walked toward home.

Leftovers

(*Continued from page 97*)

tomatoes. Add about two cups of water, 1 teaspoon minced onion, and seasonings, and you will have a soup that sings with a new harmony of flavor.

7. Grate the cheese to use in a cream sauce.

8. Throw away the empty peanut-butter jar.

9. Now we come to the pickle bottle with its spicy sweet vinegar and solitary pickle. As far as the vinegar is concerned, it is ideal to use in making French or mayonnaise dressing. Save every drop of this—you never can create such flavor yourself.

But here's the lone pickle. What shall we do with it? Certainly it should not be considered lightly, for a pickle's a pickle for a' that. Well, let's reconnoiter and close in on this important problem by telling a story.

Years ago, in a baseball park, a raucous-voiced vendor was bawling, "Get your bag of fresh roasted peanuts—only 5 cents."

Over and over he blared away, as he walked over people's feet and stood in the line of vision of hard-boiled fans.

Finally he sounded a new cry: "Fresh roasted peanuts—only one bag left! Fresh roasted peanuts—who wants the last bag?"

From far up in the stands a coarse voice gave him the answer. "Aw—eat it yourself!"

And that's what I should suggest that you do with the pickle.

"Please tell me . . ."

JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

HOW do you feel about your hair when you look in the mirror? Pleased, because you see such a satiny, becoming, *youthful* frame for your face? Or are you a little self-conscious because your hair looks limp, discouraged, dull?

Hair can make us look older, carelessly groomed. Or, if it is radiant with light and health, it can make us look younger, make our features look more piquant, make our eyes look brighter. And the encouraging part of it is that we can all improve our hair and make it, if we will, a shining, glorious crown to our charm.

"Too dry to wave naturally"

Dear Miss Carroll: My hair used to be very wavy and it waves now during the summer when my head gets hot and damp. But during the winter my hair seems to lose practically all its natural wave—and is very dry, especially after a shampoo. How can I keep my hair soft and restore the natural wave? Thank you.—E. B. K., Townsend, Mass.

IF we can once get rid of that over-dry condition for you, the natural wave ought to come back. Do you know that you can get a special shampoo just for dry hair . . . a pure vegetable-oil liquid shampoo that contains the soothing, softening glycerine which you find in many good skin-lotions? You can—and it leaves your hair softer and easier to manage. This shampoo is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. It's golden in color, and makes a wonderful lather. Then, as a further measure, get a little oil of sweet almonds at the drug store and drop a few drops on your scalp—not the hair—with a medicine dropper. Brush your hair every day to stir the oil glands to greater activity, and distribute the oil evenly over your hair. Then see if the natural wave doesn't show up even when the weather is cold and dry.

Help please! "Such oily hair"

Dear Miss Carroll: *Please*, oh please tell me what to do for my hair. I am "a neutral blonde" and my hair, like my skin, is dreadfully oily. Shortly after I wash it, it gets lank and stringy and I can't do anything with it. Think what *that* does to my looks!—D. A., Seven Oaks, Canada.

DEAR D. A., A head of the loveliest hair I nearly ever saw was "neutral blonde"—so shining and baby-soft that you wanted to touch it. Its owner had to struggle with oiliness too. She did what I hope you'll do. She got a special shampoo for oily hair, *Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*, and she washed her hair *and* washed it—every three days at first or whenever it showed a trace of oil. Then, gradually she had to wash it less often to keep it looking nice.

I can't urge you too strongly to use this special shampoo. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is pure, safe and gentle, and it's good for your hair. *Then*—and this is the grand part—it is very gently astringent. It tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands, so they don't send out quite so much oil. In addition, use bay rum on your scalp between shampoos. Give your hair sun-baths—not so strenuously that you burn out the life—but for fifteen minutes at a time. These—and the special shampoo—will tone up your scalp. And let me hear how your hair improves.

What to do for dandruff

Dear Miss Carroll: I certainly would appreciate some worthwhile advice. My hair is light brown, or at least that is as close as I can get to the color. It always did have sort of a dead-hair color. It is very dry and I have dandruff. I have tried shampooing with oily treatments, but without much luck.—Mrs. J. W., Kingsville, Md.

"DEAD-HAIR color"—goodness! If that's the way your hair looks, we certainly must do something to make it shining and alive. Of course, dandruff makes good-looking hair almost impossible . . . Dandruff may be dry or oily and you apparently have the dry kind.

So let's begin to get the best of that dandruff with a cake of Packer's Tar Soap. This soap has long been approved by doctors as a standard treatment for dandruff cases. Its rich lather is gently antiseptic and the pine tar certainly discourages dandruff germs. Don't be satisfied with an occasional shampoo—begin with three shampoos in a row—one a day for three days! Massage the piney lather well into your scalp. Don't think these daily shampoos are too much trouble—think of them as a prescription. They'll really help your scalp. Then shampoo every few days and finally once a week. You'll feel cheered up, I know, when you see how your hair improves in "tone" and shows its natural light and sparkle.

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The Distinguished Visitor

(*Continued from page 41*)

seem to be suspicious of me about, so at the dinner table I tried to show some. One of Dr. Gilmerding's shirt-studs had broken away from the buttonhole where it ought to have stayed, which gave a kind of embarrassing interior view of him, you might say, and I thought it ought to be fixed before the lecture, but just to show tactfulness I decided not to say anything about it to him. He didn't notice it himself, being occupied, in the eager, dreamy kind of way he had, with eating a good deal. I wanted to be genial and lead the conversation around to his own topics, so, after Enid had finished telling him about how honored all of Mary's Neck felt over having him in it, I said:

"I always thought before that lecturers and ministers and actors and so on didn't like to speak on a full stomach. I notice you don't hold with them, Dr. Gilmerding."

Mrs. Massey put her implements down on her plate kind of deliberately, and she and both the girls looked at me as if I'd been making one of my mistakes again; but Dr. Gilmerding just went on eating, and answered, during the process:

"No, I learned during my life with the Ogilluwayas to eat whenever food was placed before me. I think as well during digestion as at any other time."

"Do you mean, Doctor," Enid asked, kind of timidly and blushing, "that your lecture is more factual than inspirational?"

"Both," he said, and right away Enid said, "How interesting!" and Mrs. Massey said, "Yes, *isn't* that interesting!" and Clarissa said,

"Yes, *isn't* it!"

I didn't understand what he meant, myself, but I thought I ought to add something, so I asked him,

"Now just who are these Ogilluwayas?"

Enid breathed so I could hear her, and I understood I must have gone wrong again, so I went on, maybe a little too hurriedly, to cover it up.

"I understand they're Indians, but what I mean: Are they people you've seen something of yourself, Doctor?"

This time it seemed to be a bad one. After I had been shown how the worst type of outcast gets looked at, Enid gave a repellant laugh and said,

"You've never heard that Dr. Gilmerding spent twelve years among the Ogilluwayas?"

I tried to cover it up again. "Why, certainly," I said. "That's why I asked him."

DR. GILMERDING wasn't aware that any undercurrents of ruction were going on in the family; you could tell he didn't notice. All at once he began to talk, eating rapidly all through what he was saying.

"The Ogilluwayas are perhaps the most advanced of all the anthropomorphical clusters that have retained their natal formations and habit. They are indubitably a by-shoot of the pre-Aztec southwestward drift. This was suspected by the earlier anthropologists and established by myself; with the assistance of Dr. Leo Zeigner, in Nineteen-twelve in our work on bronchocephalic tribal skulls. The cultural inertia of the Ogilluwayas permits an accurate study of their ancient arts and crafts, since these exist with almost precisely the same utilitarian and decorative motives today. Their tribal customs superbly mark the transition from the primitive into the neo-primitive, and their religious pageantry, dances and ritual, all founded exclusively upon incantations with dried snakes and the entrails of dogs, are splendidly reproduced with a profoundly interesting and really exquisite symbolism in the decorative designs of their basketwork and earthenware. Nowhere in the whole vast field of ceramics and basketwork is there a profounder ethnological revelation combined with the simplest elementals of perfect neo-zoolithic beauty. The fascination of watching this really neo-primitive people—I insist that they are more actually neo-primitive than primitive—at their basket-weaving or in the construction of exquisite ceramics is ever enthralling, and I shall never forget the excitement of one day discovering that the swastika and asterisk decorative motives were known to them. It is not too much to say—"

Well, he went right on talking, eating with an absent-minded rapidity and heartiness all the time. Of course I can't say that I've quoted him with exact precision, but anyhow that's a good deal like what he said. I thought for a minute I was going to get interested and be able to keep my mind on him when he mentioned the dried snakes and dogs' insides, but he never got around to them again. It sort of struck me that he was practising his lecture, or maybe that he just didn't have anything else to say, or that it might have been both.

Mrs. Massey kept murmuring things like, "*Isn't* that interesting!" and, "Now, *that's* something I never knew before!" and Enid and Clarissa would both say, "Neither did I!" and, "Perfectly wonderful!"

After the poor beginnings I had made, I thought it better to attend to my own business, and so the dinner passed off without any more unfortunate occurrences, though after we finished coffee Dr. Gilmerding was still talking, and Mrs. Massey finally had to interrupt him and take him out, so the servants could begin to prepare the room for the refreshments after the lecture.

THE audience began to arrive pretty soon, and Mrs. Massey made me stand in the living room doorway with her and Enid and the Professor—I mean Doctor—to receive the guests. Most of them came in right brightly, and feeling pretty cordial, laughing a good deal and looking forward to quite an evening, some of them probably not understanding much about what ceramics are. Mr. Bullfinch and Mr. Carmichael, in particular, had been having quite a little dinner, you could see, and had a pretty vague idea of the occasion.

"How about those Nautch girls?" Mr. Bullfinch whispered to me, and Mr. Carmichael said he wanted a seat right up in front for the Hindu dancing and to see how the fakir conjuring tricks were done, from which I gathered that their wives must have let them follow their own ideas in order to get them there.

The living room filled up pretty soon, with everybody chatting and laughing gayly and leaning across each other to call to somebody, because they hadn't been sitting on those chairs long enough to be much disturbed yet. Then, when it seemed that about everybody was there and the room had begun to get kind of hot, Enid walked down the aisle with Dr. Gilmerding, and they sat down sort of self-consciously a while in two chairs in front of the long table that supported the art exhibition.

"Now we'll sit down ourselves," Mrs. Massey whispered to me; but just then old Mrs. Falconer, being hard of hearing, got up and asked her to have a chair moved down in front for her, and while Mrs. Massey was attending to it I thought I might just as well ease myself out to the front porch. I could hear just as well from there, through the open windows, and smoke, too.

Clarissa was out on the porch, too, with some of her young friends, but up at the other end where they couldn't hear anything, and I had to tell them to be quiet when Enid got up to begin her introduction of Dr. Gilmerding. She looked pale and had a rigid smile, her voice showing considerable stage-fright; but she looked pretty and did right well, I thought. She said that of course Dr. A. S. Folstner Gilmerding didn't need any introduction to this audience, he and his work among the Ogilluwayas being so well known, and therefore she would only speak of the privilege and honor

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The Distinguished Visitor

Mary's Neck felt in having him as a guest of honor who brought both the invisible treasures of his mind and the visible ones of his ceramic and basketwork Ogilluwaya art collection to delight and inform us with. Then she sat down, and I felt right proud of her because everybody applauded and she really did look mighty pretty.

Dr. Gilmerding got up, coughing and smiling in a pleased sort of way, and it seemed to me I really ought to have told him about his shirt-stud, after all; but as he didn't know anything about it himself, and you could see he probably never would, I presume it didn't matter much. He began by saying that Miss Massey's introduction made him feel among friends, and probably among those before him there were numbers already deeply interested in the Ogilluwayas and familiar with Ogilluwaya ceramics and basketwork. He hoped, however, that before the evening was over he'd be able to add something to their knowledge of this profoundly interesting people.

"The Ogilluwayas," he went on, "are perhaps the most advanced of all the anthropomorphical clusters that have retained their natal formations and habits. They are indubitably a by-shoot of the pre-Aztec southwestward drift. This was suspected by the earlier anthropologists and established by myself, with the assistance of Dr. Leo Zeigner, in Nineteen-twelve in our work on broncho-cephalic tribal skulls. The cultural inertia of the Ogilluwayas—"

WELL, he went right on, saying just what he'd said to the family at dinner, so I saw he must have been rehearsing then, which of course was natural enough. I listened for the part about the dried snakes and dogs' insides to come around again, and it did, but of course was pretty short, and after that I found it bothersome to keep my mind on the subject. I could see old Mrs. Falconer, down in front, and she seemed to feel she must be missing something that was better than what it sounded like to her, because she kept asking her neighbors, "What did he say then?" in whispers so loud I could hear 'em clear back at the window. Mr. Bullfinch and Mr. Carmichael must have given up all hope of any Nautch girls by this time; you could tell this by their attitudes, and they coughed a good deal, kind of pitifully.

Clarissa and her young friends had left the porch and skipped out in automobiles, probably to a movie, and I took a stroll around the yard, smoking, and didn't come back to the window for about three-quarters of an hour, thinking that by then Dr. Gilmerding must have about reached his peroration. I seemed to be wrong.

Well, I knew I was smoking too much, but I lit another cigar and went out in the yard again. In fact, I smoked two, and Clarissa and her friends were home from their movie and on the other end of the porch again before I came back to the window. Dr. Gilmerding was beginning to illustrate the lecture by holding up one object out of the art exhibition after another and pointing out the neo-primitive and anthropomorphic details of decorative motives on each at considerable length.

Just inside the window I could hear somebody whispering, "Oh, my goodness! Oh, my goodness! Oh, my goodness!" over and over, and most of the audience seemed to have got clear past squirming on those chairs, which looked to me like a bad sign.

Just after I looked in, Dr. Gilmerding picked up a red and black earthenware bowl about twice the size of a bucket and held it up high, leaning forward pretty far.

"This is the exquisite ceremonial caldron I have mentioned," he said. "I will hold it so that all may see the perfect neo-primitive motives in the decoration. In spite of its massive appearance, as I have told you, it is so delicate that instead of a fire ceremonial hot stones or boulders—"

But just there a little accident interrupted him; he was holding the bowl up by the rim and the lower half of this ceremonial caldron dropped off into Mr. Carmichael's lap first and from there to the floor, because Mr. Carmichael didn't show any presence of mind. Enid was pretty red, knowing that Clarissa's cement had failed in this mortifying way, and she began hurriedly picking up the pieces; but Dr. Gilmerding said that this piece had been broken by an expressman in Passaic, New Jersey, last year, and that what had happened was of little consequence as fresh cement would repair the damage. He was right nice and innocent about it, and I couldn't help feeling kind of guilty over Mr. Sweetmus's part in the matter.

Well, he put down the broken piece and said he must now pause to make a plea for subscriptions to a society he and Dr. Leo Zeigner had formed to prevent the extinction of the Ogilluwayas who are fast dying out, it seems. He briskened up quite a little on the subject here, and you could see how sincere he was and how kind of childlike and hopeful. But he didn't seem anywhere near the end yet, so I went around in the back yard for quite a while, and this time it was a mistake, because when I came back there weren't any automobiles in front of the house; it was all over, the audience had hurried through refreshments and gone home, Dr. Gilmerding was up in his room, and nobody was left anywhere except Mrs. Massey and the girls standing in the hall, talking it over.

Clarissa and her mother seemed to be trying to give Enid the idea that everything had gone off perfectly splendidly.

One of them would say, "Mrs. MacGruber said *she* liked it, Enid," and then the other would chime in:

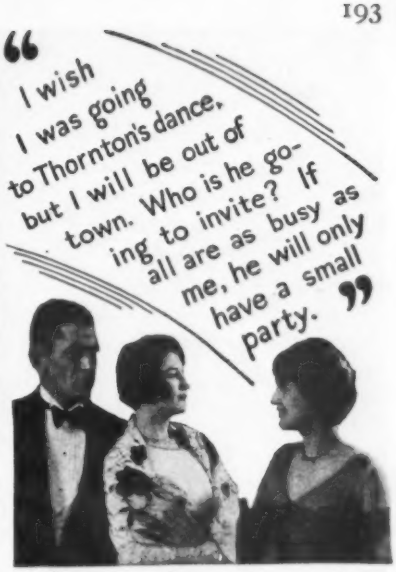
"Yes, Mrs. MacGruber told me so, too, and so did old Mr. Carter, the Ruckleboys' uncle. Mr. Carter said *he* liked it, Enid. He said he thought it was over the heads of most of the audience, and he said he thought it was just the sort of thing that Mary's Neck needed."

Then the first one would start over again.

They went on, and I stepped into the living room through the window and closed it behind me and began closing the other windows and putting out the lights as if I'd been around doing my duty all the time, so I got by with it. They didn't pay any attention to me, as I passed them on my way through the hall to go up to my room. Enid was flushed and excited, you could see, and her mother and sister were going on remembering other people that'd said they enjoyed themselves and telling her about it, so altogether it seemed to have been a pretty successful party, no matter what.

NEXT morning at breakfast Dr. Gilmerding was quite exhilarated by the lecture's having gone off so well, and told us all about the society for preserving the Ogilluwayas. He was sure there would be a gratifying response from last night's audience in the way of subscriptions sent to Dr. Zeigner, he said, because he felt he'd shown how necessary it was to get under way the work of preserving such a splendid tribe from extinction. Enid got very enthusiastic over the society's work and said what a splendid cause it was and that a branch of the society ought to be organized at Mary's Neck. They did quite a little talking about it, but somehow it didn't look to me as if it was going to amount to much. Anyhow they got off the subject after while and into Ogilluwaya ceramics generally.

Dr. Gilmerding hadn't said anything about when he wanted the car to take him and the exhibition to the train, and at eleven o'clock, when Eddie Bullfinch came by to take Enid to the beach, she and the Doctor were talking about basket-work on the front porch. Eddie is Enid's pretty special young friend, though still in college, and he looked kind of blank when she and Dr. Gilmerding both came and got in his little car with him. The three of 'em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The Distinguished Visitor

came back to lunch about half-past one, and afterward Enid said sort of nervously perhaps Dr. Gilmerding would care to go for a drive, and he said he would like nothing better, so they went, with Eddie looking pretty perplexed and oppressed. I supposed they'd be back in time for Dr. Gilmerding to catch a late afternoon train, and as a matter of fact they were; but he didn't say anything about any train—all he said was that he'd better go up and wash his hands before dinner.

At dinner he got back on basketwork some more, but wandered from the subject long enough to say what fine air we had at Mary's Neck, and if he'd known how bracing it was he believed he'd have had his wife and children come along with him. He had kind of a dreamy look as if he thought maybe it wouldn't be too late to send for them yet—at least, that's how his expression appeared to me—and after dinner, Enid having taken him with her and Eddie to a moonlight clam-bake, I asked Mrs. Massey what she thought about it.

She got right fierce and intense with me before I even finished inquiring how long she thought he was going to stay.

"How do *I* know?" she said kind of passionately. "Do you suppose I've asked him, especially after our getting his ceremonial caldron broken for him?"

"No, but Enid—"

"See here!" she said. "Haven't you any idea that this situation's embarrassing enough for Enid without your adding to it? She can't ask as distinguished a man as that how long he expects to stay, can she? Hasn't she assumed the whole burden of entertaining him, herself?"

"Well, no, not at meals, and for my part—well, I admit that anybody can see he's a nice, well-meaning, kind of harmless soul; but if I have to hear any more about the Ogilluwayas and ceramics and basketwork I feel that I'm liable to lose my grip on my faculties."

"What about Enid's? She told me he'd talked the whole solid day about Ogilluwayas to her and Eddie Bullfinch. He told her that it was perfectly inspiring to him to be with people who took the same interest in the Ogilluwayas that he did, himself, because there are so few that do, and at home his wife and children hadn't anything like the enthusiasm for ceramics and basketwork that he'd found here in Mary's Neck. If he stays over tomorrow you've simply got to give her a little rest from this responsibility; it won't hurt you to take him out for a few hours in the afternoon in your motor-boat."

WELL, I did it. After the first few minutes Dr. Gilmerding hardly noticed the ocean; he didn't seem to really know it was there, and we had a complete Ogilluwaya afternoon on the Wanda. When we got back he asked me to go into the living room with him because he wanted to illustrate a point he'd been making to me about the swastika and asterisk decorative motives in combination, and after a while, when he stopped for a second or two to cough, I thought I saw a chance to make a point of my own, kind of delicately.

"Oh, by the by," I said, as if something had just occurred to me, "these priceless ceramics and basketworks ought to be put back in the coffee-sacking. I'll have it attended to right away, so that they can be shipped to where you're going from here, if you'll give me the address."

He looked kind of surprised. "Well, no," he said, in his dreamy way. "I've left them out here on purpose, for exhibition. You see, some of the friends who were at the lecture may wish to come in and examine them more in detail, from time to time."

All I could say was, pretty feebly, "Oh, I see," because I felt a sort of collapsing in my inwards. Then all at once I got a kind of inspiration that one reason he was staying might be because he hoped I'd do something handsome for the Ogilluwayas, so right there I determined it would be worth the price and sat

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Canada: Address 10 McCaul Street, Toronto

The Distinguished Visitor

down and wrote out a pretty sizable check for Dr. Leo Zeigner. Dr. Gilmerding looked gratified and thoughtful as I showed it to him and told him it should go in the next mail; but it turned out to be as poor an inspiration as I ever had. He borrowed the telephone book to take up to his room, and when he came down to dinner he'd made an alphabetical list of all the summer residents at Mary's Neck and surrounding resorts. He was just beaming and said the results of his lecture were already proving so financially beneficial for the Ogilluwayas that the thing to do was to strike while the iron was hot and organize the branch society Enid had spoken of; the work ought to be done while the interest was at its height.

Enid swallowed and said it was a perfectly splendid idea. Well, everything was certainly her own fault, but I couldn't help feeling some sympathy for her because her eyes looked sort of glassy. I certainly regretted my inspiration about the check, too—not that the cause wasn't really a good one, and you could tell as soon as you looked at him that Dr. Gilmerding was as sincere a man as ever lived, but the check certainly hadn't accomplished the results I hoped from it.

I WON'T go into the details of the alphabetical canvass of Mary's Neck made by Enid and Dr. Gilmerding and Eddie Bullfinch; it makes my throat kind of dry, even now, to think of it. By the end of the week they'd only got well into the E's and F's, because if Dr. Gilmerding was one thing he was thorough on all Ogilluwaya matters, and if people were out when the canvassers called—as most of 'em certainly were after word had passed around—he insisted on going back until they gave up and were found. Eddie Bullfinch was beginning to look pretty peevish, and Enid's eyes had that glassy appearance all the time, though Clarissa was a good sister and spelled her for two mornings and one afternoon.

At meals Dr. Gilmerding was always excited and optimistic. "I'm pretty sure Mrs. Falconer is going to come in," he would say. "I think we'll get both her and Mr. Carmichael, if we show a little persistence. Mrs. Dalrymple seemed to get the feeling, too, I thought. I'm sure we'll get her before we get through with her, and even that queer old Mr. Francis, too, though of course when he wouldn't let me explain and kept telling us how he hated Indians it seemed discouraging. But that's the very kind of man I like to work on."

Then, after he'd finished going over the whole canvass up to the point they'd reached, Dr. Gilmerding would remember something interesting he thought he'd forgotten to tell us about the Ogilluwayas, and tell it.

They laid off over Sunday—that is, they laid off on the canvass; but the topic of Ogilluwaya ceremonials came up at breakfast and went on except during a nap he took in the afternoon—and Eddie Bullfinch got me out on the porch for a private interview that evening. He seemed pretty sore.

"There's just one question I want to ask you, Mr. Massey," he said in a severe tone. "I guess I can stand being unpopular in this summer resort and having everybody avoiding me—I'm perfectly willing to undergo all these rebuffs, and anybody can see what a nice man Dr. Gilmerding is, and probably it would be a good thing if the Ogilluwayas got encouraged not to let themselves die out; but the simple fact is about all that interests me, outside of Enid and outdoor sports, is mechanics and engineering. It may be a lack in my nature, but since I was about nine years old I haven't taken any interest in Indians at all—absolutely not the slightest. On the other hand, this doesn't mean that I'm criticizing you, Mr. Massey, and Dr. Gilmerding and Enid and maybe that old Mr. Carter, for spending all your time talking about these Ogilluwayas—you may be perfectly right, and I may be entirely wrong—but I simply can't get up any interest in 'em to save my life.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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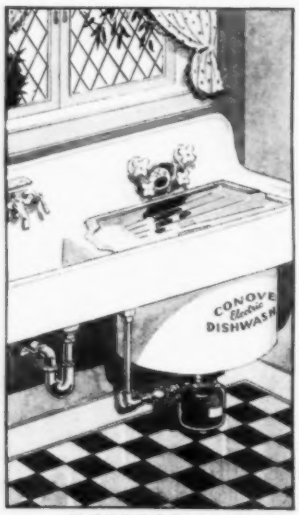

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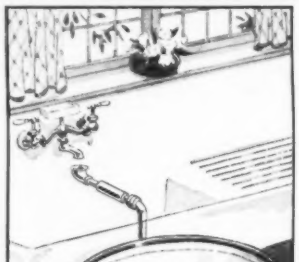
While we consider the CONOVER the last word in the electric dishwasher industry, there are at least three other well known companies making household electric dishwashers. If you don't buy a CONOVER, get one of the other approved makes. Be sure to investigate how much easier, quicker and cleaner you can do dishes with a good electric dishwasher than you can do them by hand. Spend three to four hours less each week in the kitchen—do dishes only once a day, yet always have a tidy kitchen.



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The Distinguished Visitor

"Well, the way it is, it's getting kind of like a bad dream that a person can't wake up from, and I simply want to ask you the question, How much longer is this thing going on? You ought to be able to see by this time that we can't finish the canvass this summer and probably couldn't next summer, too, because by now everybody in Mary's Neck is on the lookout for us. Even Enid herself says the whole canvass mightn't have happened if you hadn't shown all that financial encouragement and stimulation to the Ogilluwaya cause, and I don't like to be the bearer of ill tidings, Mr. Massey, but I think you ought to know that the whole of Mary's Neck thinks you're simply crazy if you still believe you can get the summer population worked up to the same pitch that you are. Now, here!—I'm simply asking you to be reasonable, because after all the work we've done, the only members we've got for the society are Enid and Clarissa and Mrs. Massey and me and old Mr. Carter and you, yourself. Mr. Carter's absolutely the only one we've persuaded to come in, outside our own group. Now how much longer do you expect—"

He was going on, but I stopped him there, and I'm afraid I spoke pretty irritably to him.

He kept retorting to all my explanations by saying, "Then what in the world did you think you'd gain by making that big subscription to the Ogilluwaya cause?"

He kept telling me he couldn't understand my not knowing the effect it would have. I was a shrewd business man, he said, and with lots of experience, and he simply could not understand my not having perceived results that any schoolboy—and so forth. In fact, the only excuse for the way Eddie talked to me was that he was in a pretty worn and nervous state over the canvass; I made allowances for him, but finally preferred to go back into the house. Enid had gone up to her room and Mrs. Massey and Clarissa were spelling her, sitting around the Indian exhibition with Dr. Gilmerding, who had begun to teach them the Ogilluwaya sign language. They had note paper and pencils, and he called to me to say he had some for me, too, but I said I had to go upstairs a minute.

WHEN Mrs. Massey came up pretty late, I told her my nerves wouldn't stand any more. I worked hard at my business through the fall and winter and spring, and what I came to Mary's Neck for was rest and recreation, which I needed and wasn't getting any of, so if I was going to take care of my family, I had to take care of myself. I invited her to go on a motor trip with me, starting the next morning before breakfast.

Well, you could see she was simply crazy to go, but Mrs. Massey is a mother before all. She just looked at me and asked me what I supposed Mary's Neck would think of her if she left the girls unchaperoned with Dr. Gilmerding visiting in the house, and if I didn't know the only thing that would get him away before completing the canvass would be something happening to the Ogilluwayas. The most unfortunate thing, next to my check, she said, was the fact that when Enid first mentioned organizing a branch of the society she was really sort of enthusiastic and had told Dr. Gilmerding she didn't have an earthly thing to do the rest of the summer and would love to devote her time to it. Except for that, we could have all gone on a motor trip and just let him take the cottage; but the way things were, if I had to preserve my health, I'd have to do it alone.

Of course I felt pretty selfish, but women do bear up better under certain strains than men are able to. They can go through things that we can't, and I think the manful thing is just to admit it right out in plain words like this. I borrowed Clarissa's roadster and the chauffeur, and the next morning, after a hurried breakfast in the kitchen, started for the White Mountains, feeling a more lightened sensation of freedom in my breast than I had known since before

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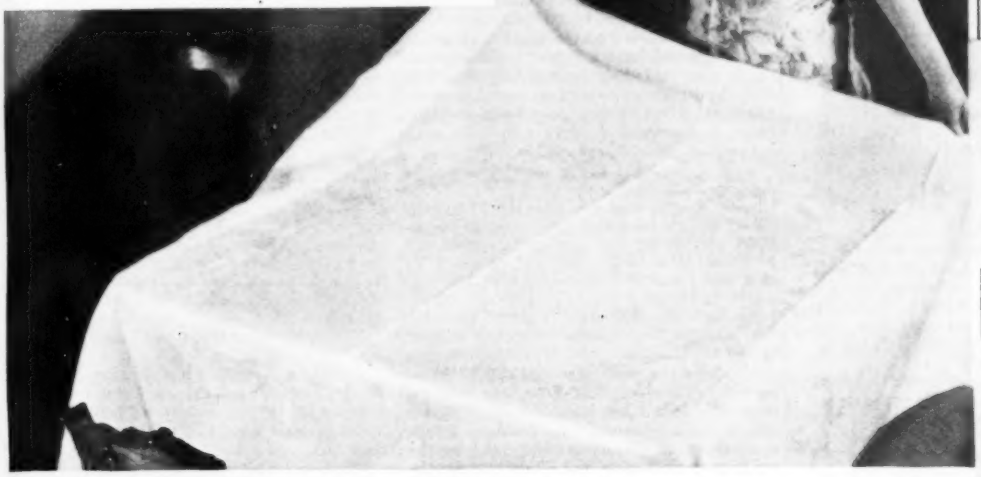

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Clorox is a scientific product created by electrolytic action. In every drop are billions of active units of oxygen eager to go to work bleaching, removing stains, destroying odors, killing germs.

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Only one bottle, and you will agree with more than two million other women that "you can't keep house without Clorox." A generous bottle costs little. Order from your grocer today!... If your grocer does not have Clorox, send us his name and address, and we will see that he is supplied. Clorox Chemical Co., Department B, Oakland, California.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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The Distinguished Visitor

Enid got her first idea of the lecture. Of course, I had to keep thoughts of my family out of my mind; I did it by an effort of will power and looking at the scenery. We had a fine drive and stopped that night at the Sunrise House on Mount Fitzpatrick, feeling just superb.

After dinner I ran into the W. D. Patterson family in the big, comfortable lobby of the hotel and sat down with 'em. The W. D. Patterson family had rented a cottage at Mary's Neck the previous summer—mighty nice people, and I was glad to come across them again. I hadn't much more than joined them, though, when a Mrs. Nettleby, a big, handsome, kind of important woman that had a cottage in the summer colony on Mount Fitzpatrick, came in to call on them.

I TOOK a dislike to her, you might say, and felt quite an increase of it when the coincidence occurred of her beginning to talk to the Pattersons about Indians and basketwork. She said there were some descendants of the aborigines in the neighborhood, and she did hope the Pattersons would become interested in their birch-bark baskets. She'd been struggling for years, she said, to get the Mount Fitzpatrick summer people interested in the beautiful and simple Indian arts and crafts, and then she drifted off the subject and pretty soon began talking about how too disappointing it was that the Kinvorzorfsky Quartette that she'd engaged to give an evening's entertainment at her cottage next Friday couldn't come, so tomorrow she'd have to begin sending around and withdrawing her invitations.

Well, it was just like a dazzling stroke of lightning in my hand; the thing came over me all of a sudden, and this time right from the start I had the feeling of having got an inspiration that would make up for the other one.

"Speaking of basketwork and ceramics," I said, and I was on firm ground here, knowing pretty well what I was talking about. "I am sure, Mrs. Nettleby, that you are probably familiar with the exquisite decorative motives of the Ogilluwayas, because the Ogilluwayas are perhaps the most advanced of all the anthropomorphical clusters that have retained their natal formations and habits. They are indubitably a by-shoot of the pre-Aztec southwestward drift. This was suspected by the earlier anthropologists and established by the most brilliant and celebrated of them all, Dr. A. S. Folstner Gilmerding in Nineteen-twelve in his work on bronchocephalic tribal skulls."

I didn't go on with it semi-verbatim from there; I thought best just to give her this tidbit and branch off into something like my own way of talking. "Dr. Gilmerding carries with him for his lectures the most priceless and enthralling collection of Ogilluwaya ceramics and basketworks, ancient and modern, ever seen in the world, and, as for Dr. Gilmerding himself, of course I probably needn't tell *you* anything about him, Mrs. Nettleby, with your interest in Indian arts and crafts and all. You've probably heard Dr. Gilmerding any number of times—"

"Why, no," she said, looking at me all at once with a good deal of surprise and a lot more affability. "He hasn't been lecturing in this part of the country lately, has he?"

"Why, yes, certainly," I told her. "He's been resting at Mary's Neck after a—"

"You don't say!" she said, and she already began to look eager. "Do you think he's still at Mary's Neck? I don't suppose it's possible—"

"It was your interest in Indian topics that made me think of it," I said. "Yes; he's still at Mary's Neck—at least, he was still there when I left, and I have his telephone number. I don't know about his engagements for next Friday, if you were thinking of putting him in instead of the Quartette you mentioned; but I do happen to know that he has this Wednesday open. Of course, that might be a little trouble for you to substitute instead of your Friday entertainment, the time being so short, but—"

"Why, no," she said, getting eagerer and eagerer. "Do you think we could get in touch with him this evening? I might at least be able to see whether—"

I jumped right up. "I'll get him for you on long distance in ten minutes," I told her; and then, kind of flushed with success and feeling I'd like to do poor old Gilmerding a good turn and make up a little for what Mr. Sweetmus had done to the caldron, I said, "The whole thing, lecture and art exhibition, ceramics, basketworks and all, is only two hundred dollars and expenses."

This wasn't reckless at all, though you might think I took a big risk; but I judged by some pearls she was wearing and her bracelets that a seventy-five dollar lecture would have made her suspicious, and I was right. Two hundred was just the figure to suit her both ways.

I got him on long distance for her, but not until I'd had Mrs. Massey first and told her to tell him that his future lecture price had to be two hundred dollars and that this one had to be Wednesday. Well, I never took part in a more successful coup; it was just like clockwork. When Mrs. Nettleby came back from that telephone, she was all excited. Dr. Gilmerding was coming with all the art works and baskets and ceramics on Wednesday morning, and she had to rush off right now to get out the cards announcing the change from Friday and the alteration from the Quartette to the Ogilluwayas.

"But first," she said, "Mr. Massey, do tell me just a little more about them. Of course, I know in a general way how important the Ogilluwayas are, but even over the telephone it's easy to see what an enthusiast Dr. Gilmerding is, and I thought that as he's to stay at my house and I'd like to draw him out on the subject as much as possible, maybe it would help if I knew a good many details of Ogilluwaya tribal customs and their arts and crafts beforehand."

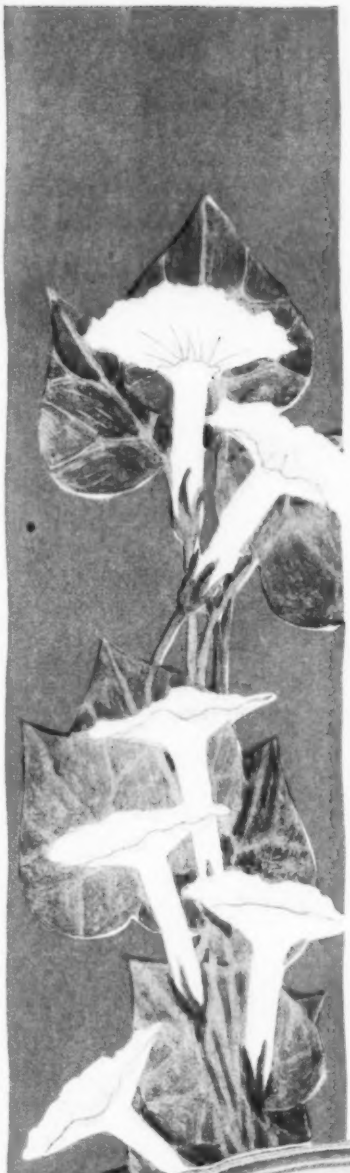
"I'd better leave it to him," I told her. "I'd just butcher it."

I looked at her, and I hadn't taken any great fancy to her, but just then, knowing I wouldn't ever see her again, which would be better, too, I had at least what you might call kind of a fellow-feeling for her.

"He'll tell you, himself, Mrs. Nettleby," I said. "The Ogilluwayas'll come to you all the fresher for your not knowing their details beforehand. You won't have any trouble in drawing out Dr. Gilmerding about them—that won't be any trouble to you at all."

NOW here's another thing that just shows how peculiar human nature is: when I got back to the house on Wednesday, after he'd gone, I kind of began to sort of miss him. Yes, sir; the living room looked queer to me without the collection of ceramics and basketworks, and after that, for a while, it seemed queerer still to have whole days pass without hearing anybody even mention the Ogilluwayas. He'd been gone about two weeks when we got a perfectly lovely letter from him; it was addressed to Enid, but meant for all the family. It was written from Mrs. Nettleby's at Mount Fitzpatrick. He wanted to know how our branch society was getting on and said he and the Nettleby family had been doing splendid work among the friends at Mount Fitzpatrick, organizing another one; but he wasn't going to be able to remain until the organization was completed, because Mrs. Nettleby had made a wonderful arrangement for him to deliver the lecture at the house of some delightful relatives of her husband's in Utica, New York, and what seemed really quite like Aladdin's lantern she'd arranged for the price to be three hundred and fifty dollars and expenses.

You could see how happy he was over the whole thing, because he added about seven pages more of facts he said he thought he'd forgotten to tell us about the Ogilluwayas.



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Books for a Busy Month

(*Continued from page 100*)

itself to be the most influential in all Manhattan. Never has the snobbishness that inheres in and surrounds these modern nabobs been so ironically and truly presented. Hilda Harlan was a great heiress, incredibly beautiful, who had been brought up to regard her wealth as a trust. She was a professional philanthropist, one of the first rich, exclusive women to become converted to suffrage. She had an office downtown in some skyscraper and employed a poor young relation as secretary to write her speeches and manage her affairs. She was gracious and considerate. But always she was a queen in her own right. And a queen can do no wrong.

Queens today, however, can not be captious. They must at least satisfy their own consciences. So Hilda rationalized all her desires. When she wanted to do something, she first convinced herself that what she wanted to do was tied to some high purpose. Herself convinced, there was no question how her actions affected others. Nor were there any obstacles that could not be overcome. Bred from childhood to a faith in the divine right of such wealth and position as hers, she expected law, custom, religion to adapt themselves to her wishes, always leaving some one else to pay the cost. So when she wanted to divorce Cope Harlan, the college professor she had, to the dismay of her family, married, she made his opposition to the baptism of their child her excuse; and yet, when she, a divorced woman, wanted to marry Rodney, she did not hesitate to attempt to buy off the church. And when that was unsuccessful she was willing to sacrifice not only the reputations, but what she must have considered, did she believe what she thought she did, the immortal salvations of Cope Harlan and the woman whom he loved. That she failed was not her fault.

But it must not be thought that this is a sordid or unhappy book. So light is Mr. Williams' irony, so gay his wit, so beautiful the character of Cope, so charming Constance's love for him, so staunch Cousin Dave's loyalty, so satisfying the dénoûement, that the reader puts it down with a smile, as well as with the realization that he has met at first-hand a group of people whom he has hitherto known only by way of the Sunday supplement.

San Francisco in the Eighties

"The Days of Her Life" by Wallace Irwin (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) is also by an old friend, the kind of author one loves for himself whether one made his acquaintance through his "Letters from a Japanese Schoolboy" or his later novels. For he belongs to that all-too-small group who can write a good story about pleasing people and yet hew true to life, which argues not only the ability to create characters, but also to look sanely on life. By which I, at least, mean facing it without either feeling despair or donning rose-colored glasses.

The days of Emma Beecher began in 1881 in a tumbledown shack on the edge of a mining town. They end for us as she defines for herself what faith is. In the time between, she has escaped from the mining town as the bride of a gambler, has been deserted by him and left penniless in San Francisco, has been befriended by his lawyer, has entered a curio shop as clerk, married its crippled owner with a beautiful soul, been mistress of an exquisite house and manager of her husband's business, has refused love when it was offered her, buried her husband and inherited his fortune. It is a story of loyalty and faith and the slow development of a girl who believed in the freedom of the will. The background is the San Francisco of the '80's and '90's, and Mr. Irwin has brought in many of the men who lived there in those days—Ambrose Bierce, Ernest Peixotto, Frank Norris, Collis P. Huntington, and Blind Boss Buckley. He conveys the atmosphere of the period and city with its gaiety, fog, and colorful social life. And when he writes of the shop in which Emma made her life, he reveals his own wide knowledge of Chinese arts and his appreciation of beauty and craftsmanship.

Mrs. Paul, with her hunger for cosmopolitanism and emotional experience, will like it, I am sure, and Emma's courage and wisdom will appeal to her. Indeed, I hardly see how any one can fail to do the same, unless he dislikes tales of human struggles and local atmosphere.

From Past to Present

"Years of Grace" by Margaret Ayer Barnes (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) takes up the Chicago of the same period, but brings us up to date, for it tells the story of three generations as touched by the middle one. For through Jane Ward's experience with life we meet her stiffly corseted mother and her tolerant yet bewildered father, as well as her keen-witted, rather ruthless daughter and her modern-minded sons-in-law. Mrs. Barnes has not the story-telling gift that Mr. Irwin has, but that may be because Jane Ward lived life so laboriously. The book, therefore, is relished in the aftermath rather than in perusal. It is only when one realizes how the author has seized the salient characteristics of the three generations and thrown them into contrast that one fully appreciates her understanding and skill. To deal with them all as justly and tolerantly as she does from the viewpoint of the middle one is something of an achievement and gives much food for thought.

There was Flora's mother whose indiscretions were publicly ignored and privately gossiped over; Jane's contemporary, Muriel, who openly took what she wanted yet hugged the cloak of respectability about her; and Jane's own sacrifice of love on the altar of duty; and then at last Jane's daughter Cicily, who faced her problem with the frankness and daring of the younger generation, willing to endure the surgical operation of divorce rather than temporize with truth and honesty as did Muriel, or endure sacrifice as had Jane. And through it all we have Jane measuring the standards and the ideals of her generation against those of the elder and the younger generations.

"Decency, dignity, and decorum" were what Jane had striven for so that when "she passed beneath the earth it would be as no common shade." What she had achieved was grace. Honesty and experience were what Cicily was after. Which was better? Jane does not know. But those who follow her through all her experiences—and she is very real—may be more fortunate, although it is possible that readers of the older generation will approve their own and those of the younger generation—but I doubt that the younger one, if it is as she depicts it, will bother to think anything about it. Youth is always so certain. The charm of this book is for the middle-aged—that is, for those who can look back as well as forward, a privilege not to be lightly valued.

All this preoccupation of Jane with her own problems, those of her friends and children, is thrown against a background of a quickly changing Chicago, which probably is what makes the changing viewpoints and practices of the generations seem so much more authentic than they usually do in print and even more comprehensible than when noted in life.

"The Car of Croesus" by Ernest Poole, one of my favorite authors (Macmillan, $2.00), whirls us to incredible New York. There the exiled Prince Borissovitch, ruined by the Revolution and become a chauffeur, and Claire Cobb, late buyer of women's gowns for a

Baby Oil . . .

then Talc . . .

to keep him cool and comfortable

SAVE him from the galling irritation and the painful red rashes that attack his skin, by following these simple directions: After bathing baby in the morning, gently pat him dry, and rub his entire body with Mennen Baby Oil. The oil is medicated and sterilized. It will keep baby's body soft and smooth, and prevent rubbing and chafing in the folds of the skin. It is pleasantly scented and will not soil diapers, clothing, or bedding. After any excess oil has been removed, dust Mennen Borated Talcum over his body to keep him cool, sweet, and comfortable. Be particular to massage the buttocks after every diaper change with Mennen Baby Oil, and then dust with Borated Talcum to protect the skin and prevent "ammonia diaper" condition.

BABY GIFT BOX

A delightfully modern Gift Box for mother and baby, containing the very things baby needs. Price $1.50 at druggists, department stores and gift shops.

THE MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

MENNEN

BABY OIL

BORATED TALCUM

In using advertisements see page 6

TO MAKE THEM LIKE *NEW*

This ONE oil does THREE different things

Just as coffee needs sugar and cream to make it complete, a good household oil should be a blend of three different ingredients.

For your sewing machine and other household devices require more than mere *lubrication*. Their bearings and moving parts must be *cleansed* of old oil, made "gummy" by dust and dirt. And they must be *protected* against harmful rust and tarnish.

Three Oils in One

Three-in-One does all three jobs at once. *Cleans*; *lubricates*; *protects*. And does every job better than any plain mineral oil, because 3-in-One is blended by a special process from animal, mineral and vegetable oils to meet the particular requirements of general household use.

There's magic in just a few drops of 3-in-One. That heavy vacuum cleaner seems to lose ten pounds. The sewing machine runs like new. And the lawn-mower becomes almost a silent model. Best of all, you know that 3-in-One not only keeps them silent and easy running but cleans and protects them at the same time—adding extra years to their service.

A Marvelous Polish, too

And 3-in-One also works miracles on woodwork and furniture. A few drops on a moist cloth makes a dusting and polishing cloth that *cleans, polishes* and also *protects* the finest finish.

And so economical

Three-in-One costs more to make than ordinary oil, but far less to use. A little goes a long way—saving many times its cost in bills for repairs.

Good stores everywhere have 3-in-One in both handy cans and bottles. Look for this red trade-mark ➤➤➤➤ 3 IN ONE

Write for free sample and pamphlet, "79 Uses in Your Home."

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., DEPT. 1
130 William Street, New York
FACTORIES: Rahway, N. J. Montreal, Que.

3-in-One Oil

CLEANS ✓ LUBRICATES ✓ PREVENTS RUST

Books for a Busy Month

Chicago store, enter into a partnership to buy a sumptuous car which they will rent at exorbitant rates to those who wish for private reasons to appear for an hour or so as millionaires. Claire sits beside the chauffeur prince as a lady's maid. By the aid of a dictaphone cleverly concealed and a mirror, they are able to keep informed as to the purposes and intents of their clients. Soon, of course, they find themselves parties to various adventures which are described to us in the form of episodes which are in turn amusing, pathetic, dramatic, thrilling, and clever. A sort of Arabian Nights tales they are, revealing the city's complex and varied life in brief sketches, the gangsters, politicians, sharp business men, bootleggers, family dramas as few long books could do. No one who has walked up Broadway at night, thrilled by the lights and gaiety, and wondered with a passionate curiosity what personal stories lay buried among the hurrying thousands, can fail to respond to these modern fairy-tales.

"Visa to France" by Berry Fleming (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) serves to show that the reader is never safe in choosing his books from his previous acquaintance with authors. For he could never suspect that the author of "The Conqueror's Stone" would ever turn out a frivolous novel like this. By means of an intricate little plot which is not resolved until the last page, he pokes fun at novelists, at American laws and romanticism and Italian practicality, and always with a light, debonair thrust. It is not a book for those who ponder life seriously, who hold social codes to be inviolate as much in fiction as in practice, but those who can dally with ideas without losing their balance will find it stimulating as well as amusing.

Pioneer Kentucky and Tennessee

"Long Hunt" by James Boyd (Scribner's, $2.50) is the same kind of book as "The Great Meadow" by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, but with a difference. Whereas her book threw the life of a woman against the pioneer background of Kentucky, "Long Hunt" throws a man's life against the pioneer background of Tennessee. Nor is this the only difference. Hers was a woman's book, and so she sees the adventurer as the woman does, as anti-social, and the frontier as something to be subdued. Mr. Boyd's is a man's book, and thus presents the adventurer as the seeker after liberty and the frontier as offering freedom. She sees the woman as the conservationist and man as the useful means to attain her ends; he sees woman as the slave-driver and man her victim. She sees the bonds of love as something to be welcomed, he something to be fled. Yet both accept their validity. In "The Great Meadow" the wife returns to her husband; in "Long Hunt" Rinnard suffers for his defection.

Murfree Rinnard was a hunter. He loved Laurel. But he could not abide bondage. So he left the frontier town one night without farewell, seeking escape. He pushed farther and farther back into the Wilderness, even through to Natchez on the Mississippi. He lived with women. He fought with Indians. But never could he forget Laurel. At last he heard that she had married an old man with many children and moved to the farthest border. He went to find her. And turned away when he saw the drab woman who would not look at him. Still he did not forget her. He knew he had missed what would have been completion for him. And when he heard that Indians were on the war-path near her home, he returned to find her in a starving fort, took out a rescue party, and died that she might be saved.

This is not, however, all of the book. It is only the story by which we are made to apprehend the American frontier of that day. The incredible thing about the book is that Mr. Boyd has apparently soaked himself in the history and geography of that time, and yet so completely has he

MOTHER! Now a much *Softer*, *Whiter* Bathroom Paper

Created from the Same New Material as Silky Rayon

Health Commissioners in 45 states advise paper like Northern Tissue for Child Health Protection.

MOTHERS know that ordinary harsh "toilet papers" are not safe. To protect their children, they have long demanded that a safer, softer, whiter paper be created.

Medical and chemical science at last answer this problem. By creating a paper from pure *cellulose*—the identical material used for making Rayon—which, as every woman knows, is the world's softest fabric.

This Rayon base produces the most luxurious bathroom paper you have ever known—a truly soft, white, absorbent paper such as old-time methods never could produce.

There are no harsh particles of raw ground-wood in paper made this new way. Thus nothing to irritate or endanger the most delicate tissue. Absorbency and disposability too, are vastly increased compared to common ground-wood papers.

But with all these advantages, this new-type cellulose paper—called "Northern Tissue"—costs no more than ordinary "toilet papers!"

Made from "Cooked" Pulp—Not Ground from Raw Wood

In making Northern Tissue, only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked for over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. Thus it is never like cheap yellow or newsprint white "toilet papers" that are made largely by grinding raw wood into a splintery mass. (Presence of raw ground-wood is always detected by chemical testing with phloroglucinol.)

The prophylactic properties of paper made this new way are outstanding of course. Health Commissioners in 254 cities and 45 states advise: "Use soft, white cellulose paper like 'Northern Tissue'—especially where children must be protected."

To make sure of this new health protection, ask by name for "Northern Tissue."

NORTHERN TISSUE
With the Blue Core

Only 10c a roll at any grocery, department or drug store. Or use coupon below for trial roll, if you prefer.

SEND FOR TRIAL ROLL

Julia Neidle, Nurse, Dept. G.-45 *261-R*
Northern Paper Mills,
Green Bay, Wis.

Please send me the free trial roll of soft, 20 times sterilized, "Northern Tissue"—the rayon-like white paper free from raw ground-wood. I enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

© N. P. M., 1930

In using advertisements see page 6

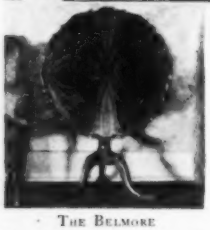
"You can do more with tables . . . for less than $50 . . . than with any other furniture you buy" . . . says ADELINE DE VOO

Adeline de Voo, prominent New York home furnishings authority, lectures at the New York University, contributes to leading periodicals, and has developed settings for the Metropolitan Museum

THE CLOPTON

The chair-side table is as essential to the "well-being" of the living-room as favorite books and magazines. The Clopton is ideal in every respect. The carving has been done by hand. Walnut or mahogany $27.50

Price slightly higher in West and South



THE BELMORE

The aristocrat of all tables, the tilt-top is at home in every home. The Belmore has few peers. Beautifully grained, matched-figured top; molded pie-crust rim, gracefully shaped legs, exquisitely hand-carved. Mahogany or maple $49.50

Price slightly higher in West and South

THE REGNIER

The last word in sophistication, the Regnier is a delightfully proportioned coffee table with a removable glass tray which protects the beautifully grained top and is so convenient when serving after-dinner coffee, or cocktails. Mahogany or maple, with hand-matched figured top. $30.50

Price slightly higher in West and South

IT is positively astonishing, as Miss de Voo suggests, how much you can accomplish in beautifying your home with a *few dollars* invested in tables.

Tables, comparatively, are so inexpensive — even when created by a master like Imperial. And so many lovely things can be done with them, when properly selected and arranged! They brighten nooks and corners — add smartness and hominess to your chair and davenport groupings — lend dignity and charm to the halls — provide exquisite settings for lamps, ornaments, books — and serve numberless other practical needs while winning the admiration of your friends and guests.

To illustrate these points, Imperial has created a special group of 12 charming tables. Tables for every room and of all sorts, from the strictly formal to the daintiest colorful novelty. And all priced under $50! Many for *much* less. Three are illustrated on this page.

Leading dealers everywhere are now featuring the entire group. See them by all means! Like every Imperial creation, they are stunningly new, fashionable and well made. And each, for your protection, bears the famous trade mark *Imperial* on the green shield—for 27 years an accepted guarantee of superior design and quality in this special field.

An interesting booklet "Tables in the Home" will be sent on request.

IMPERIAL FURNITURE COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Imperial Tables

GRAND RAPIDS

Books for a Busy Month

absorbed what he has read that he is able to turn out a novel without a taint of the midnight oil. It reads like a creation entirely out of fancy. It was a rude civilization, and Mr. Boyd has evaded none of the rudeness. The language of the pioneer, his morals, will shock the sensitive. Those who are willing to see it as it was, stripped clean of romanticism, will find here, I believe, a true picture of the frontier. And, if they are able to abide the rough speech, a beautiful piece of work.

"Red Wagon" (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50) is by Lady Eleanor Smith, the daughter of Lord Birkenhead. Generally acclaimed by English critics, it has freshness without naïveté, originality without fantasticness. "Imaginative" is probably the right adjective to apply to it. The author knows first-hand a field little known to the public and yet of intense appeal to it—back-lot life in the old-time circus of America and England. She also knows the Romany people, their ways and lingo. Thus she has new material at her command. Hence the freshness and originality of her subject. But this book is no mere report of knowledge. An active imagination has played upon this material until it was able to create a fictional circus world which has all the illusion of reality. We actually live, move, and have our being in it from the time that we meet little Joe in the little red wagon of Cowboy Charlie's Circus in Thompsonville, U. S. A., when the Hey, Rube fight killed his mother, until we leave him, suddenly dead, an old man in the Red Wagon of his own circus. Everything that happened to him—his stay in the children's home, his child prodigy performance, his apprenticeship at the farm, his marriage to the gypsy, his manners and methods as circus manager and owner—is far removed from the experiences of all those GOOD HOUSEKEEPING readers sitting in Mrs. Paul's chair. But for this very reason these experiences carry, one and all, the appeal of the picturesque. No one who ever as a child loved the smell of the sawdust and fed peanuts to the elephants, no one who as a boy ever saw in the flying lady of the trapeze a fairy princess, no girl who ever dreamed that she was a dashing bareback rider, will fail to dream herself for the space of this book into this life.

Circus Life

But it must not be thought that Lady Eleanor has romanticized circus life. She has not. A high intelligence and rare literary gifts have enabled her to show us the fascination the life has for those who live it gladly, at the same time that she deals with its crudity, its hardships, its brutality. She has made us understand the circus mind as it is without removing its charm. What a tremendous thing that is to do only the reader of the book can understand.

For novelty and freshness and originality and imagination there has been no book quite like it since "The Memoirs of a Midget," of which it reminds me, although here is no pathetic story of frustration or bitterness. Lady Eleanor's circus midgets, I am sure, scorned men six feet tall. Their world was bounded by the circus standards, and there their deformities were credentials. Besides, Lady Eleanor's characters were not victims of life. One and all they conquered it.

She makes us see her countryside; more, she makes us feel it. She makes us recognize her characters; she even makes us apprehend them. And withal it is a thrilling story of a man's realization of his dream. One critic sums up the book thus: "The world is fed up with following muddy lanes to the foul morasses of the human heart, and must react rejoicing to the magic of this book, which is a call to the blood. So let every one who wants release from care, and hours of forgetful enchantment, take to the 'Red Wagon'." And who longs for them more than the September housekeepers?

If there should be any among my housekeeping friends who want a serious book

This is the garment of action

A free and unfettered body, not hampered for any activity by its underdress, is a real demand of the sports-loving woman of today.

Kickernick fits the body snugly in all positions.

A clever tuck at the thigh, a long back and a short front, give utmost freedom and do away with the baggy ugliness of the ordinary garment.

It has swept America with phenomenal success and has become the mode of the day.

New! A foundation garment fitted to every inch of bust measurement from thirty-two to forty. Also made with French cuff.

In many styles, colors, materials, it sells in better shops at popular prices.

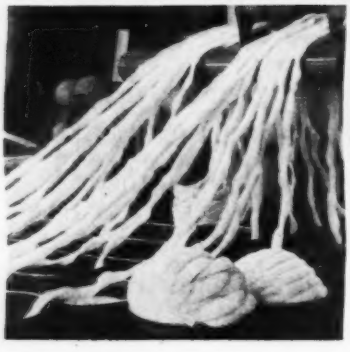
Or send today for booklet to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

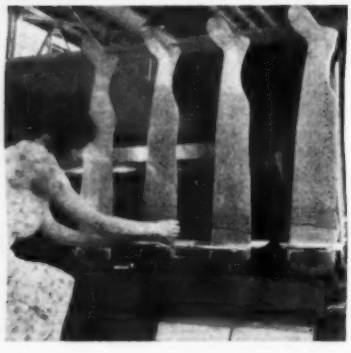
Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS

In using advertisements see page 6

EVEN THE CLOTHES YOU BUY ARE BETTER BECAUSE OF WYANDOTTE





The cleanliness that Wyandotte brings to different industries is of direct value to *you* in many ways you probably never have realized.

• • •

ALMOST everything you wear has been cleaned or processed during its manufacture by a Wyandotte product. As a result, your clothing has longer life. It is entirely free from impurities which would detract from its wearing qualities. It has taken on colors *evenly*, and holds them effectively.

Throughout the clothing industry, there are special Wyandotte products for special tasks. There is one for scouring wool. Another is used in the preparation of leather. Another in the dyeing of rayon . . . another in the cleaning of silk . . . still another in the mercerizing of cotton.

So it goes through other industries. For a third of a century, The J. B. Ford Company has been studying the cleaning-problems of the world. Its chemists and service-representatives have worked with the men of nearly every business, developing new materials to meet their particular needs. Because of this practical experience and scientific research, the name *Wyandotte* is pre-eminent in cleaning.

And back of the Wyandotte products is a company which is the largest of its kind in existence. A company which owns and controls the sources of all of its basic materials, and which has unlimited and unrivaled manufacturing facilities. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Mich.

• • •

Clean material is of first importance to textile and leather manufacturers. Those who insist upon the best results, use Wyandotte products to insure your satisfaction. Thus, by serving industry, the various Wyandotte products serve you.

WYANDOTTE

Trade Mark

CLEANS THE WORLD

Books for a Busy Month

which they may read a little at a time between duties, "Toward Civilization" (Longmans, Green, $3.00) is just the book for them. In "Whither Mankind" Charles A. Beard edited a book wherein the moralists, philosophers, and critics of modern civilization spoke their minds about the pressing problems raised by the present-day world. It was provocative and disturbing. In "Toward Civilization" Mr. Beard has edited a similar book in which the makers of this civilization tell what they think of this world and whither it is tending. Since the writers are the practical men whose inventions, discoveries, policies, and techniques have brought about this world, it deals with facts clearly stated; and since facts clearly stated sink into a reader's mind without much effort on his part, it is easily read. The chapters, each by a different author, are short and may be done one a day. The "knowledge and the vision" which the publishers tell us these men reveal are neither profound nor complex, and so the reader is put to no trouble to apprehend them. In fact, so simple, naïve are they that I, for one, put down the book with my belief strengthened that the engineering, administrative, designing, creative mind is not adapted to philosophical thinking. When it draws its graphs, or computes its figures, or arrives at the analytical concepts, completes its inventions, discovers its radio wave or vacuum tubes, does its research work, and applies its findings or principles to specific problems, it does its work well. But for the great problem of making the good life, in that phrase's widest meaning, it has recourse only to a shadowy optimism. To solve that problem we must turn to the kind of mind that sees all that each one of such minds has done in relation to the whole; that is seeking the end and purpose of life instead of being concentrated on some one of the means toward that end.

As Scientists Think

Yet "Toward Civilization" is a valuable book. How such men as Michael Pupin, inventor and leader in electro-mechanics, Lee de Forest, pioneer in wireless, Robert A. Millikan, winner of the Nobel Prize in physics, think about social problems is worth knowing. The facts they serve stimulated me, at least, to a desire for further knowledge of their subjects. Their articles present to the layman a new world that he has lived in but not realized. The importance of the services of these men to mankind is more clearly appreciated than before. To note that they are limited to their fields by the very quality of mind that made them successful in those fields is not to disparage them. They have created a world in which life is easier and richer for many. To turn to others to organize this world so that their contributions will make for the greatest good to the greatest number is not to ignore our obligations to them.

To discover how the world may be so organized we must turn to books like Everett Dean Martin's "Liberty" (Norton, $3.00). In this history of liberty we find the kind of thinking that will help us. We may not agree with him. As a matter of fact, the margins of my copy of his book are lined with question marks. But it is only by reading such thoughtful studies of such subjects as this and debating them that men will attain "the civilized man's attitude toward life." Such an attitude comes not from the use of the radio, the gyroscope, or application of physics, great servants that they are, but by evaluating such intangible things as liberty and freedom. Man lives by ideas and ideals as well as by electricity and machines. In fact, it is only by ideas that a culture can be developed and a social structure raised that will keep man master rather than slave of the inventions and the discoveries of the technician.

This may seem a heavy book for housewives. But it really is not. Indeed, a little excursion into the realm of thought might, for many of them, prove a happy diversion from September housekeeping.

Portrait of a Lady *(not quite)*

THERE is sweetness, delicacy, and breeding in this face. And rightly so, for hers is a family of splendid traditions.

Its men were always men of courage and gallantry. Old New Orleans and Louisville, Virginia and Kentucky, knew them well and honored them. Their names are written brilliantly in the history of their times. Its women were always fair, always aristocratic—ladies, every one. In the winsome, lavender-and-old-lace annals of the South, their romances and their lives form a lovely chapter.

Surely if any young woman inherited the right to be called a lady, it was Lila . . . the sixth Lila . . . with her breeding and her charm silhouetted against the rudeness that is 1930.

And yet . . . and yet—her friends avoided her, and behind her back people whispered the damning truth. Too bad she couldn't have overheard. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. ★

* * *

Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)

In using advertisements see page 6

THIS dainty semi-Colonial Brocade pattern lends itself admirably to bedroom, living room or hall where choice Colonial pieces or even reproductions are part of the picture.

Combining the decorative virtues of Colonial and modern design, Sanitas adds its own features such as waterproof surface, non-fading colors and strong cloth back that discourages wall cracks.

There are one hundred and forty Sanitas styles from which to choose—modern and period designs for every room in the house, and a group of charmingly delicate plain tints in dull finish.

Sanitas, now in its twenty-fifth year, is sold by leading dealers and decorators. Protect yourself by looking for the Sanitas trademark on the back of each roll. It is not Sanitas unless so stamped.

The Standard Textile Products Company

320 Broadway Dept. 7 New York

Booklet and Samples
sent on request—write now

Lonesome River

(Continued from page 47)

willing to have some one do the same to me. I don't know what I'd want of a sword, when I've got the old bear rifle."

Molly crept close to Needa and took her brown, withered hand in her own.

"Now what do you see for Dick?"

Needa seemed bewildered. She passed one shaking hand over her face, and her lips uttered a faint sound like a moan of pain. "What—I see—for—Dick?"

"Yes. What is my brother's fortune?"

"Your brother . . . *He dead!*"

Dick remained absolutely motionless in his chair. His body made not the slightest start to betray his guilt to these alert-eyed spectators. Yet the earth was giving way under his feet, and the heavens were falling down upon his head.

He would either save himself or be hopelessly lost, in the next seconds. As yet Needa's words had hardly sunk home to her listeners' mystery-haunted minds; they were still looking for some hidden or symbolical meaning.

With one powerful drive of his will Dick rallied all his faculties to meet this crisis. His resourceful brain moved to his rescue. "Do you mean that I'm going to die?" he asked sharply.

This direct, uncompromising question achieved its purpose—riveting the others' attention and diverting their thoughts from the startling statement just made. It seemed to baffle Needa herself. She whimpered a little, as though in pain, and slowly turned her eyes to his. Mustering all his courage, Dick met that dark, prophetic gaze without flinching.

"Needa, she no understand . . . Voice, he speak in the fire, speak from your mouth same time . . . Smokes, they change—they run together—they mix Needa up. . . Voice from the fire, he sound sad. He say, 'Be true—be true.' He say, 'Keep your promise.' He say, 'Do what's right.' "

There followed a long space of breathless silence. Dick could not save himself again. Events must take their course; he could match wits with living men, but not with the dead. For this one hair-raising moment he did not doubt that the spirit of Richard Foster was in the room.

Suddenly Stephen's harsh voice broke the silence. "She's quoting from the Bible again, isn't she? Certainly she didn't think all that up herself."

"Hush, Stephen." Doctor Foster spoke with suppressed excitement. "I think we were tuning in on something important then. Let Needa try to get it through."

But the spell was broken. Stephen's voice had called Needa back from her far wanderings, and now the border gate was closed. She started, rubbed her eyes, and stood up.

"Needa, she no see anything more," she said in her flat, guttural voice.

WHEN she had left the room, Molly came stealing to Dick's side. Her eyes were shining with excitement.

"Those messages were for you, Dick. Have you any idea what they mean?"

"Haven't the least idea," was his cheerful answer.

"You don't know any one who might have sent them to you?"

"Some one who is dead, you mean? I lost my best friend in the war, but I don't think the message came from him."

This was true. If these tidings had come from beyond the border, they had not been sent by a friend. Instead they were a plea for justice from one whom he had wronged. And in spite of what he had told Molly, their meaning seemed plain enough.

"*Be true, be true!*" But he was not true, either to himself, to a dying man who had trusted him, or to his profession. "*Keep your promise!*" But he had broken the most sacred promise a man can make—over a death-bed. "*Do what's right!*" But he had not done right and every hour that went by he was doing greater wrong.

Yet he must go on. He was too deeply involved to quit the game now; he had mortgaged everything he owned. Perhaps he did not want to quit. The situation here had become so complicated, and so many opposing forces swayed him, that he no longer knew his own mind. In any event he must continue to play his part.

Doctor Foster soon went to his room. Molly had never seen him look so ill, tired, and old. Stephen, despairing of an hour alone with Molly, departed moodily to his quarters above the trading post. Dick and the girl stood at last in the open doorway, listening to the wind in the spruce trees.

FROM the unseen immensity of forest there rose a weird chant, a solemn chorus. It seemed to be the prelude of some great change soon to be enacted here. The air was full of the hiss of sleet and the beat of driving rain in the spruce trees. From the vault of the sky floated down the mournful honk of a lone goose southward bound.

"It's snowing on the pass tonight," Molly said. "Winter is coming."

"Would you like to fly away from it, like that old wanderer in the sky?"

"No, not for my own sake. I love the white winters. But I dread it on Father's account. Did you see his face when he went to bed? I never saw him look so tired and used-up."

Dick shifted uneasily. This was an unwelcome verification of what he himself had observed, that tonight the old man's face had a faint bluish tinge only too significant to a doctor. The truth was that he had tried hard from the very first not to notice or think of the old man's physical frailties. He could not help him fight them, and they only further complicated a situation almost too deep for him already. Now he found that he could not escape so easily. This was part of the game he must play. And this was one deal in which he could not cheat.

"I noticed that he seemed worse," Dick said. "He is a long way from a well man."

"Don't you think we ought to insist on his going outside for surgical treatment?"

"I think he should go out for a thorough examination, provided he can stand the trip. I'm not sure that he can, in the present bad weather. It's a rough, tiring journey, and winter is coming on."

"Perhaps Needa's prophecies took the heart out of him. If one of our party is gone when spring comes, I suppose it will be he." Molly spoke sadly, and the light from the doorway showed bright tears on her lashes.

Dick bent his head and kissed her tenderly. "Try to forget those prophecies. No one on earth can read the future; at the best she could tell us only what is in our own minds. Your father may live on for many years. Men often do, with heart trouble. And there's at least a chance that expert surgery might give him back his health."

Molly clung to him. "Oh, I wish there was a surgeon here!"

She felt Dick's body slowly stiffen.

"There are surgeons in Fairbanks and Cordova, but they probably couldn't help your father," he told her at last. "If he needs surgery at all, it is likely of a most delicate kind, requiring a specialist—you know the trouble centers about his heart. He'd have to go to Seattle and possibly across the continent. But, Molly, we'll hope for the best."

"And pray for a miracle." For a moment she listened to the long cries of the wind; her vivid face was pensive. "I wish *you* were a surgeon," she went on dreamily. "You would have been, if Father and Mother hadn't separated. You would have made a wonderful one, with those fine hands of yours."

Dick could not answer. His throat seemed

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Lonesome River

to close. He thought she would surely hear his heart pounding against his ribs.

"How I wish you knew how to use the surgeon's kit you brought for Father!" she went o.., as if some devil of the perverse, wishing to torture him, were speaking through her lips. "If you could, I know you would save his life."

CHAPTER IX

WINTER was on the march. His scouts rode by daily. In the far fastnesses there were wars and rumors of wars.

New snow lay on the hills and steadily encroached upon the valleys. On clear nights the frost descended like cold star-dust from uttermost space, silvering and weighing down the dead grass. The autumn gales stripped off the golden raiment of the deciduous trees, and they shuddered and waved their naked limbs at the graying skies. The tall spruce trees bent darkly to one another, moaning.

The water fowl circled uneasily, hour after hour, over the shimmering pools where they had brooded, till some far call came to them, and they headed south. The horned sheep and wild goats moved down from their ledges and lofty grass slopes to the edge of the timber. The wolves were gathering into gray bands, and when the moon broke through the clouds and shone down on the haunted forest, they sat in a ring, lifted up their fierce heads, and broke into the ancient Song of the Pack, which is the dirge of the dying year.

At Lonesome River the villagers put on their winter furs. The last run of the salmon was taken from the fish-wheels; food-pokes were crammed with jerky and bear-root for bread-making.

The four white people were busy, too, these frosty fall days. Food supplies were laid in, snowshoes mended and made ready. Dick took it upon himself to cut fuel for the winter, and day after day, from breakfast time till dark, his ax rang in the forest. It was the best kind of medicine for his body and soul. His muscles hardened, and his lean frame filled out; his face became as bronzed as Stephen's. While his arms swung the ax, his thoughts were free to roam in new fields and bring him back new wisdom. He did not know it, but he himself was of greater stature as he stood among the dark giants of the hills. He was growing, body and soul.

He did not forget the war he must wage in behalf of Foster and his people. On bright days he mounted to the ridges above the village and watched through binoculars for smuggling activities on the pass. He made unexpected visits to the wickiups in the dead of night; he traced down and uncovered a smuggler's cache in the woods, from which he took not only a pack-horse load of fire-water, but a bale of prime furs stolen from the natives; he kept watch for bobbing lanterns on the trail. Slowly but surely he was getting results. Fire-water flowed less freely at Lonesome River, and the profits of the whiskey-runners fell steadily.

Who was behind this illicit trading he did not yet know. Dick guessed it was some bold character from the gold camp who made rendezvous in the woods. He avoided Dick's traps as though he had seen them set: apparently by the aid of native spies he knew everything occurring in the village. A striking proof of this latter fact was that in his liquor dealings he had black-listed Bear Claw. Dick liked to think that the invader had taken this step out of consideration for Bear Claw's helpless family, but the likelier truth was that he feared for his own life. In any event Bear Claw was left out of the village orgies, and the bottle-demon drove him to frenzy no more.

October passed in sleet and snow, and still Dick had never met one of the whiskey-runners face to face. But one wild November night events took a startling turn. While he and the Fosters were sitting about the hearth, listening to the hoarse shouts of the blustering wind, a loud knock sounded on the front door.

The three looked into one another's eyes. Not one of them could imagine who this late visitor might be. The knock was not Stephen's—he had taken his horses and was hunting moose on the lower river—and when the natives wished to see the White Father, they invariably came to the back door. Dick sprang up, and Molly followed him to the hall.

When Dick threw open the door, the wind rushed in with a whoop, and the blowing snow streaked by in the lamplight. Dimmed by the eddies whirling round him was a tall figure Dick had never seen before. His face looked haggard and gray in the yellow gleam from the doorway.

"Is Doctor Foster here?"

"Yes."

"I got to see him. I hate to has to come to him, but I got to. Can I come in?"

"Of course."

Molly's tone was penitent. In her snarp alarm she had momentarily forgotten the ancient code of the North, by which not even an enemy can be denied the haven of the fire. The stranger walked into the lighted room, and now both Molly and her father recognized him. His name was Larsen; he was supposed to work for one of the traders in the gold camp.

The big man removed his hat from the blond head and stood awkwardly before the doctor.

"I hate to has to come to you," he said. "You has no call to do anyt'ing for us, but it's put up to me, and I can't get out of it. You know Shorty Newhouse?"

Doctor Foster nodded. Newhouse was a troublesome ruffian, a gambler and whiskey-seller, whom he had once ordered off the reservation.

"Newhouse and me crossed the pass dis afternoon. We had two pack-loads of whiskey to turn over to the boss, who'd trade it for fur. The storm slowed us up, and instead of camping we tried to go on to the meeting place. We got off the trail in the dark, and Shorty's horse rolled down the mountain side wit' him. He's badly hurt."

With a visible effort Foster straightened his stooped shoulders. "Is he lying out in the weather?"

"No. I got him on a packhorse, and packed him as far as the shack on Otter Creek. But he screamed and yelled, and I couldn't pack him no furder. I t'ink he's dying."

"And you want me to come to him?"

"I want you to, but I ain't got nerve to ask you. Shorty is my pard, good or bad. Maybe you couldn't do not'ing for him. Maybe he deserves what he got, and if so, I deserve it, too. But he'll die sure if you don't come."

Molly uttered a low cry and laid her hand on her father's arm. "Oh, you can't go out tonight. It's a five-mile ride to Otter Creek. It will kill you."

"If the man needs me, I'll have to go," Foster answered quietly.

When Dick heard that simple statement, so free from heroics of any kind, his eyes lighted up.

"But maybe it's a trap," Molly persisted. "They are your worst enemies."

"Lady, if you t'ink dat, I want you to shoot me dead." Larsen's look and tone held something of dignity. "Not one in the whole gang is mean enough for dat, 'cept maybe one."

MOLLY nodded, biting her lips. She knew that Larsen was speaking the truth in every syllable. And she knew, too—sadly and darkly—that her own entreaties were false, unworthy of her.

Meanwhile Dick stood to one side, an intense look on his face. He had just come perilously near to revealing his secret. Larsen's story had conjured up the past; he had responded as naturally as when the telephone bell beside his bed used to arouse him from sleep.

"I'll go," he had said in a tone of authority.

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Lonesome River

Then he had remembered. He could not go. He looked up, shaken, to see whether either Molly or Foster had noticed. But they were absorbed in Larsen's story, and if they had heard his remark, they had attached no significance to it. They were so easy to fool, Molly and her father. They never suspected him, no matter what breaks he made. He had only to sit holding his hands, and he was safe.

Not relief, but a strange anguish, pervaded him. The sight of the old white-haired doctor turning to the coat rack, fumbling into his mackinaw, and picking up his satchel seemed to tear the heart out of him. A lump rose in his throat, but he swallowed it and spoke clearly in the silence.

"You are not well enough to go, are you, Father?"

"I have to go, son. Larsen says the man is badly hurt."

"Let me go in your place. I know a good deal about first aid. I'll try to keep him alive until morning, then you can come on."

"That's fine of you, Dick, but first aid won't save the man's life. It's a call I can't refuse, as long as I'm able to go."

"I'm going with you and help you all I can," Dick said. "Will Molly be all right here alone?"

"Don't worry about me." The girl's voice had a bell-like ring in the hushed room. "Needa will be here, and we can look out for ourselves. You go with Father and save him all you can."

"I'm never afraid to leave Molly," Foster said. His blue-tinged face lighted with pride. "You ought to see how she can shoot that little pistol of hers."

A dim smile curled Molly's lips. "Anyway that isn't the question." She spoke quietly in utter simplicity.

Her father flashed her a tired smile. "That's the stuff, Molly. And, Dick, I do want you to come, if you can. It will be a tough, cold ride and a trying night, but it may mean the difference between saving that poor chap and letting him die. If you know first aid, you can probably help me a great deal."

THERE was no trouble about horses. Larsen had brought his own as well as the pack animal on which he had borne the injured man to Otter Creek cabin. Foster's own saddle horse, a fine bay named Buck, always took shelter in the barn on nights like this and would come to his master's call. One of the Indians helped with the saddling, and soon they were ready to start.

Molly kissed her two men good-by. Her father got the first kiss, brave and proud with a comrade's understanding, sweet with a daughter's love, but sad with a woman's woe and fears. How would the old man fare on this desperate ride? There would be exposure and hardship racking his ailing body, slippery trails and perilous steeps. Her eyes were wide and bright when she turned to Dick.

"I'll do everything I can," Dick promised, when Molly rushed to his arms.

But even this was not wholly true. He would not dare do too much in helping Foster treat his patient, for fear of showing his hand.

"I know you will. You are wonderful, Dick—I love you more than you'll ever understand. And tonight you're a doctor, too, going out to save life."

What a tragic farce it was! Shaken through and through, Dick turned away and mounted his horse. Foster did likewise; Molly followed the men into the storm to give them their lanterns. Dick could never forget this parting scene, any more than the girl's fateful words of farewell, still ringing in his ears.

As she handed up his lantern, the weird yellow gleam lighted her face. It was vivid as a star in the cheerless dark; it had a beauty he had never seen there before. Her long, pointed eyes caught and threw back the light. Her lips were parted, as though they were thrilling from his kiss. A distance off, the other two horsemen looked like Titans and

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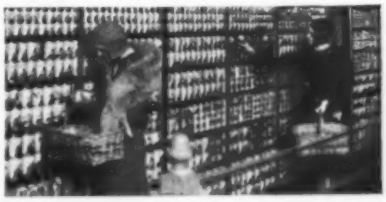

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Lonesome River

cast gigantic shadows on the snowy ground. Big, wet flakes fluttered and whirled out of the black sky, glimmered for an instant in the lantern light, and disappeared.

Larsen led the way, Foster next, and Dick brought up the rear. Before they had gone a hundred yards the lighted squares of the windows dimmed and disappeared in the thick snowfall. Winter was riding hard tonight. His cohorts were raiding the land; the raw forces of the North were up in arms.

To fight on to the cabin through this snow-swept forest would be hard enough for Dick and Larsen, men in the prime of youth and strength; for Doctor Foster, white-haired and wasted with disease, it might easily mean disaster. That he should ride on, now that he had felt the might of the storm, was the most inspiring act of faith Dick had ever seen. If Foster came through and performed his given task, it would be almost irrefutable proof of the spirit's mastery over flesh.

Foster was not an exceptionally spiritual man. He was simply a family doctor, probably behind the times and not overly skilful; there were thousands like him scattered through the land. Yet in his fidelity to what he considered a deep professional obligation he might perform acts tinged with the miraculous. This thought gave Dick pause. It showed all life in a new light.

"*You are wonderful, Dick,*" Molly had said. The roar of the storm in Dick's ears could not drown out the lingering echo of her farewell words. How mistaken she was! If she knew the truth, she would not let him ride in company with the white-haired veteran in front. "*I love you more than you will ever understand.*" Yes, she did love him, the irony of fate. Dick could think of only one jest more grim—that he should learn to love her in return.

THE first mile of the Otter Creek trail skirted the timber. It was slippery and treacherous; the horses walked with lowered heads, quivering with fear. When at last they entered the timber, the wind was less keen, but they had to ride through snow-covered brush that banged against them and knocked snow into their faces, up their sleeves, and down their necks.

The ride was not only cold, desolate, and perilous, but one of the strangest Dick could imagine. The bobbing lanterns cast a weird yellow gleam into the snow-swept thickets. They showed the young saplings writhing in agony, and revealed old snags like monsters half hidden in the drifts. The tall trees were giants, alive, menacing. The shadows of the riders were grotesque, monstrous ghosts leaping over the snow.

All the time the pipe-organ of the wind continued its wild tune. This, and the soughing of the forest, the drum-beat of an occasional broken limb swinging against its fellow, the creaking of dead trees and the swish of green branches, made a weird, solemn chorus. This was one of the memorable nights of Dick's life.

Although they were three, each rider felt infinitely alone. When Larsen stopped to look for a blaze Dick rode up beside him just to see his face and hear his voice.

"Does the old fellar seem to be holdin' up all right?" Larsen asked.

"Yes, he's doing fine. Much better than I hoped."

"By Gott, he is a man! And to t'ink he is doing dis for Shorty and me, who has helped to cause him so much trouble. One t'ing you can bet, dat we don't cause him no more trouble. Dat skinflint can work his game alone from now on."

"Whom do you mean by 'that skinflint'?" Dick asked.

Larsen hesitated five long seconds. "I—I can not speak his name."

"I understand. I just didn't think. Well, I'm glad you'll cut out your end of it, anyway."

"You bet you. It was bad business anyhow.

"All you ingredients that are ambitious to get into *Sunshine Biscuits*

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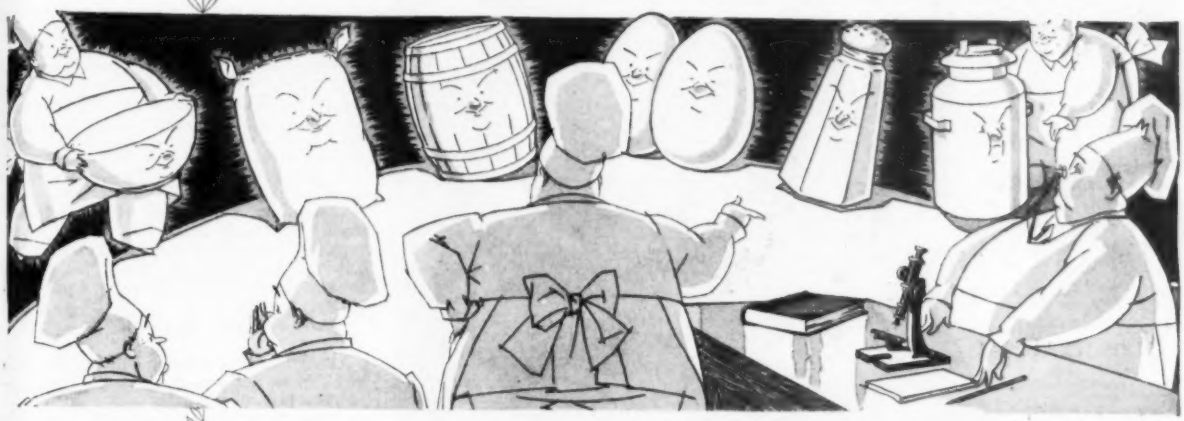

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WHITTALL

RUGS ON THE SIDEWALKS

NO family, however young and exuberant, could give fine rugs the seeming rack and ruin of our famous Sidewalk Test. Yet on the pavements of countless cities Whittall lustre finish rugs have smiled through a week of rain or shine under the scuffing march of a big parade of hurrying feet. Just a pure soap and water cleansing has then brought forth their radiant sheen and beauty.

Whittall seamless rugs, woven in soft, subdued colors as well as lustre finished, make an especial appeal to the women whose budgets may be limited, but whose tastes demand something altogether more refined, artistic and satisfying than is usually within their reach.

+

M. J. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES, Ltd.
Worcester, Mass.

WHITTALL RUGS

Lonesome River

But one t'ing I want you to know—we didn't bring no bottle for dat fellar who tried to kill your sister. We say to the odder man—the one I can not name—if you let him have any more bottles, we fix you."

They rode on into the night. Across swollen streams, through quagmire, and over slippery, perilous ledges, the brave mountain horses carried them safely. One by one the lonely ridges dropped behind them. The wind buffeted them, but could not beat them back, and although the snow eddies swept round them, dimming their lanterns and almost blotting them out, always they emerged and pushed on.

They made the cabin at last. Chilled through, stiff and lame, Dick had difficulty getting out of his saddle. His numbed legs almost gave way under him, but he stumbled forward and shone his lantern in the old doctor's face. At first he was almost afraid to look closely. What symptoms would he see, so patent to his trained eyes?

Then he almost whooped for joy. Foster had come through the trying hours in wonderful shape. In spite of his illness he seemed to have a reserve vitality amazing in one of his years. He was deeply tired, and the bluish tinge of his flesh was enhanced, but his eyes were still vivid and alive, and the hand that he gave Dick steady and strong.

"Are you all right?"

"Pretty much all right. I'm a tough old fowl, my boy, for all my three score. If I could just get rid of this cussed heart trouble, I could ride these hills for many a day yet. But I don't think I can get out of this saddle unless you and Larsen drag me out."

So they pulled him out with strong, reverent hands. Taking their lanterns, the men stumbled into the cabin. And when the hollow, shadow-filled eyes of the broken man on the bunk lifted and saw Foster's white head in the lantern light, he uttered what Dick thought was the most eloquent and moving prayer he had ever heard,

"Thank God, Doc, you've come!"

LARSEN built up the dying fire in the small cabin stove. Foster threw off his mackinaw and began a first hasty examination of his patient. It did not surprise Dick to see him turn at once to his satchel and get out his hypodermic needle. His gray hand was steady as he pressed the point gently into the injured man's arm.

Then in the yellow lantern light Foster began his work. Dick stood beside him, handing him his tools and equipment and helping him with a smooth skill which might have wakened the older man's suspicions, were he not so intent on the business in hand. Shorty's injuries were not quite so serious as Larsen supposed, yet they required expert treatment if he were ever to walk again. Besides flesh wounds into which dirt and gravel had been ground, he had two serious fractures in his leg, and two broken ribs that threatened to pierce his lung cavity and finish him quickly.

For the broken leg bones Dick made the splints. Risking everything, he made them well, and Doctor Foster stared at them in amazement.

"That's a professional-looking job, my boy," he said. "A first-class doctor was lost in you. Whoever taught you first aid sure knew his business."

While Foster was setting Shorty's broken ribs, Dick watched him appraisingly. Here was something along his own line: his own hand, desolately empty and idle at his side, had a curious itching eagerness . . . But the old man did a workmanlike job, and Dick could find no fault with it.

At last there was nothing left but a bad flesh wound on Shorty's hand: this must be cleansed, stitched, and bandaged. Tired out, his fingernails so blue that Dick could not bear to look at them, the old doctor seemed reluctant to finish this bit.

A reckless light shone suddenly in Dick's

Georgian Elegance
is Truly Expressed in Orinoka Draperies of Rich Brocade . . . Guaranteed Colorfast

MOUNT VERNON'S broad lawns roll to the Potomac still, and Monticello crests its "little mountain.". . . . In these and many other famous Eighteenth Century houses we have a faithful picture of a romantic and a decorative age. It is not surprising, then, that the Georgian style in architecture has become the most popular in America today!

But the complete beauty of the Georgian or Colonial interior depends on more than paneled walls and classical detail . . . much more. Hangings and upholstery, too, must reflect this spirit of cultured elegance. And Orinoka gives you fabrics in charming harmony. The wide, deep windows of the drawing-room may be curtained with rich brocade which will fall to the floor in stately "organ-pipe" folds. Graceful Queen Anne chairs will take an Elizabethan damask, patterned attractively with birds and branches, or antique velour in a soft old shade. Casement curtains may be of the sheerest Raylawn gauze.

It is reassuring to know, as you plan your decorations, that Orinoka colors are enduring. However subtle or brilliant the tints, they will keep their original depth. Your carefully considered color values will be permanent, for these materials are woven of hand-dyed threads, treated by a special process. They cannot fade. And every purchase of Orinoka Colorfast Fabrics is protected by the guarantee which you will find attached to every bolt. The Orinoka Mills, 183 Madison Avenue, New York City.

An Eighteenth Century Georgian room shown in the 1930 Orinoka booklet

Orinoka Colorfast Draperies are Guaranteed Sun and Tubfast

Back of every yard of Orinoka Sunfast Fabrics you buy stand The Orinoka Mills with this assurance: "These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If the color changes from exposure to the sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace with new goods or refund the purchase price." Look for the guarantee tag on every bolt.

Send 20 cents for a Full-Color Booklet of New Interiors

Hope Harvey, well-known authority on interior decoration, has planned twelve rooms in correct period styles in the 1930 Orinoka booklet. Appropriate materials for hangings and upholstery are reproduced in color. If you would like a copy of the booklet, enclose 20 cents (in coin) with the coupon.

Orinoka

DRAPERIES . . . COLORS GUARANTEED SUN AND TUBFAST

THE ORINOKA MILLS
183 Madison Avenue, New York City

GENTLEMEN: I should like a copy of the 1930 Orinoka booklet, "Draperies and Color Harmony." I am enclosing 20 cents in coin.

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1409

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The washer that cleans by the Hand-Washing Method

may now be had with tub of

Monel Metal

Now those who want the lifetime durability, ever-new beauty and added efficiency afforded by Monel Metal, can have these advantages in a VOSS washer.

For the newest VOSS model has a tub of Monel Metal which never rusts, never spots or stains. Monel Metal will not corrode, chip or crack . . . absolutely no danger of roughness . . . always retains a satin-smooth finish. It is easy to clean and keep clean and is impervious to hard water and strong washing compounds.

See the New VOSS before you buy

Go to the nearest VOSS Dealer and examine the new VOSS. Be as critical as you please . . . for the more thorough your inspection, the better you will appreciate the features which make the New VOSS so outstanding.

Observe in particular the marvelous, patented *Floating Agitator* which duplicates hand-washing action in all its gentle thoroughness, and which is to be had only in the VOSS.

See how it washes the *natural way*—in the clean, active suds at the top of the tub—away from the dirt which settles to the bottom—just where you would wash if you washed with your own hands!

You Wash in Suds at Top

VOSS Agitator Washes in Suds at Top

Dirt Falls to the Bottom

Check over the other modern features. Note its beauty of line and finish . . . Monel Metal or Porcelain enamel tub of large capacity . . . all moving parts fully enclosed and running in oil . . . great Zeppelin-type wringer rolls and other modern features.

Then, remember that the New VOSS is priced as low or lower than washers of comparable quality.

Write for Address of Nearest VOSS Dealer

VOSS

Washing Machine Builders Since 1876

★ VOSS BROS. MFG. CO.
DAVENPORT, IOWA

BULB BOOK FREE

Tulips, Hyacinths, Crocus, Daffodils, Peonies, Iris, and many others to plant in the fall—read all about them in **Burpee's Bulb Book.** It tells you of the best spring-flowering Bulbs, Perennial Plants, Roses, Shrubs, and Climbers for your garden. Also of bulbs that bloom in winter in the house. Write for your copy of Burpee's Bulb Book today. It will be mailed free.

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Say "Merry Christmas" with Friendly Gifts

Send for the Quaint Shop Book of Gifts—over 48 pages of the loveliest Christmas remembrances you ever saw! Priced from 50c upwards. Quaint Shop Gifts are, Oh! so different! So attractive you won't want to part with them. Charming Colonial Salt and Pepper Shakers, in fashionable Pewter Only $2.00. You'll enjoy browsing thru the Quaint Shop Book of Gifts—each page an adventure in lovely things to give. Write for FREE copy today.
White's Quaint Shop
Box 102, Westfield, Mass.

Lonesome River

eyes. "I'll do that for you, if you want me to."

"You think you can?" Foster's very tone was gray with fatigue.

"I know it. I made quite a study of first aid." Dick smiled bitterly in secret. "I came very near to being a real doctor."

"By heaven, you'd have made a good one! You have every qualification. Dick, I wish that your mother—but it's too late now to think about that. What an opportunity she threw away! And you would have made the most of it, if you'd only had a chance."

A chance! Dick shivered. "You want me to go ahead on that hand?"

"Go ahead. I'll watch you, and help you if you get into trouble."

And now Dick had to attempt the most difficult bit of acting of the whole play so far. He had to pretend an awkwardness he did not possess, to do a job skilfully yet with no show of skill, to satisfy the trained eyes watching him and yet not reveal the fluence and dexterity of his own trained hands. He began to brush and cleanse the ugly tear. Holding hard on his own wrist, so it would not move too lightly and freely, he threaded his needle and, following Foster's directions, trimmed and stitched the torn skin. Finally he affixed bandage and tape.

"That's simply skookum!" Foster exulted. "If you were five years younger, I'd make you study medicine even now."

In spite of everything Dick glowed warm at the praise. "Glad I could do something."

"Dick, it's been a great night, one of the best in my life. You've showed yourself in a new light, and I'm mighty proud of you. And last but not least—we've done Shorty a first-class job."

CHAPTER X

WHEN Foster had rested, and dawn broke, he and Dick returned home. The next day the horses were sent down to the lower reaches of the river, where they could find scant winter grazing. Winter swooped down. The frost struck deeper every night, smiting first the lakes and shallow pools, and finally silencing the wild cataracts in the gorges of the mountains. The last of the migratory birds flew southward, leaving only such hardy souls as the Canada jay and the snow bunting, and the great white owl that skimmed the drifts.

Hunger, riding the land in Winter's track, drove the bears into hibernation. No doubt they went regretfully, because this four-month trance is akin to death. The wolves howled nightly under the cold moon and sang the Fear Song, the first song of life.

Soon the snow began to fall in earnest. Day after day the flakes sifted down, until the spruce trees bowed with the weight, and the land was one white miracle from the Aleutian Mountains to the far slopes of the Endicotts. The forest had seemed a hushed place even in summer, when birds called, and the little furry people rustled in the brush. Now it lay entranced, its least whisper smothered by the snow. The burdened tree limbs could not sway and utter their moaning cries. Such creatures as still wandered through the haunted solitudes crept on cushioned feet, silent as shadows.

In the brief, dark days the snow looked milky white, and the drifts took strange forms like cubist sculpture. In the long bitter nights the clouds usually cleared away, and the stars burned like lamps over the pearl-gray forest. As the cold deepened, the Northern Lights began to whisk and dance in the purple sky.

But winter weather could not vanquish Molly Foster. When the *Chechaquo* (newcomer) learned how to manage snowshoes, she took him on long, thrilling hikes into the solitudes. He learned to love the great silences; he lived more vitally than ever before. He could understand now why Alaskans prefer their white winters even to their green, flower-scented summers. New vigor came into his body.

Sometimes he and Molly hunted moose in the "yards" in the lower river. They met the caribou plunging through the deep snow; they stalked the wild sheep at timberline; they tracked and spied upon the lesser folk of the woods, mostly savage little hunters such as mink, marten, and silky ermine with blood-red eyes.

Molly showed Dick that a dot of yellow, like a sardonyx shining in a little mound of what seemed to be snow, was often the bright eye of a ptarmigan flattened against the drift. Once, in the winter sunlight, she showed him the most convincing-looking ghost Dick had ever imagined—the distinct and unmistakable shadow of a fox bounding across empty snow. The tribal magicians would have told him that this was the spirit-fox of Indian legend; in reality it was a striking instance of protective coloring—a greater wonder than any ghost that ever walked. The fox was present, unseen. He was white as the drifts, and only his shadow showed dark.

STEPHEN rarely went with them on these expeditions. In the first place his trading activities took most of his time, and besides, he found no pleasure in the solitudes unless he could kill game. To this latter pastime Dick and Molly made strenuous objections. After several minor tragedies and many broken promises, they told him frankly that if he wished to go with them, he must leave his rifle at home.

Except when they were actually hunting meat, they themselves carried nothing but a pistol. Molly staunchly believed that this was the way to see game—that the flash of the sunlight on the gun barrels, or perhaps some strange emanation from the cold steel itself, kept the shy forest folk at a distance. From the wild hunters there seemed nothing to fear. The bears were in hibernation; besides, they almost never made unprovoked attacks upon human beings. Other beasts of prey skulking through these solitudes were mainly night hunters: Molly had grown up with them and did not give them a thought.

She and Dick were particularly fond of skiing. They would climb to the crest of a glittering hill, then Molly would lead the way down the wind-crusted snow-slope. Fast, faster, she would fly, until the wind was a trumpet in her ears and her heart a war-drum in her breast; then she would top the rise and soar like a bird. Dick would follow as well as he could, with many a headlong fall.

One afternoon, when they were trying out a new slope on the far side of the river, Molly met with what might have been a serious accident. As she was skimming along just before the take-off, her eyes glittering with the zest of life, her ski struck a dead snag under the snow. The ash broke with a loud report, and she felt a vicious stab of pain in her ankle as she went hurtling through the air.

She landed on a steep slope, slid like a piece of ice, and fetched up in a soft drift. Risking his own neck, Dick broke his wild descent and piled up beside her. At once he gathered her into his arms, his trained eyes searching her face.

She was trying to smile at him, but the shadows in her eyes, her trembling lips, and the swift ebb of scarlet from her cheeks made this duty hard.

Dick was not in the least deceived. "Where are you hurt, Molly?"

"Nowhere except my ankle I believe—I twisted it. It *does* hurt, *like—the—dickens!*"

He slipped off her stout boot and with gentle, sensitive fingers made an examination. "No bones broken," he stated authoritatively. "That's something to be thankful for. But you won't do any more walking for a few days at least, old girl."

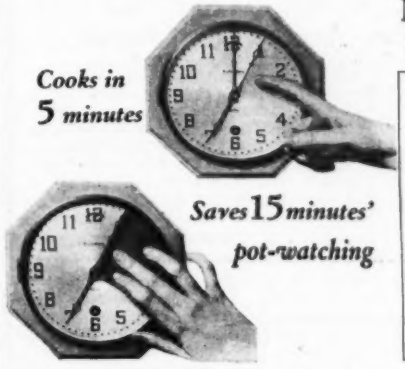
"Don't be silly. I've got to walk. We're more than five miles from home."

"If we were fifty miles from home, you couldn't walk on that ankle." He pressed it gently, and she winced. "You see, don't you? You've got a bad sprain."

Don't Buy Macaroni

Accept First, a Full-Size Package of This New Quaker Food Creation—Free to Try!

NOTE COUPON



HERE is *real* macaroni that cooks in 5 minutes instead of 20, and saves 15 minutes' pot-watching. Let us give you a full-size package—*free* at your grocer's—to try.

It comes from the Quaker Oats Company, which speaks for itself. A new food invention that makes housekeeping easier for women, and meals more delicious and strength building.

You let it boil but five minutes. And that makes one of the supreme nutritive foods now as easy to have as makeshift dishes.

Get This Real
"TUDOR PLATE" SPOON
For trying this new food creation

If, when accepting the free package of *Quaker QUICK Macaroni*, you will buy an additional package at 10c, and send the two labels to us, we will send you the charming Mary Stuart Design teaspoon—made by *Oneida Community and Guaranteed 25 years*—postpaid, Free. This solely to get a fair trial in your home of this new food convenience.

A U.S. Patented Food Invention

We made this new creation of 4 parts finest Durum Wheat and 1 part of whole milk. Ordinary macaroni is made with water. And takes 20 minutes, as you know, to cook.

That milk, too, brings you a finer macaroni. A far more tender, more enticing macaroni.

Years were spent in perfecting it. Protected by U. S. Patent, there is no other macaroni like it. Please remember this.

5 Minutes—That's All

Five minutes cooks it perfectly. Which is as it should be. For strength-giving macaroni should be often on your table. Quicker now for a macaroni meal than making sandwiches for the family. You cook it while the coffee cooks. This is something you will like.

10-Cent Package Free

Go today to your grocery. Present coupon below. Get a full-size package of Quaker Quick Milk Macaroni free to try. Try its quick cooking.

Note its amazing tenderness. See what a royal dish macaroni has been made. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Good for Full-Size 10¢ Package—Present to Any Grocer

To get full-size package of Quaker Quick Macaroni, simply sign this coupon and present to your grocer. He will give you a full-size package free.

Note to Retail Grocers: The Quaker Oats Co. hereby promises to pay you 10c for each 8-oz. package on presentation of this coupon to the Quaker Oats Co., 80 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. It must be duly signed by the housewife who receives the free package. And only one package to a family. No payment will be made to coupon brokers.

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Address.....

G. H.—Sept.

City.....*State*.....

Your Grocer's Name.....

Quaker Quick Macaroni ★

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Are You Worrying About Unpaid Bills?

INSTEAD of worrying about first of the month bills why not earn extra money to save you this needless worry and have enough left to indulge in those fascinating little extravagances that add so much to life? It is a glorious sensation to know that you have cash to spare, to know that you can pay a few dollars more for a becoming hat, for a stunning dress—buy new furniture—take a trip.

Hundreds of people throughout the land have responded to our offer. They began by asking for information on a coupon similar to this one. It has meant dollars to them—dollars that came easily and agreeably. Get *your* share NOW.

Accept This Chance to Make Extra Money

Spend a little while each day calling on *your* friends, chatting with them, meeting *their* friends, making new contacts, 'phoning them, and writing them letters. Work right in your own neighborhood. Conduct your own local subscription business. You'll find even more time when you see the addition to the bank account. Mail this coupon now.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING Dept. 930B
57th St. at 8th Avenue New York, N. Y.
Please send me without obligation further details of your money-making plan.

Name.....

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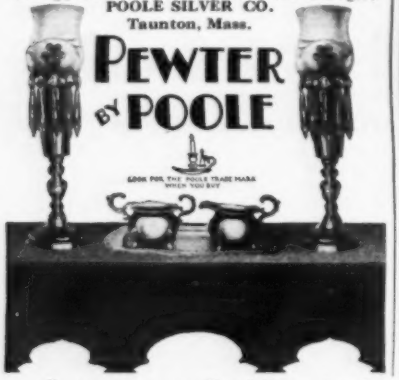
The Lustrous Beauty of Antique Pewter

LONG cherished by museums and antiquarians, pewter is now the smart ware for the modern home. Used decoratively, its softly gleaming lustre harmonizes with any surroundings; in service, Pewter by Poole is extremely durable, easy to care for.

Made from a famous ancient formula, Pewter by Poole has the satiny finish of fine old English Pewter. It ages beautifully but does not tarnish; is not affected by liquid contents. The designs faithfully reproduce the inspired masterpieces of early American Craftsmen.

Insist on Genuine Pewter by Poole at smart jewelry and gift shops. Write for illustrated catalogue.

POOLE SILVER CO.
Taunton, Mass.



WEDDINGS

100 **Engraved Announcements** $10.50. Imitation Engraved $5.00. Correct styles. Write for free samples—calling cards, invitations, announcements.
Adelphia Engraving Co., 826 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Big Profits in Candy Making!

Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to *make* and *sell* her "APPROVED" Home-Made Candies. Work sheet formulas, equipment, boxes, adv. cards, full selling plans—*everything* provided. Make money *1st week*. Profits double the fee or money back! Write today for free "work sheet" on *FUDGE*.
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ADD SPARKLE and distinction to your table with this exquisite glassware. Attractive designs, varied sizes for every occasion. Obtainable in complete sets, or piece by piece, at the better stores everywhere. Surprisingly inexpensive. Write for booklet and name of store nearest you. Sloan Bros., Lonaconing, Md.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

SLOAN
ROCK CRYSTAL WARE

Lonesome River

It was characteristic of her that she should try to make light of her pain, not only for his sake but for her own. Partly this was the sporting code of the North; partly it was her native valor, refusing to let her yield to any evil, combined with the heart-felt belief in her mind's mastery over her body. Quickly she looked for something to occupy her thought, and in this eager search she made a startling discovery.

"Dick, you look just like a doctor," she said in an amazed tone. "I've seen Father get that very expression a hundred times." As she gave way to this wonder, her pain throbbed dully and almost ceased. "And, Dick, you talk like one—and you act like one."

Dick held hard. By a strong effort of will he made no visible start, and his clean-cut features did not change expression. It was a startling proof of his power of concentration, a great asset in a surgeon.

"How do you account for it?" he asked absently, as he continued to examine the girl's ankle.

"I can't account for it, unless it's hereditary. Father said you ought to have been a doctor—what a shame it is that you weren't. And why did a man like you have to make his living as a clerk in a post office? Why couldn't you have done almost anything you wanted to?"

He pretended not to hear these questions, because he did not know how to answer them. "The next thing is how to get you home," he said. "Well, that's obvious. I'm going to carry you."

"But you can't carry me five miles."

"Can't, eh?" Dick laughed aloud, partly with pleasure in his own sure strength, partly with relief that he had warded off a dangerous crisis. "You weigh only a hundred pounds, and it's live weight at that. The common pack up here, for a man crossing country, is from sixty to seventy-five pounds. In Officers' Training Camp—"

He checked himself suddenly. He did not know whether or not Richard Foster had ever served as a cadet in the late war. But Molly's eyes were on him, and he had to go on.

"—The boys carried eighty pounds, and though they cussed a bit, they made a go of it. Of course, I can get you home, Molly. But we'll have to start right now if we're going to make it in before dark."

The girl glanced toward the low sun. "We can't make it. It's impossible. And there's no moon till after midnight."

"Moon or no moon, we'll try to make it in; we're not going to camp out unless we absolutely have to."

MOLLY suggested a short cut between the ridges. The going was rough there in summer, and only the bears and the wolverines laired in the tangle of brush and fallen timber, but now the snow had probably smoothed the way, and they could pass with ease. He wrapped her ankle in his scarf, cached her skis, and lifted her in his arms.

But she would not let him bear her weight in this tiring fashion. Sometimes she clung to him, her slim arms about his neck; sometimes she sat first on one broad shoulder, then the other, holding on to his head; once she insisted that she lie across his shoulder, his left arm supporting her knees—an awkward-looking position, but an easy one for him.

It was a severe test of his strength, but he reveled in it. He breathed the crisp air, and his muscles seemed tireless. Yet this alone could not explain the uplift of his heart, the dim, undefinable happiness tingling through him. It was good to be carrying this precious warm burden home from the fastnesses—her cheek brushing his own, and her exquisite, slight body pressing against him. . . .

But he must not let his fancy roam . . . He was almost glad when unexpected difficulties of the trail demanded his full attention. The cut-off was not such easy going as Molly had predicted. The powdery snow had not

covered the heaped-up rocks and down-timber in an even sheet, but had drifted before the wind, leaving some of the obstructions almost bare and covering others with huge white mounds. Dick had to feel his way.

The farther he penetrated into the valley, the more trouble he found. It would be hard enough to traverse this rough glen in daylight, with empty arms, let alone in the growing dusk with his precious burden. Half-way through the cut-off, they got into a snarl of down-timber, the bane of woodsmen at any time of year. It was a veritable labyrinth of criss-crossed trunks half-hidden in the drifts, old snags thrusting up through the snow, branchy tops, and deep root-holes.

For half an hour more Dick struggled on into the waste, the silence, the thickening dark. At last his ski caught in a hidden snare, throwing him forward on his knees. Only by a powerful stiffening of his back did he prevent Molly from being hurled against a tree-trunk beyond.

IT WAS all the warning he needed. They simply could not go on without serious risk of life and limb. He sat the girl down on the stump, and they smiled into each other's eyes.

"We'll spend the night right here," Dick said. "Why we were such fools as to try to come even this far, I don't know. We won't sleep much, but at least we'll keep warm, and go home tomorrow with our bones intact."

"It's a good thing you're my brother. Otherwise this wouldn't be a laughing matter. I'm sorry I can't help you make camp."

Night was falling, so Dick wasted no more time. Using a ski as a shovel, he cleared away the snow from a level patch of ground between two fallen trees and began to cut firewood. Thanks to Molly's foresight, he was well equipped for this latter task. She had taught him to carry a small hand-ax lashed to his pack-sack whenever he went abroad, and although on many of their trips it had seemed a useless burden, now it stood between them and the cold menace of the dark. Soon the blaze was leaping high, scattering the heavy shadows and making snug and warm their little nook between the fallen trunks.

Molly's poke proved to contain a stick of jerky and a bar of sweet chocolate; these she divided with Dick. Then they sat side by side, resting their backs against a mossy log, and toasting their feet at the fire.

The night thickened around them. The wind had died away, and save for the crackle of flame there was no sound left in the world. This strange, white, enchanted world was wholly theirs tonight. They were utterly alone, close as they had never been before.

Dick was afraid of this closeness. His heart leaped, and he could not make it be still. He tried not to look at Molly—her lips so red, her dreamy long eyes, the whiteness of her face on which the firelight played. He remembered the warmth of her body in his arms . . .

Nor could he forget in sleep. Exquisite fancies haunted him . . . Twice a strange, far-ringing call trembled in from the distant ridges before he could arouse himself to listen and heed . . .

Molly suddenly sat up, an intense look on her face. "Did you hear that, Dick?"

"Yes. What was it?"

"I don't know. It might be a dog-team yelling on our trail—some one coming to look for us. It's hard to tell, so far. And it might be—"

Her words trailed off. Another sound, just at hand, riveted her attention. It was a swishing of snow-laden branches and the thump of feet, as some fast-running creature burst through the thickets, coming directly toward them.

Molly rose to her knees. Dick jumped up, and his pistol gleamed in the firelight.

"I don't think it's anything to be afraid of," he told her rapidly. "But I can't imagine what it can be—"

They strained their eyes into the gloom. The

MEN'S VOTE STIRS WIVES!

DEMAND FOR COCONUT PIE BRINGS ACTION!

EXTRA THRILL FOR COCONUT PIE LOVERS!

Baker's moist-packed coconut, Southern Style, makes favorite pie more luscious than ever!

Never before was there such a check-up of husbands' tastes! Here's an Inquiring Reporter getting returns on a city street.

News travels fast. It wasn't many months ago that women didn't know . . . didn't *dream* that men love coconut pie so much.

But today . . . throughout the land . . . kitchens are savory with the smell of coconut pie—home-made—luscious! Women are serving coconut pie far oftener. Men are getting—at home—the treat that they love so much!

Here's how it came about. Last spring, Inquiring Reporters stopped men on the streets of America's leading cities and asked "pie" questions. The answers showed:

Men love coconut pie, and no mistake. They want it often—and *get* it often, in the lunchrooms and restaurants, where the choice is theirs. *Far oftener, their replies showed, than they had been getting it at home!*

But now that wives know . . . what a change there's been! And now that *you* know . . why not . . today . . make that husband of yours a coconut pie? And make it—actually—the best coconut pie that he's ever tasted! You can. For now a new method of coconut packing brings you coconut that is far creamier, far more luscious!

If he loves coconut wait till he tastes Baker's Southern Style!

Think of it!—all the creamy deliciousness of fresh coconut—kept lusciously moist and fragrant, in a tin!

Southern Style makes *all* coconut treats ever so much more delicious! It's marvelous, in pies, atop a cake, in puddings, little cookies, candies, all your favorite coconut dishes! Try it. You'll love it! It tastes for all the world like fresh coconut, just grated! And send at once for the Free recipe booklet of 87 wonderful recipes—it's chock-full of ways to please a husband.

COCONUT CREAM PIE SOUTHERN STYLE

5 tablespoons flour — 4 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt — ½ cup cold milk
1½ cups milk, scalded
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
½ cup tart jam
1 cup cream, whipped
½ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

Combine flour, sugar, and salt; add cold milk and mix well. Add scalded milk gradually, place in double boiler, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolks, return to double boiler, add 1 cup coconut, and cook 3 to 4 minutes longer. Cool. Pour filling into pie shell, cover with jam, pile cream lightly on top, and sprinkle with ½ cup coconut. Serve immediately.

All measurements are level

FREE! A booklet of 87 delicious recipes.

BAKER'S COCONUT

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CREAMY... MOIST... Just like fresh coconut! Ask for Baker's Southern Style at your grocer's. Or send 10c for a half-size trial tin. Mail the coupon. At once!

FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY (Inc.), Hoboken, N.J. 9-G.M.9-30

MARK X FOR CHOICE ☐ Please send me recipe book (free). ☐ I enclose 10c for half-size can Southern Style.

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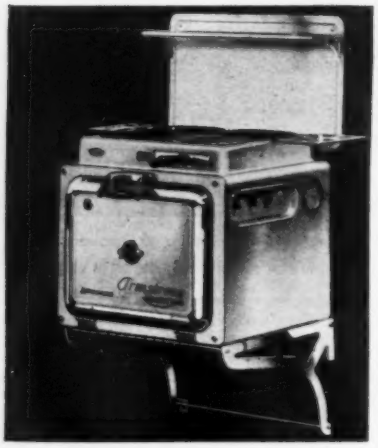
In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.

In using advertisements see page 6

Specially designed for the compact modern home
★ARMSTRONG Electric Range



TELL just what you want a kitchen range to be and it will sound amazingly like a description of this new Armstrong Full Automatic Electric.

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And, of course, it is a thoroughly modern range with all the usual automatic temperature control features, and the usual high speed elements found on high grade ranges.

See this remarkable electric servant at your nearest dealer or write for information.

The Armstrong Appliances below sold by leading stores or shipped postage paid in U. S. A. upon receipt of price.

Armstrong SINCE 1899

ARMSTRONG Electric & Mfg. Corp.
Huntington, West Virginia

Lonesome River

thickets parted, and a gray something, with luminous eyes, burst through. Its last bound carried it full into the firelight, where it checked and whirled to gaze into the dark. Instantly Molly recognized it as one of her father's tame reindeer. Apparently it had come to them for protection.

"There's something behind it," Dick warned.

"Don't shoot! I think it's another reindeer. Something is chasing them, I think."

The second animal drew up, snorting, just outside the circle of firelight. It was much larger than the first, and when Molly saw its outline, she uttered a gasp of amazement. It was not another of her father's herd, but a young caribou stag. Often these animals mated—they were close kin in blood—and tonight the doe had brought her mate to the haven of the fire.

As Dick stared at these strange visitors, the reindeer doe reeled and sank down beside the fire. She could flee no more tonight from the peril in the dark; obviously she had run to exhaustion. The caribou snorted again and, forsaking his mate, bounded away.

"What does it mean?" Dick demanded.

"It means that we may have some visitors."

"I know what that sound was now. So do you. You—don't—think—they'll attack us—do you?"

"Not likely. They're after the deer, not us."

INTO the silence presently a deep, ringing chorus, wild and strange beyond description, came throbbing across the snow. It was the same call they had heard before, but much nearer now. The fallen reindeer lifted her head and gazed into the breathless dark. Molly and Dick looked into each other's eyes.

Dick threw fresh fuel on the fire, then came and stood over Molly, his pistol ready in his hand. But they did not hear the warning chorus again. The silence closed down deeper than ever.

"Perhaps they've swung around the camp, following the caribou," Dick said at last. "Otherwise we'd hear them."

"That's just the trouble. We wouldn't hear them."

Her words trailed off. She raised her arm and pointed into the darkness. Dick looked up in time to see two little yellow moons glow once at the edge of the firelight, and wink out.

Dick was a *Chechaquo* (newcomer). For him this forest drama had all the terror of the unknown. Molly saw the blood leave his face, so she reached for his hand and took it between both of hers. He looked down at her in amazement. That she would thus use both her hands, and not keep one of them free for her own defence, steadied and heartened him more than any other thing she could possibly have said or done.

"Don't worry, old sport," she told him. "I don't think they'll attack us. All they'll do is give us the thrill of our lives."

Her tone was brave enough, but her pale cheeks and wide eyes gave her away.

"You can't put that over on me," he whispered. "We're in for trouble, and you know it. I've got my nerve back—tell me the truth. What's going to happen?"

"No one ever knows what's going to happen when Running Feet come."

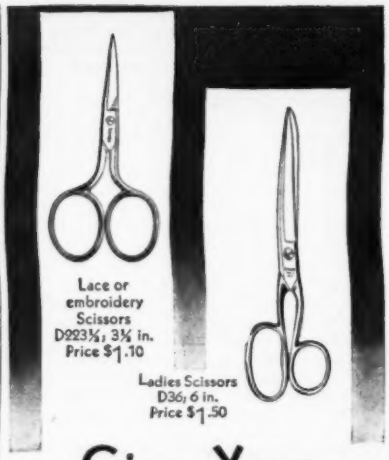
Later he would wonder at her use of this name, the English translation of the tribal term for the gray brethren of the forest. It could only mean that her childhood contacts with the Indians had colored her thought far more than she knew.

"It depends on how hungry they are. If they're desperate, they may rush the camp to get at the reindeer, and if they do, it will be a fight. But I don't expect it, and that's the truth."

"They'll wait till the fire burns down, of course."

"Yes, and we mustn't let it burn down."

"But we haven't much fuel. And if we have to go out into the dark after more—"



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"We must get rid of them soon. The quickest way would be to let them have the deer." She glanced furtively into Dick's pale face. "What do you think of that?"

"You mean—to force the deer away from the fire, so they can get her?"

"Yes—"

"By God, no! Only as a last resort, to save your life. The deer came to us for help, and she's one of your father's herd. I'd sooner take a chance on fighting the wolves."

Her pale face slowly flushed, and the firelight was a glory in her eyes. "I love you for that, Dick," she breathed. "I don't know why it means so much. . . . We'll see it through together."

Yes, and they would win. At once the situation lost its sinister aspect and became a magnificent adventure. An intense thrill passed over him, tingling in his scalp and racing up and down his spine. Partly it was sheer excitement, but behind it was something deeper, stranger, far more significant, that involved Molly. They were comrades here in the firelight—more than comrades. They were mates, and in union they could face any danger, conquer any foe. This forest and this night, and the snow below and the white stars above, were all their own.

"They're all around the fire, aren't they?" Dick whispered.

"Yes. If you want to see them, you must make no sudden motions. Just sit still and turn your head slowly . . ."

ALL about the fire the little twin moons shone, winked out, and shone again. As well as Dick could tell, there were a dozen here. They made absolutely no sound, and only the faint bleat of the terrified reindeer relieved the tension of utter silence. Once, when the flame made a sudden upward leap, Dick caught a glimpse of a dark shape, crouched and ominous, against the white background.

Molly pressed Dick's hand.

"Have they been here long enough?" she breathed.

"Long enough. I haven't your confidence, Molly. If the fire should die down, they'd be on us in an instant."

"We'll scare them away. Get your pistol ready and aim it at one of those pairs of eyes. They'll wink out before you can shoot, but will shine again in a moment. When they come again, let him have it."

"But we have only six shells, no more than are in the gun."

"Six are enough. You'll need only one, I think."

Dick rested his arm over the log, following Molly's directions. For a few long, tense seconds he held steady aim, then the twin moons lighted up again still in his line of fire. With a steady finger he pressed the trigger.

At the pistol crack there rose a cry from the darkness. Obviously the bullet had not struck between the eyes, but had given a body wound, but this was all the better for Dick's purpose. The soft sound of a body dropping down was not nearly so alarming to the eerie visitors as the sharp yelp of pain. The stricken one bounded off, yelling as he ran; instantly the whole gray band broke for cover. There was nothing left but the empty shadows, the silent forest and the snow, and the deer lying beside the chuckling fire.

Perhaps the gray brethren would kill and devour their wounded comrade—such is the mercy of their clan—but they would not cross this trail again tonight. Molly and Dick could go to sleep in entire safety. But it was not written that Dick's adventure should come to this quiet end. Poignant hours were to pass before he closed his eyes.

When the crisis was past, Molly slipped close to Dick and nestled against him. His arm was about her shoulders, her hair against his cheek. Warm and secure and exquisitely happy, she slipped away for a few seconds, then half-roused and drew Dick's face down to hers.

"I love you, Dick," she whispered sleepily as she kissed him. "Sometimes I love you almost

You just guide this magic sweeper now

It sweeps inch-thick rugs or linoleum . . . any surface—so easily!

"Hi-Lo" brush control doubles the brush range and reduces the effort by half

THE new Bissell Sweeper not only sweeps carpets better with half the effort but now its range of usefulness is vastly increased. You can sweep *any* surface, from hardwood floors or linoleum to the heaviest tufted rugs. Hard "bearing down" on the handle is no longer needed. You simply guide the new Bissell for sweeping most floor coverings.

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EVERY TIME

YOU cannot fail to make perfect pie crust every time with Flako, the prepared pie crust. It eliminates the uncertain "measure and mix" method. Flour, baking powder, shortening and salt are uniformly blended, assuring successful pie crusts always. And how convenient! Simply add water, roll and bake, that's all. Flako makes crisp, light, flaky pie crusts and dry under crusts, with a melt-in-your-mouth flavor. An old fashioned recipe put in a package for convenient use. A package makes a 9-inch double crust. Try Flako. Ask your grocer for it. If he does not have it send 15¢ for a full sized package.

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Also makers of Quiko. Quiko is more than just a self-rising flour. It is a "ready" mixture of all the ingredients necessary for turning out delicious hot biscuits. You simply add milk. Send for folder.

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WONDERFUL frozen dessert! Cook ½ cup sugar and ½ cup water together until it spins a short thread. Add teaspoon Mapleine and pour onto 3 egg yolks beaten light in top of double boiler. Cook slowly until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and fold in 3 egg whites beaten stiff. Then fold whole mixture into ½ pint stiffly beaten cream. Add ½ cup pecan nut meats. Pour into automatic refrigerator molds and freeze. Or pack in mold and freeze by using 3 parts ice to one of salt.

▲ ▲ ▲

This recipe by Katherine Ayres, Home Economics Editor, People's Popular Monthly is just one from new "Mapleine Cookery" (contains 200 recipes). *Free on request.* Folder with every bottle of Mapleine gives you 16 recipes for use of Mapleine, as a syrup maker, meat savor and flavoring. Crescent Manufacturing Co., Dept. 45, Seattle, U.S.A.

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Lonesome River

like a sweetheart, instead of a brother. I'm so happy with you. . . ."

Her lips lightly brushing his and this whispered confession were all that was needed to melt the ice about his heart. A flame struck through him, too fierce to check; its white light was in his face and its shine in his eyes. He dared not give back her kiss, because his lips would betray his secret.

What a deep secret it was! Until now he had somehow concealed it even from himself. But he could deny it no more.

Even so, he sealed his lips until light slumber carried the girl away again. Then *"I love you, Molly!"* burst forth from the deep-most of his heart, yet not loud enough to summon her from sleep.

(To be continued)

The Corn That Came Alive

(Continued from page 59)

and hail swept across the room. "This way! This way! Run, little Grandmother, run!" he shouted.

The little woman came running in out of the storm. At once Balam swung up a hammock for her. Mother Nal and Father Nal took her near the fire to dry out her clothes. Nicté wrapped her in a big blanket, and gave her hot *zaa*, flavored with chocolate, to drink, then put her in the hammock and stood rocking it gently.

Nicté had never seen such an ugly old woman. It frightened her just to look at the horrible face with its long, crooked nose and big teeth. So she turned her eyes away.

The old woman chuckled a horrible chuckle. "Once," she cackled, "I was as lovely as you are, my dear little girl. I lived in a house like this, warm and comfortable, with a palm-leaf roof that shed the rain. But many people came to the door to beg corn from us, and we always gave them all they wanted. After a while, dear little girl, we had none left for ourselves. We went to the houses of those we had fed and asked for corn, but they turned us away. People do not remember the good you do them. They are all selfish and jealous. We grew poorer and poorer, and now we have nothing."

She laughed again, much pleased to see how she had affected Nicté.

Nicté had never heard anything like this before. It frightened her, and she felt a pain growing in her heart. Could it be true? She stole a frightened glance at the horrible old woman. Yes, it must be true! She didn't want to be like that. She couldn't stand it! She wanted always to have plenty, plenty.

The next morning the old woman, clothed and fed, and with a big basket of corn, went away. Balam walked with her to the other side of the banana groves. On the way to the road the old woman told Balam the same story she had told Nicté.

When he went home again, he didn't want to look at any one, but sulked and thought.

In the afternoon a little girl came to the door when only Balam was at home. She wanted some corn . . .

He replied ungraciously that there wasn't any left, and closed the door.

The next day Balam went with his parents to find coconuts. An old, old woman came to the door. Nicté answered, and told her there wasn't any corn, and shut the door in her face. Then she ran to the hammock and climbed into it. She cried and cried—because being selfish and not telling the truth were new to her and hurt her.

Poor Father and Mother Nal! They didn't know what had happened to Balam and Nicté. Instead of being loving and kind to every one, they no longer seemed to care even to play with each other.

Down on his green throne under the ground Malinchu chuckled and chuckled. Sitting in

Never mind Le Page's Glue will mend it

Everything you mend gives you more to spend

Go Back to School with all Washables Marked with—
Cash's Names

12 Doz. $3.00
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Away from home CASH'S NAMES become doubly valuable. They identify clothing and owner as well. They save laundry losses, prevent arguments as to ownership and mark one's individuality. Neat, easy to apply, permanent, economical. Order from your dealer or write.

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Send 35c for Cash's "Family Set"—1 doz. each "Mother", "Father", "Sister", "Brother". Sew them on napkins, towels, etc. and avoid confusion.

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the place of honor beside him was the servant he had sent, dressed as an old woman, to take jealousy and avarice to the world!

People stopped coming to ask the Nal family for corn. But when it was noticed that the Nal family had as much corn as ever, people began to feel hurt—then angry—then jealous and mean and revengeful, according to their worst feelings. Many no longer sang. They went about their work with hate in their hearts, and each tried to work as little as possible.

As for Balam and Nicté—they were the most selfish and bitter of any, and people said:

"Nicté? A flower? Yes, a poison-flower! Look at her ugly frown!"

And of Balam they said:

"A tiger? Yes, but not because of strength and beauty—it is because he snarls and has ugly claws."

Ku, high up in the skies, saw what was happening, and his great heart was heavy within him. He sat thinking and thinking for a long time. . He knew, with sorrow, that he must do something to make the people unite once more.

That night the whole world was lovely, except for the dark places in the hearts of the people. When the stars were in the sky, there was a knock at the door of the house of Nal. Both Nicté and Balam jumped up to answer the knock. It had been a long time since any one had come to their house. They opened the door.

There stood a tall man, so beautiful they were afraid and felt little and mean.

"My children," he said, "do not be afraid of me! Be afraid only of the dark in your hearts. Be afraid only of selfishness and vanity and evil desires. You will some day be beautiful and strong if the only things you hoard in your hearts are good deeds done. Your hearts will be the way your store room was yesterday, filled to bursting with rich, fine corn. But if you do not hoard good deeds, O my children, your hearts will be as your store room is today!"

He looked at them a moment sternly, sadly, and then turned to go. Nicté and Balam, with wondering eyes, saw him walk to a rainbow that rested against the banana trees. He walked into it and disappeared, and the rainbow faded away.

WITH one accord Nicté and Balam turned and ran to the store room. They opened the door, and lo! a thousand whirring wings beat past them! A thousand flying bodies beat into their faces, as their corn flew out of the barn.

They caught one of the insects and looked at him. His body was like a triangular grain of corn. They knew that every grain they had hoarded had been changed into a devouring insect. The next day they looked out of their door into the valley. They saw, to their dismay, that the insects—which are called locusts—had eaten all the new corn growing in the fields!

Ku, sitting on his high cloud, saw how the people mourned the loss of the corn, and he wept for them, gently. . . .

Now the people knew they must work and work hard! They called a meeting to discuss what they must do. They agreed that only hard work could keep them from starving. They set to work. And because now every man and woman and child was needed to help in the fight against the locusts, they began to think more of each other and to help one another again. Soon song rose to their lips.

Ku, sitting on his high cloud, smiled wisely. He knew that he had made no mistake in turning the corn of the Nal family into locusts. The insects had not only eaten the green corn in the fields. They had eaten away both jealousy and greed from the hearts of the people.

As the people worked and killed the locusts, they smiled at one another. Gone was all trace of selfishness. Every heart was full of love and a spirit of helpfulness.

And Ku looked down upon them from the high heavens and was happy, for he could hear them singing.

(To be continued)

"Mello-glo stays on longer," says beautiful Miss Wynn Terry, musical comedy star, 23 W. 55th Street, New York. "No more shiny noses with this new French process Face Powder."

"This new wonderful face powder will not enlarge the pores," says lovely Miss Doris Maye, Ziegfeld beauty, of 39-49 59th Street, Woodside, L. I. "It never causes that pasty, flaky look."

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Marvelous New French Process ★ *Produces* MELLO-GLO *Face Powder*

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Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address MELLO-GLO, Dept. 23, Statler Building, Boston.

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BRILLO CLEANS

10¢
4 BRILLO Pads
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BRILLO *guarantees* to clean! This ultra-modern cleanser makes work easy and protects lovely hands. Simply pass BRILLO—the soft fibre lubricated pads and pure free-lathering soap—over utensils and they sparkle. *BRILLO polishes as it cleans — without rags* — without powders! It is superb for Aluminum and metal, porcelain, stoves, pots, pans, linoleum, sinks, cutlery, tubs, windows, tile—for everything in the kitchen and bathroom.

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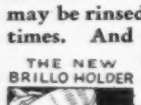

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A new utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean

Generous trial package—10c—Write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO. INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
G-9-30

BRILLO

Prisoners of the Cheka

(*Continued from page 43*)

America and the rest of the world in order to avoid our questions. Finally we gained his confidence sufficiently so that he gave me a little theological book, and Helen a rosary from Solovetsky Monastery in the White Sea. This is the most dreaded prison of Russia nowadays—an ice-bound island which is a living death. Countless numbers of the Russian clergy are living and dying there—bishops, archbishops, and Metropolitans. They are now detained permanently at what used to be one of their holiest shrines.

As we left, I turned once more and said "Tell me, *Batushka* (Little Father—the common form of address for the clergy), what do you think will come of it all?"

His thwarted and hopeless face twitched nervously. He seemed dazed. "We may hold services, but we may teach nothing to the little ones. It seems as if vengeance from Heaven is descending upon us for some cause. I think we must have sinned horribly, horribly!" Then quietly, "I think the world is coming to an end."

The door closed, and we were out in the snow. Under the shadow of the cathedral I was on the verge of tears. How could any human being exist with so little hope?

The day was not yet ended. "Do you realize," I said to Helen, "that we have to leave at six tomorrow morning in order to catch the train for Moscow, and that we have to report to the G.P.U. before we can leave here?"

"Oh, mercy, that means we'll have to go and wake them up now!" she answered.

We trudged back down the long main street to the office.

A few Muzhiks were still stumbling along in the snow while their horses pulled log-piled sleds. The wind was driving against us, and a heavy snow storm set in. It was a hard pull, and we were tired.

We reached the G.P.U. building and started up a hideously slippery staircase to the second story. There was no faint ray of light when the outer door had swung closed, so like suppliants we crawled up on our hands and knees to avoid falling. At the top I felt the wall carefully all over for a bell. There was none. I pounded. No answer. I pounded again and waited. It was twelve o'clock, the cathedral bells were booming.

The door opened a crack, and a rather unkempt young man in a disorderly uniform looked out. I apologized for disturbing him so late, but explained that we wanted to leave early and remembered that we must have his permission.

"You will return here at seven in the morning," he said disagreeably.

"Seven is too late," I answered, "we shall miss our train at Vladimir."

"That does not matter; there are trains to Moscow every day. Come here at seven," he said.

"But, please, citizen, it is very important for us to return tomorrow."

He finally sulkily compromised on six-thirty, and we crawled backward down the slimy staircase again and home to our lair for what was left of the night.

AT SIX, the old watchman waked us, and we packed—if so pretentious a word may be used for our simple arrangements. We dropped our films into our leather boots, now replaced in service by felt, and strapped them to the knapsack of painting materials. We had paid our bill the day before, and our *izvoschik* for the trip was waiting at the door with his sled and two enormous, sheepskin *shubas* which he had borrowed for us. Borrowed—yes—for a ruble's rent.

"We shall be right back," I told him. "We just have to stop for a moment at the G.P.U."

I had a bit of a swagger as I said those three letters. It sounded so important and "in" with the government, and I took pleasure in seeing the *izvoschik* cross himself mentally.

We slithered up the stairs again and were admitted to the officer's apartment by a pale, sloppy-looking woman. Three children were asleep on a shelf over the brick oven, as per Russian custom.

"Please be seated," she said wearily. "My husband has gone out, but I suppose he will return soon."

WE waited five—ten—fifteen minutes. It was exasperating! We had so little time. He was evidently determined not to see us before seven. I watched the woman wake and dress the children. They slept in their underclothes and had only to put on shoes and dresses. The oldest, a boy about nine, fetched a small basin of water. Three little faces were washed in this basin with the corner of the mother's apron, and three little heads were combed under protest. Tooth-brushing was an unknown rite. Greasy fried potatoes were brought in a pan, and each child was given a tin spoon. They gathered about the pan and gobbled. The youngest got very little in the fray.

Quarter past—half past seven. "Did your husband say *when* he would be back? Did he tell you that he expected us here?" I asked.

"He said nothing, citizeness. He never tells me anything," she answered with a patient, hang-dog look.

I indulged in a little cussing under my breath while Helen tried to be philosophical.

The door opened, and in walked our *izvoschik* with a beaming smile. "He is waiting for you at your room," he informed us.

We were distinctly peeved, but returned to our lodging. On the way I tried to prepare a few appropriate remarks for the officer, but realized it might be safer to control myself.

He was standing at our door in full uniform, a small, unimpressive man with an ignorant face and all the unpleasant characteristics of small-town officials.

"We have been waiting an hour at your house, but we still hope to catch our train. When may we leave?" I asked as politely as possible.

"You will leave very soon, but you will leave with a military guard," he said in a brief manner. "Please step in here." He pointed to the office across the way.

"Heck, we are in the soup!" was all I could think, and my mind whirled.

Yakov, the beady-eyed, and nice Sergei Alexandrovitch were sitting at their desks. Sergei looked distressed. Yakov was obsequious to the officer and offered him his desk. He sat, but left us standing.

"*Boomazhki!* (papers!)" he said from force of habit.

"You know very well that our papers are in Vladimir, citizen," I answered.

"Did you photograph the prison yesterday?"

"Yes, it is one of the most beautiful architectural relics of ancient Russia."

"That does not interest me," he snapped. "Give me your purses!"

We complied, trying not to show on our faces the horror that was in our minds. In those bags, by chance, were two photographs which might get us into serious trouble. The officer opened my bag, and with kaleidoscopic speed my mind reviewed some past events.

We had left Berlin for Finland in August, expecting to spend three days there and three weeks in Russia. I already had a visa, but my sister's had been delayed. I left word for it to be telegraphed to Viborg, in Finland, where we could get it on our way to Leningrad. Arriving at Viborg we found no visa, sent a telegram to Moscow begging speed, and repaired to the Russian monastery of Valaam to await its arrival. Valaam is the last of the Russian monasteries. In the late reshuffling of boundaries it was annexed to Finland, though none of its inmates speak a word of that language. But it was lucky, because the eight hundred monasteries within Soviet borders have been closed

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Prisoners of the Cheka

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We planned to stay only overnight, but were so swept away by the fascination of Orthodox mysticism and the natural beauty of this island sanctuary that we remained for five weeks. We spoke not a word of Russian, and the monks spoke nothing else, but somehow we got along beautifully.

One day, when we planned to move to a larger room, I heard the name "Vyroubova." I pricked up my ears. Not Anna Vyroubova surely, who was the last Empress' confidante, who had lived with the royal family for fourteen years preceding their exile. I had read her Memoirs five years ago and had been so interested in her as a character, and the historical aspects of her story, that I had then and there vowed to come to Russia at some future time. It never occurred to me that she was still living, but through our interpreter I discovered that it was actually she whom they were talking about. They were offering us the room which she had occupied when visiting the monastery.

TO make a long story short, we left the monastery with a letter to Madame Vyroubova, and great curiosity about her. Such varying portraits of this woman had been handed down to posterity by historians of the revolution! She is painted as a hysterical neurasthenic with a thirst for power; as the mistress of Rasputin and his accomplice in poisoning the Tsarevitch, in order that he might afterward make miraculous cures on the little boy; as a stupid and credulous mystic; as pretending to be the Tsarina's friend, while she carried on an intrigue with the Tsar; as chief hostess at Rasputin's drunken debauches—and even as the ultimate cause of the whole Revolution.

We found her living in a small apartment with her mother. She had become a nun, but lives at home, because there is no Orthodox convent in Finland to which she can go. However, she lives a convent routine at home, practically never going out. She is so lame from a train accident that she can hardly take a step without an expression of pain coming over her face, but with all this she has the calm and serenity that go with the mystic nature. We saw her several times and became warm friends. She speaks perfect English and supports herself by giving lessons in six different languages.

She seemed to us a charming woman, deeply religious, cultivated without being really intellectual, and perhaps a victim of the tragedy of circumstance. The intrigues attributed to her were proved to be unfounded gossip when she was tried by the Kerensky Provisional Government, but the tragedy remains. It was not the things she did, but the things she left undone. Chance had placed her in a position of unofficial influence and power which would have baffled a far-seeing statesman. Her influence was with a Tsarina, and the Tsarina controlled the will of the Tsar. But Anna Vyroubova was a mystic, even credulous, if judged by our Western point of view, and mysticism was no weapon against the gun-powder of the Germans or the Russian social unrest caused by war-famine. Rasputin fell, the Empire fell, and in Finland this woman in her early forties, looking far older, lives in constant fear of her life, and prays. She is the last living member of the Tsar's intimate family circle.

When we saw her for the last time she said, "God bless you and protect you from harm on your dangerous trip, but whatever you do, never mention my name while you are in Russia!"

She gave us snapshots and presents which we shipped to Berlin the day before "crossing the bar." However, in Leningrad, we met an old friend of hers, and this lady gave us two small, faded photographs of her. We were very nervous about these photographs and kept them always in our bags so they never could be discovered in our luggage.

You see my train of thought. The contents of my bag were carefully laid out and listed. There were twenty-four headings. The incendiary material was a shoestring, a pencil sharpener, a tiny copy of Goethe's "Werther," my two gold fillings raped by the caramel, a list of addresses, and other insignificant papers. I felt badly about the addresses of Russian people being discovered, because I knew that if we got into any serious trouble those people would most certainly be investigated, and might be anyhow. That is why Russians are afraid of foreigners.

Last of all, my inner leather wallet was brought to light. It contained money, my letter of credit, and a few little photographs. The former was counted and returned to the wallet —also the letter of credit. The photographs were all of Helen or me for passport purposes—except one. The officer looked at it a minute, and I tried to keep a stiff upper lip.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"My aunt in America," I answered.

He looked at it again and put it back in the case with my money. "You may have back your money and photographs, but I will keep the rest of your papers."

I must have turned scarlet or white from relief, but he didn't notice, and turned to Helen. She was questioned in the same way, and when the incriminating photograph appeared, had such ingenuous conviction about "aunty" that I am sure the officer formed a mental picture of that good lady sitting on the front porch at home, rocking, knitting, and humming "Dixie" to herself. With money and photographs safely in our hands, we were escorted back to our bedrooms and there searched by one of the peasant women whom we had seen and spoken to during our sojourn. Whether she was a regular member of the G.P.U. or had just been commandeered to serve at the moment, I do not know. I rather suspect the latter, as she was too stupid to find anything and did not look very thoroughly. We might have had bombs in our bloomers, and she wouldn't have run across them. We were told to wait in our room until the officers were ready. We were to be driven back to Vladimir to the State G.P.U.

AT last in our room alone! I did not know whether to laugh or cry. "You took one photograph too many, and I painted one picture too many, and here we are!" said Helen.

"But we've got to lose those Vyroubova photographs somehow!" I whispered. "Suppose the Vladimir G.P.U. should feel called upon to search us again. They might recognize her there, you know."

"But I can't bear to lose the photographs," answered Helen, and I agreed with her.

The officer opened the door and sternly told us to bring our things and come back to his office with him. We bade a shaky farewell to our nice, crippled friends, whose eyes were staring with surprise and excitement. They were torn between a quasi-affection and interest for us and a pride in the smartness of the local G.P.U., at being able to catch two such wicked spies. Sergei Alexandrovitch seemed grieved and disillusioned about us, but beady-eyed Yakov looked secretly glad. That easy falseness to a friend is a trait which we found very unattractive in New Russia, but it is a result of continual terror and is excusable, perhaps, on that basis.

At the G.P.U. office, an imposing figure was sitting at the desk. A man whom we had not seen before, a perfect Russian type, but of a distinctly better class than his colleague. He was short with a dapper uniform and a beard like Tut-Ankh-Amen's. He looked most efficient and told us to be seated in the ante-room. I started talking baby talk with one of the children of the other officer, who wandered in on its way to school, but I was soundly reprimanded and told to sit down like a naughty three-year-old. The officer asked if we had any personal effects besides

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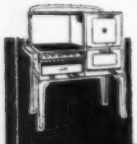

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Prisoners of the Cheka

those in his hands and if we had given him all of our films. Helen pleaded guilty to a few more films in her boots, and was told to go down immediately to the sleigh and fetch them. She was just outside the door when this new high official whispered quickly to the young soldier guarding us:

"Go quickly down with her and see that she throws nothing away. I'll watch this one meanwhile."

I couldn't help smiling. Until this moment I didn't really believe that they were all taking it so seriously. I thought it was more or less a matter of form and that we just happened to be the goats. But I could see now that we were really suspected of some shady doings. It was rather fun to be thought such a menace, and no end flattering. Helen returned with the vigilant soldier at her heels, and the rest of our films joined the group of black evidence on the table. More scribbling, and talking in an undertone by the two officers—more affidavits and protocols produced—and finally a lengthy document of fine handwriting was brought out for me to sign.

The idea that perhaps I was expected to sign my own death warrant occurred to me in a romantic moment. So with sweeping gestures and a reproachful air in the grand manner I said:

"How can you expect me to sign something that I can not read? Surely you would not ask that of a prisoner!"

The document turned out to be merely a form of receipt for our papers, so I signed, and it was placed in my hands to be delivered to the authorities at Vladimir.

THE bearded gentleman came out and talked to us for a few minutes. It was a delightfully false situation—he trying to find out all he could without asking direct questions, and we trying to act as if we were at a pink tea.

"So the ladies are interested in archæology?"

"Yes, indeed! You have such beautiful old buildings in this country!"

"Do the ladies find them so? What cities have you visited?"

"We've been to Novgorod, Leningrad, Moscow, Vladimir, so far, but we expect to go up to Yaroslavl later and then to Kiev."

"And do the citizenesses take photographs and paint wherever they go?"

"Indeed we do!" (Strained girlish enthusiasm all over my face!)

"And how did the citizenesses happen to come to Suzdal without permission of the Central Government at Moscow?"

"We have never asked permission to go to any other town. Your own Government guidebook says that Suzdal is an interesting place and says nothing about a required permission. The Communist director of the Vladimir museum recommended our coming and also mentioned no permission."

"Yes, yes! But why did the citizenesses paint and photograph the prison?"

"Because it is the most beautiful of all the beautiful buildings at Suzdal, don't you think so?" Here we tried a little mild feminine charm, but it was a flat failure.

"Very interesting, very interesting," he replied curtly, stroking his black beard. "Your sleigh is waiting. The *izvoschik* will drive you to the G.P.U. in Vladimir."

He placed the receipt in my hands, bowed abruptly, and turned away.

"How nice of him to trust us to go there by ourselves!" I thought.

On reaching the door, however, I saw our sleigh ready and waiting, and behind it another with two soldiers sitting stiffly on guard. A leather bag with a padlock was brought down—our pathetic little belongings—and delivered into their hands. Off we started with our convoy close behind. On the main street it was a bit humiliating. Everybody stared, and we did not know whether to bow and smile like visiting royalty or to bury our faces in the robe. As we drove past familiar houses, we

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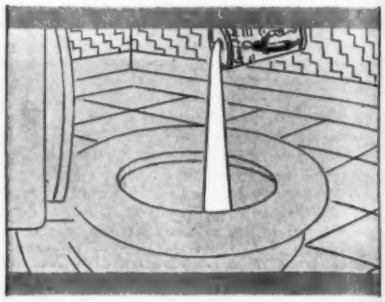

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found ourselves very ball-and-chain conscious. We had arrived in Suzdal free agents and were leaving as political prisoners. At least it was a new sensation. We took one last look back at the domes and towers rising on the white horizon. Again I had that terrible feeling of loneliness at leaving a Russian town, in no way alleviated by the fact that we had had several unpleasant experiences there.

"But just think," Helen groaned, "all those nice people imagine that we are spies or criminals or something. I can't bear it! And we never had a chance to say good-by to that sweet Luka Petrovitch! The minute we get out, we must write to him. Probably he will think just as badly of us as the others do."

But we never have got around to writing, and I suppose they still tell in Suzdal about the two *Amerikankas* caught red-handed in a contra-revolutionary plot. Certainly the G.P.U. will not bother to enlighten them.

THE long drive home was different from that on the way out. We were enjoying mental agony instead of physical, but the beauty of the trip was eternally diverting. The sun was dazzling on the white waves. When we reached the village where the tea oasis was, we noticed the whole population walking up and down in the center of the road.

"What are they doing?" I asked the *izvoschik*.

"It's a holiday, and that is the way they celebrate. Don't they do that in America?"

I couldn't remember ever having seen it.

We had tea without our criminal status being discovered, but when a magnificent, red-bearded peasant began the usual railing against the government, I was careful to argue pro-Communist with him.

The beauties of the last lap of the drive were entirely spoiled by the returning anxiety over the Vyroubova photographs. We thought of tearing them into infinitesimal pieces and scattering them along the road speck by speck, but knew that if we were seen, we would be in much hotter water than we were already, so we did nothing.

The golden domes of Vladimir appeared on a high bluff ahead, and before long the sleighs drew up at the monastery which we had failed to enter before. We were glad to get in any way at all. At the gate I hesitated. Should I pay for our sleigh or let the government? I finally decided to do it, as we had engaged the man before there was any government interference, and I thought they would probably give him considerably less than I had promised. So I took out ten rubles, but then the soldiers stood aside, expecting me to pay for their sleigh as well.

"What! do you think I invited you to come?" I roared at them, and they did look rather sheepish as they paid their own way.

We were ushered into a dingy room which was pleasantly warm. Around the room sat other criminals, but we were busy peeling fur coats and warming our stocking feet on the stove and did not pay much attention to them.

An idea came! I asked piteously if we might go to the wash room. A boy led the way, and once behind the locked door we made quick work of those photographs! We returned to the waiting room feeling ten years younger each.

In a few minutes we were called to the "dread tribunal"! A soldier came for us, and as we went out I caught sympathetic glances from our companions. They were simple horse thieves and murderers, and would be given a so-called "People's Trial," but we were political prisoners. Death is often the punishment for a political crime in Russia; for other crimes, according to Marx, mild punishment only. The other day a man cut up his wife and her mother in tiny pieces and packed them in a trunk, because he was afraid to tell them that he wanted to marry another woman. When some blood trickled out of the trunk in the Moscow station, he was arrested. He pleaded guilty on trial, and the Soviet government shook its finger at him, saying, "Naughty!

Rugs of Oriental Luxury At a Saving of ½

A Bundle of your Old Rugs, Clothing is all we need

Olson Patented Process can't be copied

All the benefits of dealing DIRECT with the OLSON FACTORIES are yours.

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WHY pay full retail prices when you can send all kinds of woolen materials *direct* to one of *America's Largest* FACTORIES and have lovely, rich-textured, modern rugs woven *at a saving of ½?* If not delighted we pay for your material.

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If you are interested in your family history, send 10 cents in stamps for our 176-page priced catalogue of over 4750 genealogical books.

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Established 1898
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Sell Christmas Cards
Make Extra Money

EASY way for men and women to make nice profits. Sell Personal Christmas Cards. Tremendous demand and remarkable values make sales easy for you. Earn splendid income; full or spare time.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

Beautiful Sample Book of cards and envelopes supplied FREE. Lowest prices, unique designs—all with customer's name. You get paid cash in advance. We deliver. Send at once for free samples.

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9 Box Assortments 21 Name Cards

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412 So. Market St., Dept. CS-8, Chicago, Ill.

Hotels Need Trained Women

Positions Open in Hotels, Clubs, Apartment Hotels, Restaurants, Institutions

Apartment hotel managers, assistant managers, housemothers, housekeepers, social directors, sports directors, floor clerks, etc., are wanted in America's Third Largest Industry. Hundreds of new establishments now opening are calling for trained women. Lewis Students' Employment Bureau receiving daily calls.

You can qualify at home with the Lewis Simplified Spare-time Study Plan. We put you in touch with positions everywhere. A good income and quick advancement are offered those who succeed. The work is fascinating, developing charm and personality. Past experience unnecessary. Many Lewis Students are winning success in this uncrowded field. Mrs. M. F. Miller writes: "Your Course has been of incalculable value to me. Since graduating I have been Housekeeper-Hostess managing my own cottage 'Annex'."

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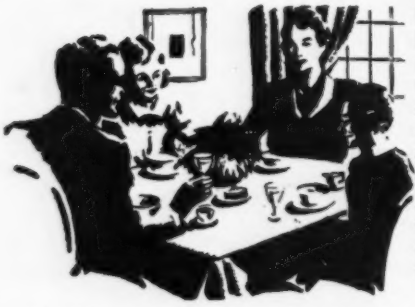
The Original and Only School of its Kind in the World

In using advertisements see page 6

A SIMPLE CHANGE OF BREAKFAST ADDS *HOURS OF PEP* TO YOUR DAY!



IS IT past ten before you throw off morning listlessness? Does your husband need a second cup of coffee to wake him up? Do the children bicker about what they will eat for breakfast?

Then try this simple breakfast treat that wakes you up . . . that sends your husband forth without a grouch . . . that insures pep and buoyant energy to last (till noon) . . . that provides children with vim and stamina to scamper to school and meet their tests with mental vigor.

For this perfect breakfast food, serve half FIG BRAN and half ZO with cream and sugar. Crunchy, wholesome ZO corrects the deficiencies of modern diet. It supplies food lime, iron and Vitamin B, so necessary to modern health. Fig Bran supplies bulk to the bowels. Composed of Bran and Figs, combined with Savita yeast extract, it is a wholesome food affording relief from constipation and contributing food essentials necessary in blood and tissue building.

Combining these two supplementary foods into an appetizing breakfast dish supplies essential food elements that increase resistance to disease and aids in maintaining a high degree of pep and energy. Fig Bran and ZO retail at 15c each and are ready to serve. The authorized Battle Creek dealer, grocer and department stores sell Battle Creek Health Foods.

★ BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS *for Everybody*

SAMPLES and VALUABLE BOOK FREE

If you cannot buy Fig Bran and ZO, send us name of your dealer and we will send free trial portion of each product together with famous Diet Book, Healthful Living. Dept. 226, The Battle Creek Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Liquid Silmerine ★Makes Hair Beautiful

Applied to finger waves, the permanent or marcel, makes natural, perfectly formed waves that remain so for days. Helps remove dandruff and oiliness. Keeps straight hair smooth, sleek, orderly. Good for men, women and children. All drug & dept. stores. PARKER BELMONT & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

BABY IS SAFE IN THE CAR

Baby specialists and thousands of mothers endorse this safe comfortable way to motor with baby. Complete freedom for mother to drive or relax. Bassinet fits any car, instantly removed for use in hotel or home. Shock absorbing springs. Folding hood. No screws in upholstery. **Detachable wheels** supplied if desired quickly convert Bassinet into baby carriage. Costs less than any good carriage alone. Splendid gift. From dealers or by mail. Send for descriptive folder. Money refunded if not pleased.

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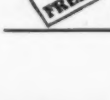
AND PAPER TABLE DECORATIONS. Liberty Baking Cups are made from a specially prepared paper which withstands heat and requires no greasing. Save labor—no greasing or washing of tins. They keep cakes fresh and attractive to serve.

FREE RECIPE BOOK with your order for this BIG HOUSEHOLD PACKAGE Now 428 Pieces for only ★ $1 Postpaid

Package contains 200 Liberty Baking Cups, tea cake size; 150 Baking Cups, muffin size; 2 Pie Collars, crowning touch for meat-pies, etc.; 20 Chop Frills for decorating chops, chicken legs, etc.; 20 Croquette Skewers, for adorning roast ham, etc., 30 paper Doilies. Please mention your dealer's name when ordering this big package.



Agents Wanted

WM. W. BEVAN CO.
Dept. 85, Everett, Mass.

Prisoners of the Cheka

Naughty!" and gave him seven whole years in jail.

However, jail isn't so bad over there, because I believe you are allowed to go home week-ends and have outings with friends and family. And then, too, the government feeds you, which is easier than having to rustle for yourself, these days. I think that if I were a Russian worker, and really wanted very much to do a good bloody murder, it would be worth it. But this is undoubtedly *bourzhoizni* philosophy.

We were a little apprehensive, a little amused, but thoroughly interested in what was to come. I was not really afraid, as in spite of my having lived a quarter of a century, I still have a burning faith in the human equation.

WE were led up some stairs and into a small room with a large desk. A map of Russia covered the back wall, and a green-shaded light threw a lugubrious reflection on the ceiling. It was just as the G.P.U. office should look, only instead of the glaring inquisitor with octopus eyes at the desk pictured by most Russian imaginations, there sat a most attractive young man in an immaculate uniform. Beside him stood another, still younger, with bushy black hair and bright eyes. They were both clean-shaven and had aristocratic (God save us if they should ever see this adjective applied to them!) features. They were both wearing stern expressions and motioned to us to be seated. On the desk in front of them was the incriminating and degrading evidence—about fifteen yellow kodak film boxes. Our papers, carefully pinned together, were also there, and the watercolor that Helen had painted of the prison. A sinister silence reigned, while the two men observed these objects.

"*Noo?* (Well?)"

I told a woeful tale in my fervent and unique Russian. They tried to keep solemn, but my abuse of their language was too much for them. It ended with us all giggling and their helping me with the Russian words.

"Will you promise us never to travel in Russia again without keeping your passports with you? In this country they say that a man has three parts, body, soul, and passport. Remember that!" said the officer at the desk.

He then telephoned to the hotel to verify our statement that we had a room and passes there.

"It is late—too late for you to go to Moscow tonight. Won't you come back tomorrow morning and talk with us? We will return your papers then. We have to read them over just as a matter of form."

He smiled, and his blue eyes with their long lashes were as friendly as could be. In fact, as Bolsheviks go, he was quite devastating. We were all too delighted to go next morning. It was such fun to talk to people in the G.P.U. who we *knew* were in the G.P.U.

"But are we free? Aren't we *Zaklyuchnoye* (prisoners) any longer?"

"You are perfectly free!" the dark boy answered.

Both men put on their long, khaki fitted coats and peaked hats, locked their office, and walked down with us to the courtyard of the monastery. In the twilight the monastery church rose up white, as beautiful as the other of the peculiar Vladimir style. I stopped a minute to look at it, and they waited.

"We wanted to come in here before," I explained, "but they wouldn't allow us. We had to get arrested in order to get in."

"Has it been worth it?" the younger man asked.

"Yes, I think so," I replied.

At the gate the guard saluted, and the older officer told him to let us in at ten in the morning. Then both men stepped aside for us to pass out, and we felt that our social position was very different from what it had been at our entering two hours before.

CORNS
GONE—FORGOTTEN

100% SAFE

For corns and tender toes apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and in *one minute* pain will be gone—forgotten! Removing shoe friction and pressure and the soothing medication produces this speedy, permanent relief.

Once gone, *corns never come back* if you apply a Zino-pad where the shoe rubs or pinches. Cutting your corns invites blood-poisoning. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Zino-pads are *guaranteed 100% safe.* Thin, dainty, cushioning, healing.

Sizes for CORNS, CORNS BETWEEN TOES—CALLOUSES—BUNIONS

At all Drug, Shoe & Dept. stores—35c box.

★ **Dr Scholl's Zino-pads**

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Sensational New Extra Money Making Plan for Men & Women

TAKING ORDERS for HERTEL *Christmas Cards*

Entirely new plan actually puts you in business for yourself, without capital or experience. Everything required furnished free. Full or spare time. Cards sell on sight! You make real money on every hundred cards.

WRITE TODAY! No limit to amount you can earn. Depends solely on you. John M. Nagle, Texas, made enough in spare time to buy expensive car; Mrs. C. B. Quinn made $2,000; Housewife over $10 hourly for 19 hours. Wonderful opportunity. Investigate! Write now!

JOHN A. HERTEL CO. Dept. 9574 318 W. Washington St. CHICAGO, ILL.

Weekly Pay Monthly Bonus Checks

RAPID SALAD SET

3 for $1.00

Cuts, grates or shreds fruits and vegetables quickly and with safety. Safety guard protects the hand when cutting or shredding. Easily cleaned. Guaranteed to remain sharp and rust free for 10 years. Superior quality. A necessity for making better salads. At your dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. *Attractive Offer to Agents and Church Societies.*

THE BLUFFTON SLAW CUTTER CO. Bluffton, Ohio

GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME Women, earn $50 a week in business of YOUR OWN operating "Specialty Candy Factories" in your home town. Valuable BIG PROFITS First Week. We furnish Tools and Supplies—start you how to make and sell home like PURE, DELICIOUS Candies. Booklet free. Booklet FREE.

W. HILLYER RANDALL Drawer 60 East Orange, N. J.

They did not walk with us. It might not have looked well. They bowed and turned in the opposite direction.

"Have you *ever* seen such heavenly eyelashes?" whispered Helen. "I never have!"

But their manner was what puzzled us. Whatever the rugged and sterling qualities of the Bolsheviks, whatever kindness they show, distinction of bearing is quite foreign to them. But this older officer had it to burn. We decided that he must have come from a cultured family of the old school and had suffered a political rebirth. But there was one catch. He spoke no languages except Russian.

We arrived at the hotel, relieved, but dead with hunger and weariness.

The chambermaid nearly fell over with surprise. "We thought you were frozen to death somewhere. We knew you couldn't be alive so long without your passports!"

"Are our things all right?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "The G.P.U. had your room sealed up two days after you went away. You will find everything just as you left it."

It was nice to know of their precautions, and interesting as well to realize that their telephone call to the hotel in our presence was merely a gesture.

We brushed our teeth at the icy pump which served for the hotel's ablutions, and ordered a samovar. The stove had been lit in our room, and it produced a peculiar nauseating gas which was a relief from the stable odor which had been prevalent there formerly.

I was called to the telephone. What could it be?

"Good evening. I am speaking from the G.P.U." It was the voice of the older officer. "Did you find everything all right at the hotel? Are all your things in order?"

"Yes, indeed, thank you so much."

"I wanted to tell you that there is a *kino* theatre here in case you have nothing else to do."

"Oh, thank you! You are very kind to tell us, but we are so tired that I don't believe that we could keep awake at the *kino*."

It wasn't exactly an invitation, but—I had a feeling that if we went, we would find the G.P.U. in the lobby. Helen was played out, but I could have kicked myself afterward for not going. I didn't realize the opportunity until it was too late. They would have had such fun collecting information for the government, and perhaps a little for their personal enjoyment. And I would certainly have had a unique experience.

WE were up bright and early in the morning and went to the bank. I showed my letter of credit and asked for one hundred dollars. It was an industrial crisis. All the clerks looked at the letter and shook their heads. They called the Comrade Director and the Comrade President. These people also shook their heads. A conference was held. Nobody could read English. Several blank forms were produced for my inspection. They would be glad to give me the money if I would show them which form to fill out and how to do it. There were pink ones and blue ones, green ones and purple ones. I picked out a pretty pink one without regard to what was printed on it, and between us we wrote a few hieroglyphics on it. I got the money and appreciated being taken at my face value.

We went on to the G.P.U. and found our two friends waiting. They were reading some letters which were among our papers and seemed to be highly amused. The letters were from a monk at Valaam and were in extremely religious style. We had carried them with us also, in order that they might not be found in our luggage.

I told Ivanov (the older officer is so-called for rhetorical convenience) about our visit to the Russian monastery in Finland, and how we had loved it.

"Are you *sektanti?*" asked Petrov (the younger). This is the word used in Russia for all Protestant sects.

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Slenderizing Fashions for Stout Women and Misses
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This Style Book *is yours* FREE

JUST FOR YOU—this new Style Book of Slenderizing Fashions is printed—exclusively for you of stout figure.

Just for you—a specialized service in styles created for your pleasure. Not merely larger sizes of usual styles; but specially selected styles, re-designed to fit and *become* the fuller figure, without annoying tightness at arms or hips, and with height-giving, slenderizing lines.

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MAIL US ONE DOLLAR AND RECEIVE FACE POWDER, AND CREAM POSTAGE PREPAID

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Plant MAULE Bulbs

You can have *gorgeous blooms* next spring. Plant Maule bulbs this fall. Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, etc. Write for Bulb Book today—FREE. WM. HENRY MAULE, 400 Maule Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

In using advertisements see page 6

A skidding rug on the hardwood floor of his home was the cause of a broken leg that laid up a young Indiana business man for several weeks . . . *From an insurance company's files.*

A SLIPPING RUG CAUSED THIS —

A broken leg is no joke; several weeks in a wheel chair is no vacation . . . Skidding rugs cause thousands of serious and fatal injuries every year. RUG-STA will make your rugs safe to live with. Simply brush this harmless liquid on the backs of rugs, where it forms an invisible, slip-proof film when dry.

ENDORSED BY RUG MAKERS

RUG-STA does not harm fine rugs nor mar floors . . . Sold by hardware, paint, and department stores. ¼ pt. 65c; ½ pt. $1.00; 1 pt. $1.50. Write for a free booklet. Addison-Leslie Company, 29 Bolivar St. Canton, Massachusetts.

RUG-STA *for fine rugs*
PREVENTS SLIPPING!

EASY MONEY
SPARE OR FULL TIME

Our magnificent **Christmas Greeting Card Assortments** contain dainty water color designs, beautiful engraving and embossing, tipped-on illustrations, sparkling raised gold metallic effects, marvelous creations in parchment and deckle-edged folders—every card and folder with an artistic harmonizing envelope.

21 Beautiful Christmas Cards and Folders
Costs You 50c Sells For $1.00
WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES

What Others Are Doing

Mrs. Finch of Virginia made $575. Mrs. Miller of New York made $450. This is what they say: "Everybody thinks they are wonderful." "I found your assortment the most attractive on the market." "Could easily be sold for $2.00 a box." "Your Christmas Box Assortment sold like hot cakes."

If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars and **free samples.**

Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 16, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

Wedding *Write for Samples*

INVITATIONS—ANNOUNCEMENTS
100 hand-engraved $13.50
including two sets of envelopes
100 Imitation Engraved $5.00
100 Visiting Cards - - - $1.00

G. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1860 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Prisoners of the Cheka

"We belong to no church—have never even been christened—but we believe in religious freedom and can not understand the persecution here in Russia. Certainly the abuses in a religion should be corrected, but the fundamental idea is good and should be encouraged rather than desecrated."

A long discussion followed of the pro's and con's of religion and its misuse in Russia.

'Why, the abbot of this monastery weighed fifteen *poods* (two hundred fifty pounds). That was what was considered an ascetic, and one of the chapels that weren't used for services had a luxurious wine storehouse behind the altar. The wine was no sacramental wine, either. Bah!" Ivanov shrugged his contemptuous shoulders.

"The mysticism of Russia," I said, "was the most beautiful thing in the land, and you are trying to kill it."

"Beautiful to the foreigner, perhaps, but look where it has led Russia," he said. "Look at the royal family—look at Rasputin—look at Vyroubova—did you ever hear of her?"

Helen and I were frozen to our seats.

"Vyroubova—I remember, I read her book," I said, vaguely reminiscent.

I looked up and met his eyes, which seemed utterly innocent. Our friends in Moscow afterward told us that we were credulous fools to think that those men didn't have a written report in their desk as to just how often we had been to see Vyroubova in Finland. I don't know and never shall.

"Is Vyroubova still living?" I asked.

"Yes, I think she is in Finland or France. You should read her diary."

"I have heard of it, but heard also that it was a falsification," I answered.

"The published one was falsified," Petrov said quickly, "but the real one is in the G.P.U. archives in Moscow."

"If you will make us members of the G.P.U., we'll go and read it," said Helen.

PETROV went into an inside room and brought out some old prints and photographs.

"Look at that face!" he said. "That is Dmitri Pavlovitch. That is the type of face that ruled in Russia."

I thought discreetly that the type was certainly no worse than that ruling today, but said nothing.

"Look at the Tsar's face—absolute degeneracy." He slapped the picture with the back of his hand.

"I don't agree with you. That face is weak, but not degenerate. You may think that we are contra-revolutionary, after all, to talk this way, but it is not true. The whole world knew that Russia was badly governed. We rejoiced in your revolution, but when you Bolsheviki carried it to such bloody extremes you lost the world's sympathy. You didn't have to kill the Tsar and those four little girls. They could have been exiled."

They both shook their heads.

"If they had lived, there would always have been a rallying point for the upper classes," said Ivanov, and I rather agreed with him on thinking it over.

"Here's Nikolai Nikolaievitch," he said. "Now, he was a man! You know he was head of the Tsar's army, and when he was going off to fight the Germans the Tsar sent for him to come for Rasputin's blessing. The Grand Duke sent back word that he could fight better without Rasputin's aid. He saw things as they were. He just died in Paris, poor fellow!" There was real sorrow in Ivanov's voice.

Next we took up "freedom," and all of us agreed on something—they two, that there was none in America, and we two, that there was none in Soviet Russia.

"How can you judge American life when the only American writers you know are Upton Sinclair and Sinclair Lewis? We read the Russian aristocrats' impressions of Bolshevism, but we also read Marx and Lenin."

"BAKED BEANS, YOU'RE A FINE DISH *with* SAUCE LIKE THIS"

"Don't think it's the baking alone that makes you such a treat, good beans. Not at all. It's the sauce you're with . . . the A-1 Sauce. There's nothing that flavors beans quite so deliciously as a sprinkle of this thick, savory table sauce. It makes them much more appetizing . . . why even more digestible. Because A-1 Sauce is a perfect blend of delicate spices and seasonings . . . the flavor that makes baked beans tastier than ever before."

A-1 Sauce works wonders as a seasoning in cooking, too. Write for free recipe booklet, "Twenty-five Ways to a Man's Heart." G. F. Heublein & Brother, Desk 19, Hartford, Connecticut.

Fall Planning

for the refurbishing of your home should not be made without the aid of the folios listed below. They are written by experts, and tell you just how to do it, better, more economically, more efficiently.

- ☐ Styles and Materials for Window Draperies 25c
- ☐ How to Paint and Stencil Furniture; How to Refinish Natural Wood Furniture 25c
- ☐ Smart New Slip Covers and How to Make Them 25c
- ☐ How to Equip the Clothes Closet 25c
- ☐ Making the Most of Nondescript Rooms 25c
- ☐ Bedrooms for Every Member of the Family 25c
- ☐ Color in Your Home $1.00

Check those you need and send stamps, check or money-order (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York.

$20 a week from HOME MADE CANDY

THAT is what Bertha Jenkins of Cambridge, Mass., makes through Lewis candy methods in spare time. Start at home. We teach you recipe secrets, furnish professional candy-maker's outfit, tell you what to make, how to sell. You can be successful, like hundreds of others. Write at once for FREE BOOK. **Lewis Training Institute, Dept. 2421-CP (A Division of Lewis Hotel Training Schools), Washington, D. C.**

"Surely Lenin's works are not allowed in America!" interrupted Petrov.

"Yes, they are!" said Ivanov. "She's right. But we Communists may read anything we like, citizeness. The censorship is only for the others."

"Do you think there will be a Communist revolution in America?" I asked.

"*Boodit!* (There will be!)" they both answered with smiling assurance.

"*Nye boodit!*" we answered just as assuredly. "The American workmen don't want it, and besides, we had a revolution in 1775 against oppression."

We discussed the relative merits of our revolution and the Civil War, but they didn't consider them apropos at all. But it was interesting to hear and realize how much they knew about the history of political upheavals.

"It is your bourgeois class that must be exterminated, your property owners," said Ivanov.

"Then you will have to exterminate most of the population of America. Our workers are bourgeois."

They shook their heads, tolerant of my obtuseness.

"I see you have no understanding of Marx, no ideology," said Petrov sadly.

"Perhaps not, but before we go, let us wish you every success with your social and cultural work; and if your political system should prove better than ours, America will be the first to want to profit by it, just as you are profiting by our industrial ideals. However, we do not think that the manifestations of prosperity here have yet proved that your system is better than ours, and until they do we rather think that you should discontinue your efforts to tear down our government."

Ivanov smiled and I continued:

"And if ever we should change our government, we should wish to do it without the blood of innocents running in the street. Can you possibly wish to see duplicated in a happy, prosperous country what has occurred here between 1917 and 1921?"

"Lenin says there can be no revolution without bloodshed!"

THIS is the impasse in the Bolshevik mind, and when it is reached a discussion automatically ends. We stood up to go.

Ivanov said kindly: "After you have been in Russia a little longer, and speak the language better, won't you come back and see us again? We are so interested in hearing about America. We want to hear if you can explain to us an excuse for the lynching of negroes, and we can tell you a great deal about Communism. You must know how beautiful it is!"

We promised to return, if possible, and he continued,

"I hope your trip from Suzdal was not too cold and that the government sleigh was comfortable."

"We didn't come in the government sleigh; we came in one we had engaged before," answered Helen.

"But the soldiers paid for it, didn't they?" he asked quickly.

"*Paid* for it! They certainly did *not!* They even expected us to pay for theirs!"

Ivanov looked surprised. "That was entirely wrong! I shall have the money sent to you in Moscow." He took out a pencil and paper for our address.

I interrupted. "Never mind about the money, but will you do us a favor? We have worked hard over those photographs, and they are important to us. After you have had them developed and taken out the ones of the prison, won't you forward them to me in Moscow?"

He hesitated, then he wrote down the address I gave him.

"Thank you so much!"

We moved toward the door. I turned back for a parting shot.

"It will be nice for us then, because now the Soviet Government will have to pay for developing them, and we won't!"

How I MADE UP *for* JOHN'S *Shrunken* PAY CHECK

How a little Home Business Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again," John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now—"

It had been hard enough before, but now—with John's pay check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered thru the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making good money every week in their spare time supplying Brown Bobby greaseless doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done? Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how I, without neglecting my housework or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

Well, to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample Brown Bobbys to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple grocery stores. In my first week I sold enough Brown Bobbys at an average profit of 15c a dozen to more than make up for John's cut in salary.

When John brought home his next pay check, he threw it down on the table and said gloomily, "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

Inside of three weeks John quit his job at the factory to devote all his time to Brown Bobbys. Now we are dissatisfied with our former income.

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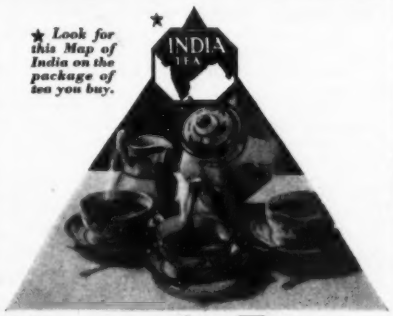

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Like all good things it takes a long time to make Price's Vanilla. Weeks to extract the essence from the sun-cured vanilla beans; months to age it to the proper mellowness. Because Price's Vanilla is the true essence, it has the delicate bouquet of an orchid; it has a deliciousness that makes cakes and cookies, custards and puddings, ice creams and candies so delightfully good. It is real economy to pay a few pennies more for Price's—the true Vanilla Extract.

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Prisoners of the Cheka

Both officers laughed.

"What are the pictures?" Ivanov asked.

"All the churches of Vladimir and Suzdal, and about six photographs of the prison."

Again he hesitated. "Oh, take them all," he finally said. "The Soviets can not afford to develop them!"

He helped us put them in our knapsack with the papers, and on the desk remained only Helen's beautiful red and white watercolor. She looked at it questioningly and then looked at him.

He shook his head and then turned it over. On the back was written in large, red letters, "This picture is not to go out of the Soviet Union."

"I can do nothing."

"Then give it to the Suzdal Museum with my compliments," said Helen.

We were out in the street again and rushed to the museum, where good Comrade Selezniov was most glad and surprised to see us. He told us he had worried to death about us. I returned his scarf to him, a bit the worse for wear, and he gave me as a souvenir a copy of his collection of anti-religious poems.

Our time was getting very short—in fact, we had only five minutes to catch the train. A sleigh was waiting outside, and all hands of the museum piled it high with holy robes, and a few old ikons which we had bought as well. I think they all thought we were mad. Somehow or other we climbed on to the pile ourselves and started down the hill at breakneck speed.

HALFWAY down I yelled, "*Brrrr!*" which is Russian for whoa! I had forgotten the most important ikon. "*Abratna! Abratna!* (Back)" I called, and we turned on one runner to gallop up the hill again.

A boy was standing in consternation with the object, and I grabbed it as we turned again on one runner. It was just like reaching for the golden ring on the merry-go-round. Down the hill again like thunder! The train was in.

I rushed to the ticket office. You can not get tickets on the train in Russia. I got out to the platform and saw our driver and three porters heaving ikons and robes on to the car, while Helen looked for me up and down, wild-eyed. I swung on just as the train started, and scattered tips behind me.

The beautiful things were piled up high in the snow and mud on the platform, and we hadn't the energy to move them. I looked up at the platform of the adjoining car. I couldn't believe my eyes. There, with a scornful grin, stood the G.P.U. officer from Suzdal—the one with the black beard who had appeared from nowhere to take charge of our case. He had a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and was most amused, watching our struggles.

"Why, how do you do?" I said with a mixture of surprise and embarrassment.

"How do you do? May I assist you?" he answered.

He helped us kindly to drag our heavy loot into the coach, and somehow at the end of half an hour it was stored up on the third-class shelf.

We had to stand in the murky air at first. The place was jammed. We finally got seats, and I maneuvered across the aisle from the G.P.U. man. I wanted to get into conversation with him. Opposite him was a nice-looking young soldier. I tried to think of an opening, and a weak one sufficed.

"I beg your pardon, citizen, but could you tell me the names of the two G.P.U. officers in Vladimir?"

"I'm sorry I do not know them!"

"But you sent us to them!"

"Yes, but you see I do not live in Suzdal. I have never seen the Vladimir officers. Why do you want to know their names?"

"I want to send them a book about America."

"Just send it 'G.P.U., Vladimir,' and it will reach them."

"But have you never been in Suzdal before?" I asked. Something had occurred to me.

"No," he answered. "I was just there for a few days, on special business."

"Oh," I said smiling, "foreigners there!"

He grinned. "No, it was not that. It was something else."

I looked at him and wondered. Perhaps we had been followed the whole time.

"Well, citizen, we are not prisoners—at least, I don't think we are. In Vladimir they didn't find us as dangerous as you did. I suppose you still think we are contra-revolutionary spies."

He pooh-poohed the idea.

"They gave us back all our films, too!" I added maliciously.

"Including the prison ones?"

"Yes, yes, *da! da! da!*"

He was distinctly peeved.

"Well, what do you think of Soviet Russia, citizeness?"

I groaned at the thought of another political discussion, but it was inevitable. It was impossible to tell this man anything. He knew it all. He received my answers to all his questions with scornful amusement. It was decidedly irritating. I told him that Italians working in gardens in America get five or six dollars a day.

"Now, think of that!" he answered sarcastically, and turned to the soldier across the aisle. "The actual average wage of the Italian laborer in America is a dollar and a half a day!"

"You don't believe what I tell you because you don't wish to, but the facts remain." A few minutes later I added: "Whatever may be our disagreement of ideas, we are all terribly interested in your experiment, and though we think our own system better, we wish you every luck with yours and hope that you will be able to carry it out with success."

I didn't think I could say much more, and was sincere in my wish, but it hit the wrong chord.

"Hope! citizeness, hope! You *are* kind. Do let me thank you in the name of the Soviet Government!"

I WAS unable to cope with this continuous sarcasm directed against my friendly comments. I settled back into a coma. The wheels groaned and crunched in the snow. I dozed for an hour or so.

"Citizeness!" It was the voice of the officer.

I looked over wearily.

"Let us play!" He sounded friendly and a little sorry for his former attitude.

He leaned forward in the aisle and held out his two hands, palms up. He wore octagonal glasses, and his black eyes pierced through them. I didn't understand.

"Look!"

He turned to the soldier opposite him, and for a second they played that game where you place your palms on those of your adversary, and he tries to slap the backs of your hands before you can get away. Then he held out his palms to me. He had tiny hands, as soft as a child's, but they slapped mine every time. The whole car watched. We played and laughed for a quarter of an hour. He completely outclassed me.

"Now, which has the better government, Russia or America?" he asked.

I engaged in a combat with the young soldier and beat him as badly as the officer had beaten me.

"You are wrong!" I turned laughing to the officer. "The Russian Secret Service is better than the American, but the American People's Government is better than the Communist Dictatorship!"

I settled back in another coma. Helen was asleep in her corner. It was almost dark in the car. The wheels droned on.

[THE END]

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Cheated Children

(*Continued from page 37*)

before not only how the other half lived, but where they lived.

Now, the following three questions at once leap into view:

First: Are the people in the bad neighborhoods naturally worse than the people in the good neighborhoods?

Second: Is it the good neighborhoods that make the good people good and the bad neighborhoods that make the bad people bad?

Third: Do not the bad people and good people respectively tend naturally to drift into the good and bad neighborhoods; in other words, do not good and bad people tend to build their own surroundings to correspond with their respective character?

Before going into detail, I shall anticipate by stating the outstanding revelations of this research. First, it reveals that the good people and bad people of your city have inhabited certain distinct localities consistently throughout the past thirty years. However, the astounding thing will be brought out that while these respective localities, these real estate neighborhoods, have not greatly changed, and the volume of crime in these respective districts has not greatly changed, yet the people inhabiting these districts have changed!

The people have not only changed once, but they have changed three or four times. *The people have changed, but the crime has not!*

Now, Mr. District Attorney, may I inquire why you have suppressed all these tremendous facts from the consideration of the jury? You have passionately assured them that you had presented *all* the evidence that bore upon the case of these boys, but here is a great body of tremendously important facts which you have either deliberately, or else through ignorance of what is going on in your own town and in your own special field of work, left completely out of view. You would thus blind and prejudice the minds of the Court, the jury, and the public in giving these boys a square deal.

Cities Built for Children

I shall take it for granted, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that my honorable opponent has failed to present this mass of evidence to you either because he does not know about it or else does not realize what it means. But from this day on, no court in the world and no district attorney and no jury can leave this line of evidence out of consideration when either juvenile delinquents or adult offenders are on trial. They dare not, because it is vital in determining the issues at stake. Every City Council, every City Planning Commission, every School Superintendent, every Real Estate Board and every Chamber of Commerce must in the future consider these facts as the very heart and core of the problem of building cities that are fit to live in, safe to rear boys and girls in, and comparatively free from crime.

May I say here to His Honor, the court, there will always be, in my opinion, some crime because there will always be some neurotic, pathological, maladjusted individuals. There will always be some people who by inborn heredity find it hard to fit the universe. They will always require special treatment and education. But there is no need of building a city that will enormously increase the number of these individuals, as Chicago has done and as every other city has done and is still doing. And this document will reveal that Tony and Joseph and William have, to a large extent, been made into delinquent boys by the very circumstances under which their own city has compelled them to live.

Now, let us consider how a city grows from a hamlet, where individuals are comparatively free and always under the eyes of their neighbors, into a human monster where individuality can be easily lost and a man may become an anonymous unit, a mere helpless derelict drifting on a boundless sea, without port, rudder, or sail. As a city goes through this process from a country village to a municipal empire, these students have shown it always develops what they call "zones in transition." These are the areas where the stores, factories, railroads, and office buildings are slowly but ceaselessly encroaching, like a huge glacier, upon what were formerly respectable residence neighborhoods.

Here, as these students say, is "where play is crime." Here are your true slums. They are due entirely to lack of city planning and to short-sighted municipal statesmanship. They are the region of boy's gangs, cheap rooming houses, juvenile delinquency, poverty, desertion, and broken homes. It is a moral No Man's Land where we find the man without a moral country. If any one of you were planted there today, you would suddenly find yourself without most of the great moral loyalties that support the human will and conscience, and you would doubtless be amazed at your own moral breakdown. Even in smaller cities of five thousand and upward, you find something of this same process taking place.

Different Social Standards

Now, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you will miss the whole social philosophy of such a situation unless you gather the profound significance of a remark that was made to one of these students by a working man who said,

"A man's community extends just as far as he is talked about."

He might have added that the moral code of a neighborhood is largely found in the things that make up the current gossip. Since in these transition zones a man's gossiping community extends scarcely beyond his personal gang and pals, it is almost inevitable that we would find here the Little Sicilies, Ghettos, Black Belts, Tubs of Blood, Hell's Kitchens, Bloody Twentieths, and similar districts celebrated for their records of crime. If you were put into such a situation and all the social pressures that tend so strongly to uphold your moral resolutions were withdrawn, you would find no unified neighborhood, no genuine community, no real public to whom you were responsible.

A further feature of this situation of the greatest moral significance is brought out by one of Dr. Shaw's colleagues, who discovered that the average length of residence in these transition zones is only four months! Do you good men and women believe that a boy can build a home for himself in four months? Can his parents do it? Why, you parents have been a generation in building a home for your children. How could a boy build up those moral supports and lay hold of those deep roots of conduct that so strongly support you and me in four short months, only one hundred and twenty days, when you have taken a lifetime to do it for your children?

Now, these three boys were all reared in this moral chaos that exists in the heart of your city. Yet the District Attorney is assuming that they should be just as capable as he is, or as you are, to meet and challenge an imperfect world with high ideals of their own. They can not do it because the very nervous patterns within them and the social patterns without them do not exist. They can not do it because they have been taught a different way of life by their community and their companions.

Can you be surprised—can even the District Attorney be surprised—to find here on trial boys whose mothers never had a single day to play with them? Would he be surprised to find his own boy here if, when he did get a chance to play, instead of the boys over in his school teaching him how to play basket ball and how to fight fair and behave like what we call a gentleman, they were teaching him how to pick pockets, and steal candy, and neckties, and handkerchiefs, and other merchandise as a part of their regular games?

Well, that is the kind of life Tony and William and Joseph have led since they were babies.

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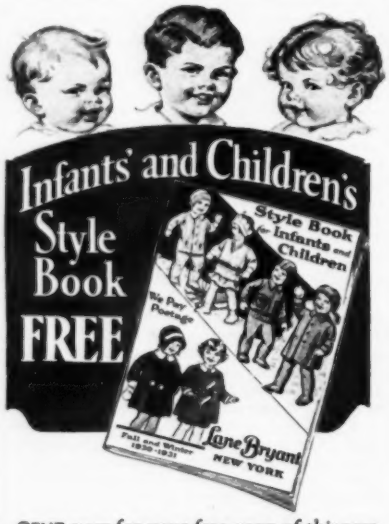

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Cheated Children

I want to read to you from this research the personal stories of some of these boys—the stories of their own lives which they themselves have told to Dr. Shaw and his colleagues. Dr. Shaw is now preparing a large volume of these stories for the enlightenment of juries and courts and the public as to how the delinquent boy's own inner life develops and how *he*, not the court or jury, looks at this great human drama.

You can apply these stories, with little alteration, to either Tony or Joseph or William. The thing that makes them powerful as evidence is that these stories were either written out by the boys themselves, or else taken down in shorthand as the boys related them. Doctor Shaw told me of one boy who had kept a careful daily diary for many years, and when he wrote out a story of his life it covered eleven hundred and seventy-three typewritten pages!

But I can hear the District Attorney saying under his breath:

"Bosh, what do I care for the boy's own story? I have dealt with these boys for years and they are all liars. They tell you the most absurd stories about themselves; you can't believe a thing they say."

But these students of sociology assure me that the stories that are untrue are about as valuable as the stories that are true. The untrue stories reveal the world of day-dreams, reveries, wish fancies, the whole unreal world in which many of these boys live. Many a boy who is nagged by his mother or father or older brothers and made to feel he is no good takes it out by building up an imaginary world in which he is a hero, in which he does daring hold-ups and leads his gang. In this way he makes himself feel important—one of the deepest urges in human nature.

A Boy Learns to Go Wrong

Here, for example, is the story, slightly abridged, of one boy as it was related to Doctor Shaw. It shows especially well how delinquency becomes a traditional form of behavior and is transmitted from the older boys to the younger ones. And it is extremely worthy of note that crime nearly always begins as a gang activity. A boy does not originate a whole cultural pattern by himself. These students found by studying thousands of cases that there were usually five or six boys involved in such delinquencies as pocket-picking, shop-lifting, petty stealing from stores and "jack rolling"—a form of delinquency where they get a man drunk, especially a lumberjack, and roll him over and rob him. In robbery and hold-ups there were usually only two or three boys involved.

I want the District Attorney to pay particular attention to this boy's own story, when he talks about Tony and his pals "deliberately breaking the law," and pictures them, as he has done, as examples of crass human wickedness.

This boy says:

"When I started to play in the alleys, I first heard about a bunch of older boys called the 'Pirates'. My oldest brother was in this gang, and so I went around with them. Tony, Sollie, and my brother John were the big guys in the gang. Sollie was a little guy about twelve years old. He couldn't fight, but he was a smart guy and told stories and made plans for the gang. My brother was fifteen and could beat any guy by fighting. Everybody looked up to him as a big guy, and I was proud to be his brother.

"When I started to hang out with the Pirates, I first learned about robbin'. The boys would talk about robbin' and stealin' and went out on 'jobs' every night. When I was eight years old, I started to go out robbin' with my brother's gang." (Tell me, if you please, Mr. District Attorney, might not your boy be here on trial if he had started out "robbin' " when he was eight years old?)

"We first robbed from a junk yard," this

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boy continues, "and sometimes we robbed a peddler. Sometimes we robbed stores. We would go to a store, and while one guy asked to buy somethin' the other guys would rob anything like candy and cigarettes and then run. We did this every day. Sollie always made the plans, and Tony and John would carry them out.

"The gang had a hangout in an alley, and we would meet there every night and smoke and tell stories and plan for robbin'. I was a little guy, so I only listened. The big guys talked about going robbin' and told stories about girls. Besides robbin', the gang went bummin' down town and to the ball parks and swimmin'. On these trips we always robbed everything we could get.

"When I was ten, the gang started to robbin' stores and homes. I always stayed outside and gave 'jiggers'. They showed me how to pick locks and jimmy doors and use skeleton keys and everything. Every guy had to keep everything a secret. When we would get caught by the police, we had to keep mum and not tell a word even in the third degree. Some kids couldn't be in the gang because they would tell everything, and some didn't have the nerve to go robbin'. The guys with a record were looked up to and admired by the young guys. A stool-pigeon was looked down on and razzed and could not stay with the gang.

"The guys stayed together and helped each other out of trouble. They were always planning new crimes and new ways to get by without being caught. Every one hated the police. Anybody who was friendly to the police was not trusted. The plans were always secret, and anybody who talked about them to fellows outside or to the police became an enemy of the Pirates."

What Happens in Jail

I could relate scores of these stories from the records in this research and from those given to me by Doctor Shaw. The District Attorney thinks a jail sentence would cure these boys and be a warning to others Let us hear from Doctor Shaw's record one boy's story as to what happens in your jails, and what a moral tonic a jail sentence administers! Will my honorable opponent please listen? This boy says:

"When a fellow first arrives in jail he is a little shy, but this soon wears off and he considers himself 'an old-timer,' a 'big shot.' The main topic of conversation was always about stealing. One guy would tell about the burglaries he had done or the big jobs he had put over. One cell buddy, Stub, a short guy, was in for petty larceny. He was the laughing stock of the crowd.

"The old timers would enjoy giving advice to the newcomers about how to plead and what to say. They were good story tellers. One old-timer, by the name of Slim, was a great story teller. All of his stories were of big burglaries and bank robberies. We all listened and was thrilled. In two days we was all good chums. I tried to be just like the old-timers, especially Slim. He rolled his own cigarettes, so I rolled mine, although I had money for tailor-made ones."

Let another boy speak for himself. It might have been your boy had he been in that neighborhood. He says:

"The first time I ever stole anything, I didn't realize I was stealin'; I just thought it was an interesting game. It happened when I was seven years old."

What is the use, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, to go further with the life of that boy except to say he soon became a delinquent, skilled in all the crime patterns of the neighborhood, and before long was an expert thief? He winds up his long story by saying of his first burglary,

"As I look back now, it seemed natural and I didn't have much fear or think it was wrong . . . Within a few weeks I became an expert shop-lifter. I liked the new game of stealing I had learned, and it really was a game, and I played it whole-heartedly. I forgot about school almost entirely. Compared to stealing

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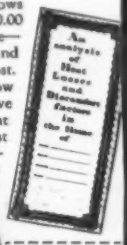

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Cheated Children

and playing in the Loop, school life was monotonous and uninteresting."

I want the District Attorney to hear the story of one more boy when he talks to you about "intentional wrong-doing." Here a gang of boys started out to rob a butcher shop. You don't realize how these things happen until you hear the boys talking among themselves, or opening up their real hearts to the sympathetic social worker. This little fellow says:

"We all went up to the back door, and my brother got a box and stood on it and tried the transom and it opened. It was too little for my brother or the other guys to get through. Then I was thrilled when they said I'd have to crawl through the transom. *That was the kick of my whole life.*

"I was only eight and very small, but I was too thrilled to say no. My brother boosted me up on his shoulders, and I crawled through the transom and unlocked the window and let the big guys in. I felt like a big shot after that, and that's why the big guys called me the 'Baby Bandit'."

Crime Patterns Are Taught

Now, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you have been taught all your lives that crime is inhuman and unnatural. But don't you see how it begins as one of the most human and natural things in the world? And don't you see there are great areas in your city where these crime patterns are *taught* as just as natural and human a part of life, as it is for your boys to be taught base ball or for older boys in college to teach each other the styles of dress, the secrets and customs of their fraternities, and the patterns of their cultural life?

Now that you have seen how crime is largely an ideal of social conduct in many neighborhoods in your city, let us go over one of the many maps which Doctor Shaw has prepared and see where these delinquency and crime areas are, and how the populations of these areas have changed, although the old crime traditions have not changed. This particular map shows only the places of residence of the 9,243 boys between ten and seventeen years of age who were handled by the Chicago police during the year 1926. Do you realize there are nearly ten thousand boys and three thousand girls handled by your police every year, chiefly because they have learned, have been actually taught, these patterns of crime? Doctor Shaw has prepared numerous other maps in this great research for different years and different types of offenders, but this one tells the essential story of them all.

I think even a map will lay hold of your hearts if you will take an imaginary journey about Chicago, using Doctor Shaw's map for your guide. On this map there are eight radial lines running from the Loop to the borders of the city. For each square mile of territory that each line crosses, Doctor Shaw has set down a figure which represents the percentage of boys in that square mile of the delinquency age—ten to seventeen years—who were dealt with in 1926 by the police. This he calls "the delinquency rate."

Let us start at the northeast corner of the Loop, near Marshall Field's store and the Masonic Temple. As you look over the three square miles to the north and west, you will see the figures 25.6 at the foot of Radials I, II, and III. This sets out the startling fact that one-fourth of all the boys between ten and seventeen years old in that area were arrested by the police in this one year alone!

On the west side of the Loop you will observe the delinquency rate is 21.5, and the two square miles south of the Loop at the foot of Radials VII and VIII is 26.6.

Let us go back now to the starting point and journey northward along the Lake Front through the Irving Park and Bryn Mawr neighborhoods, and we find an astounding decrease in the number of delinquent boys. When we reach the Devon and Evanston neighborhoods, you see that not a single boy during

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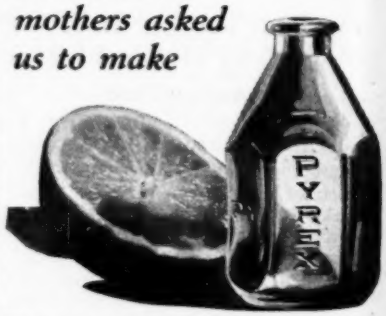

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1926 was arrested for delinquency. Do you honestly believe, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that the boys near the Loop are naturally twenty-five times as bad as the boys in the north part of the city?

If you go back to the Loop and journey out along Radials II, III, IV, and V, through the district of substantial workingmen's homes, and on through the residential and commuters' zones, you meet the same astonishing decrease. If you should use the number of delinquent boys and girls as your sole criterion, you might easily imagine you were journeying towards the City of God. And it might not be so much imagination either!

Let us go next to the south side of the Loop and travel along the Lake Front towards the South Chicago steel mills and the Lake Calumet industrial regions. You will see that through the first three miles the delinquency rate is nearly one-fourth, but through the fourth mile only about one boy out of eleven is arrested instead of one out of four. Then for the next four miles only about one boy out of fifty gets into trouble with the police. However, when you come within range of the smoke and grime of the South Chicago industrial region, the rate suddenly rises again, and about one boy out of eleven is arrested.

If you go around Lake Calumet and come back to the Loop through the Chicago stockyards, you will again find these astonishing and depressing similarities between the alleged badness of the boys and the obvious badness of the neighborhood.

Neighborhoods Remain the Same

We come now to the startling climax to this great human drama which Doctor Shaw and his colleagues, with such high technical refinement, have unrolled before us. The District Attorney will assure you that we have not learned much of anything, and that the slum areas have always had more crime than the good residence areas. He will tell you that the thugs, the thieves and gangsters, and wicked people generally just naturally drift into the cheap rooming-house districts where they can conceal their identities. A beautiful theory, but this great research has given this comforting notion a rude shock. For Doctor Shaw has made the surprising revelation, as I have already intimated, that the districts of very little crime are occupied now chiefly by the very same people and their children who formerly lived in the low districts with their high rates of delinquency and crime. In short, the good people formerly lived where the bad people live now, and when they lived there they were just as bad as the bad people who are living there today.

I repeat what I said at the beginning—the people have changed, but the crime and delinquency have not changed.

Men may come and men may go, but the polluted and poisoned stream of bad housing, poverty, and human anonymity goes on poisoning human nature forever. It probably always has and, until City Councils, Real Estate Boards, Chambers of Commerce, and City Planners do something about it, it probably always will.

You can not fully appreciate the unexpected climax to this drama until you understand how the populations of these low districts have been changed by the waves of foreign immigrants whose energy and imagination have made the miracle of Chicago. The first great wave came during the decades following 1850 and was almost exclusively German and Irish. Following these came the immigrants from Scandinavia, mainly after the Civil War. This migration reached its peak in 1910. These were followed by the Polish—largely Jewish—and Italian peoples, whose migration reached their peaks in 1914. During the last twenty years there has been an enormous movement of the southern rural Negro into the city.

"In each case," Doctor Shaw said to me, "the process has always been the same. The most recent immigrants get a footing in the areas of lowest rents around the Loop and

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Cheated Children

large industrial centers and displace the population ahead of them. Those who are pushed out soon build up better homes and cleaner communities, while the newcomers take up the old crime customs. As the Germans, Irish, and English were pushed out, the Scandinavians came in. In turn the Scandinavians were pushed out by the Polish Jews and Italians. These have now largely given way to the Negroes.

"*Yet the crime figures remain almost unchanged!*

"Even where the later Negroes have pushed the earlier ones out into better residence districts, the new immigrants take up the old forms and habits of delinquency, while the ones who move into better sections drop the old customs to an amazing degree and take on the better life of their improved surroundings.

People Change When They Move

"As each one of these groups has prospered," Doctor Shaw continued, "it has moved out and built separate homes and developed an integrated community life. As a result delinquency and crime have dropped like magic. It seems an integrated community life tends strongly to integrate a man's character. When the old culture that the immigrants have left behind them disintegrates in the cheap congested districts, character disintegrates with it. A man has lost many of the old agencies of living; he is no longer a social person, talked about by a wide integrated community, but an anonymous unit in a moral chaos. One thing he lacks as a moral corrective is the gossip of a socialized neighborhood. Gossip is an extremely effective means of social control. If the gossips do not regard acts as anti-social, they are not so regarded, no matter what the rest of the world may think. We have even traced numbers of particular families who formerly lived in the low areas and who have since moved out. They and their children come into a new world of social patterns, and the rate of delinquency goes down.

"Our theory that the social background is an important element in crime is reinforced by finding how highly specialized the exact methods of committing crime become. In one district picking pockets is the most common method; in another it is 'jack rolling,' and so on. We have gangs around the Loop whose specialty is shop-lifting in a particular way. They cut the bottom out of their coat pockets, so they can run their hands through them and pick up objects on the counter and slip them into the lining behind.

"As an illustration of how these crime patterns are transmitted, just as boys teach others to shoot craps and the like, five boys were recently arrested out near Evanston for shoplifting by this method just described. I knew this crime pattern must have been carried out there from the Loop district. I interviewed each boy, and they all told me an older boy named John had taught them the trick. When I interviewed John, I found he had only recently moved out toward Evanston and that he had formerly lived much nearer the Loop. He told me he had there been a member of a gang, headed by a boy named Tony, who had taught him the trick. Tony, in turn, told me he had learned the device when he had been a member of a gang of boys in the Loop."

Can you then, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, escape the conclusion that if these three boys before you, Tony and Joseph and William, did rob this store, as the District Attorney claims, that that fact alone does not remotely explain the crime or give you much of a clue as to the proper treatment? These boys belong to different races, and there is one point here I desire shall not escape you: This reasearch gives a strong counter blow to the popular theories that some races have most of the virtues while others have most of the vices. We see no evidence from this study of the "noble Nordic," the "deceitful Irish," the "thieving Jew," the "cunning Italian," or even the "low

Physicians prescribe it ...

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Negro." As each race or nationality pushes the other out, the newcomers take up the old crime patterns with equal facility, while those who move out develop along lines of sounder social behavior.

Nor do these authors maintain, nor do I maintain, that social environment is a complete explanation of human behavior. As they all agree, no doubt, heredity, environment, the intellectual, emotional, physiological, and instinctive factors are all concerned, yet we see from this study, which is not only of national but of world-wide significance, how extremely important is the social situation as the basic framework of crime.

Finally, then, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, while the District Attorney has sought in his opening argument to play upon your ignorance, I maintain that with this masterly study of this great human experiment called Chicago before him, he can no longer do so. He can not do it, nor can any other district attorney anywhere do it. This study has shown, as none other ever has done, that when you put people previously good into bad homes and remove the support of the old cultural habits and loyalties, you tend to make them bad; and, *vice versa*, when you put people previously bad into good homes and give them an integrated community life and those mental and emotional supports that human nature imperiously demands, you tend powerfully to make them good.

These findings also bring before you in a new and dramatic setting the fact which is brutally overlooked in nearly all public opinion about crime, and that is that *all criminals were at one time children.* And just so long as you maintain those real estate areas where the Fagins and Artful Dodgers are waiting to teach children crime, you are going to have Tonys and Williams and Josephs before you on trial for committing crime. You will also always have a District Attorney who, as an official, is pleading for punishment, but who, with his human heart and with yours likewise, is pleading for mercy, and with nobody possessing enough wisdom at this stage of their lives to know what to do. Nobody can do real justice to these boys now, because it is years and years too late. You can never do justice until you remove the schools where crime is taught as a regular approved part of the curriculum.

Crime or Character

Your city and every city talks glibly about the "breeding grounds of crime." Then, in the name of high heaven, why not remove them and put in their places the breeding grounds of character? Your own scholars have shown you not only that it can be done, but that here in Chicago on a grand, historic scale it has been done. Your own history shows you how you have yourselves created the hells where crime grows as a true native product, but it also shows you how these hells can be removed. All you need to do is to gather the might and intelligence, the heart and brain of your justly famous city builders in one united drive to forward constructively this great economic, social, and human process.

You thought, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you were called here to try the case of the people against these boys, but your scholars have shown you that you and Chicago and Illinois and America have the vastly greater case of these boys against the people. And when the people have established their alibi, these boys will easily establish theirs. Not until the people shall have freed themselves from the guilt of this vast and tragic crime against childhood can this court or any court mete out true justice; and only then will the great human dream of America, of giving to all its children an equal chance for character, education, and the pursuit of happiness, be brought to its realization.

In October
"My Scottie,"
A Dog Story You Will Not Soon Forget
By Mazo de la Roche

You'll never find a *Better* way

In your search for household helps don't overlook PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA. For over 50 years it has saved time and labor for countless women. It makes every cleaning task easier; it helps wonderfully to keep everything in the home fresh, clean, sweet, odorless and sanitary.

PARSONS' is an ammonia compound processed with a soothing oil; it is so different from ordinary ammonia that one trial will win you to its regular, everyday use. Get a bottle and try it. Use just a little in the water for cleaning...

dishes pots and pans floors
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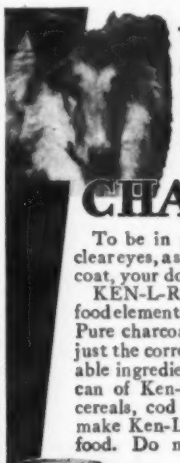
Use it wherever you use soap and water



your Dog *needs* CHARCOAL!

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Ken-L-Ration is sold in more than 50,000 stores. Ask for it by name.

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THE DOG FOOD SUPREME

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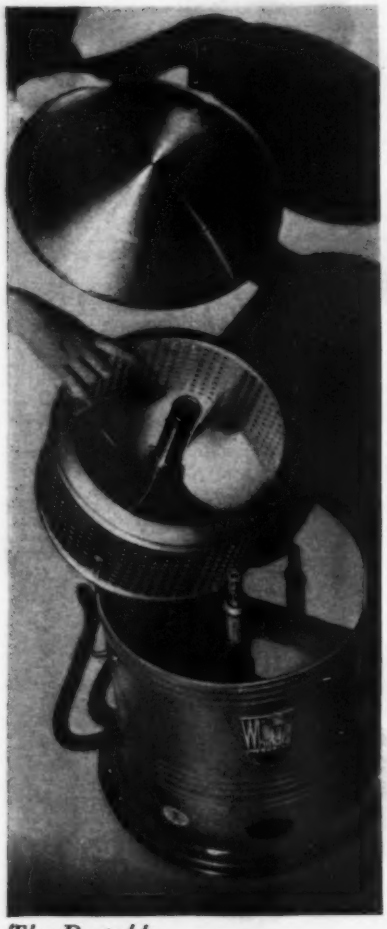

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WHIRLDRY ★ WASHER

Formerly $64.50 NOW $49.50

(Slightly higher in the Far West and Canada)

An extraordinary value, made possible by ever growing popularity... The aluminum basket holds an armful of personal dainties, a dozen diapers, or their equivalent... Its washing action is as gentle as your own fingers. It whirls things dry, silk hosiery cannot streak or the most delicate fabrics be distorted or harmed by Whirldry... Featured at $49.50 by practically all good Department Stores and Electrical Shops ... Made by the Whirldry Corporation, New Haven, Conn., a division of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co... For full information use the coupon today.

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Are You Happy in Your Work?

(Continued from page 27)

he would have become a highly successful member of the bar. But, having been thwarted in his first enthusiasm, he has been unable in thirty years to find another interest strong enough to endure.

THE early years of William Brown were spent on a farm. He, too, had the urge to become a lawyer, but he was not so fortunate—or shall we say unfortunate—as John Smith in being able to rely on parental support. William took his high school diploma, thirty dollars in cash, and a second-hand typewriter, and set out for the state capital, where he went to work in a drug store and enrolled for a course in stenography at night. In less than a year he could take shorthand rapidly and thereupon abandon the drug store to become private secretary to a leading lawyer. After two years in this capacity he felt wealthy enough to enter the state university. He had become proficient at shorthand and was able to get considerable spare-time work in and about the courts. This paid well and gave him a background which has subsequently been valuable.

The state university was co-educational, and in his sophomore year William also met the Only Girl and was married. Before he graduated from the university his oldest son was born. To most men the support of a wife and child, with two years of college and three years of law school ahead, would have seemed a discouraging burden, but William had already taken the measure of the world and defied its power to hurt him. Besides, his wife was not an expense. She assisted the professor of English in correcting freshman papers, she solicited magazine subscriptions, and with her contributions and what William collected from the courts and lawyers, they not only lived well, but actually regarded their fellow students with a benevolent pity. What a shame to waste so many good years!

In this confident mood they came East to tackle the law school. It never occurred to either of them that they were hard up, or that they were taking too long a chance on the future. They had health and each other and his love for the law. Surely these would be enough to carry them through. So it proved. Upon his graduation William made straight for New York, as being the place where there was most law business to be done, and on his arrival he did a truly courageous thing. He took the typewriter which had carried him through the years and sold it to a second-hand dealer for twenty-five dollars.

"I knew that if I went into a big law office and they discovered that I was an expert stenographer, there would always be some excuse for drafting me into stenographic work," he explained. "Some big confidential case would come along, and the partners would say: 'We don't want to entrust this to a stenographer. Here, Bill, you help us out.' I wanted to be known as a promising young lawyer, not as an expert stenographer, and so I junked the faithful old typewriter that had served me so well, and I have never owned one since."

The years that followed were not made any easier by the birth of three other children. But Bill today is a partner in an important law firm and financially able to retire. He never will.

"He loves the law," Mary says. "Give him a hard case to bite into, and he is happy as a puppy wrestling with a bone. He's never cared about money, though somehow the money has seemed to take care of itself. But he certainly does get a lot of fun out of his work."

IN COMMENTING on the two stories, the banker pointed out that both John and William came from the same good American stock, both had excellent mental equipment, and should, apparently, have achieved equal success. What, then, was the cause of John's failure? He himself attributes it to his too early marriage. If he had been single when his father died, he could have borrowed the money and completed his law course; but, having a wife dependent upon him, he did not feel justified in taking the chance. Yet William took an even longer chance and won. Whether a man marries at twenty-one or thirty-one is not usually the determining factor in his success. If he marries the right girl, they will somehow pull through, provided he is happy in his work. John's mistake was in abandoning the work that he loved for work which meant nothing to him except the means of living.

Having committed this fundamental mistake, he aggravated it, as the banker pointed out, by continuing to indulge his secret longing for the law.

"He was like a man who has been turned down by one sister, and marries another, but lets his heart still stray after the first. What such a man should do is to put the first girl resolutely out of his mind and make it a business to discover every possible beauty in the girl who has become his wife. Just look at John's record," the banker continued. "He was well started in the business department of a newspaper in a fast-growing little city. I happen to know that a man who took that job after John gave it up is now general manager of the newspaper and independent. John looked on his work there as merely so many dollars a week. He thought he could increase the number of those dollars by selling suburban property on the side, and for a time he did increase his earnings quite a little. There are men in that city today who were selling lots at the same time, and they have acquired comfortable fortunes, for the city has grown steadily. *Either* the newspaper business *or* the real estate business would have provided handsomely for John, if he had given his heart to either one, but he tried to cultivate them both and got nowhere.

"So with his experience in the electric light company. The public utilities of the country, during the past twenty years, have made plenty of millionaires. John was in the business early, the whole field was open before him, only he did not stay long enough to let his affections be really enlisted. He passed on to the automobile business, and there his experience was the same. Newspaper work, real estate, public utilities, the automobile—any one of these would have made him independent if only he had said:

" 'This is my work, and I am going to make myself love it. I am going to think all the time how interesting it is, how important, how much it means in the lives of the people it serves. It is bound to have a great future, and I shall share in that future.'

"Instead of this, he said: 'My only interest was the law, and that was denied me. Therefore I'll try to keep my eyes open for the business that will pay me the most. One looks the same as another, for my real ambition was elsewhere.' In that spirit he let his youth slip away, and now it is too late."

LAST spring, when thousands of young people were looking forward to Commencement, the Editor of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING brought me the title "Sheepskin Blues," and an article on that subject appeared in the June issue. In the many letters which it has called forth are some from older men and women.

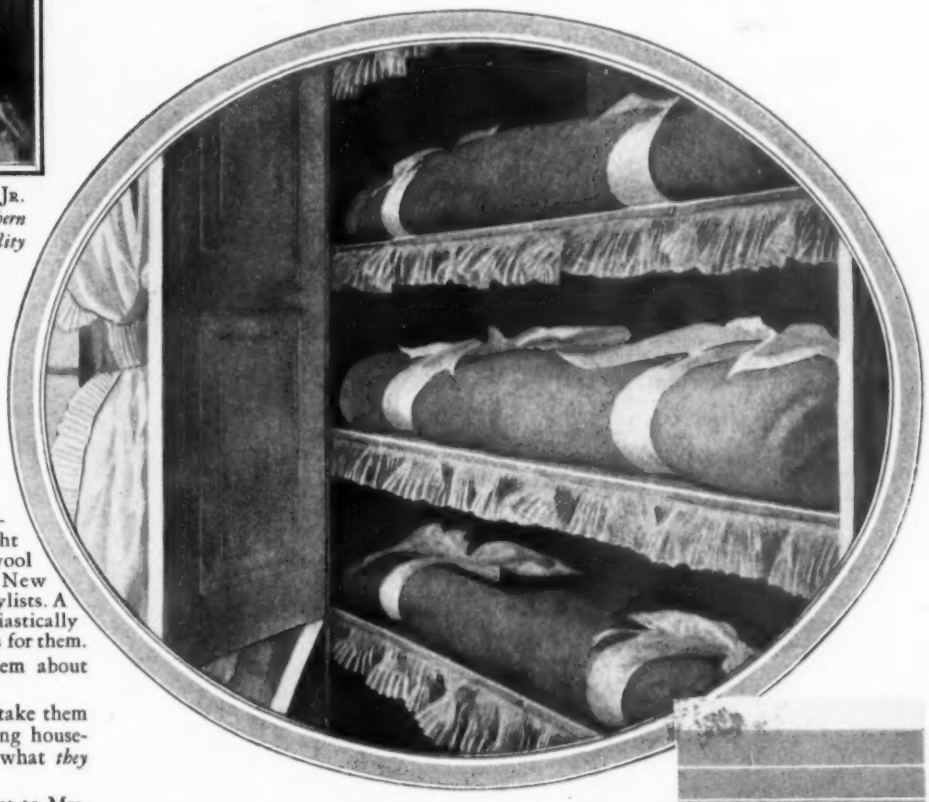
"What wouldn't I give if I could go back to my own graduation day!" one of them exclaimed. "How different my life might have been if I had only had the courage and wisdom to follow my real bent instead of trying to please my parents! For the sake of all these young people, urge them to Stop, Look and Listen before they choose their life work. Tell them that living can be a great adventure if you're doing the thing you love, but it's misery when you are tied down to a job you hate."

The Editor sent me that letter with a memorandum saying that there are Job-Hunting

Mrs. ROBERT TYRE JONES JR.
of ATLANTA

MRS. ROBERT TYRE JONES, JR.
mistress of a charming Southern home famed for its hospitality

"I love color in the bedroom. When the ten new colors in Chatham Blankets were shown to me, I was just enchanted with them"



Mrs. Jones's airy linen room is shelved to the ceiling on opposite walls. On the shelves her much-prized new Chatham Blankets are colorful as a Georgian orchard in April . . .

WE spent *months* searching for just the right colors for our new all-wool blankets. We consulted New York's important fashion stylists. A very talented artist enthusiastically designed charming bindings for them.

We thought we had them about perfect.

And then we decided to take them to the most charming young housewives we knew, and ask what *they* thought of them.

And so we took them first to Mrs. Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., of Atlanta, Georgia, who has a most gracious home where she entertains guests from all over the United States and takes devoted care of two beautiful children.

"I *love* color in the bedroom," she said with eager interest. "It gives such a warm, friendly feeling!"

Then, when she saw the new Chatham Blankets: "I'll choose peach for my own room; it's so fresh and happy. Green for my children's room. And orchid for my guest room.

"The blankets are all-wool! And they certainly have a delicious feel.

"And then such a pretty touch in the patterned bindings!" . . .

THE new Chatham Blankets are presented by one of the oldest and most highly esteemed blanket manufacturers in America.

They come in five grades—every blanket *all-wool* and *pre-shrunk*—and range in price from *$6* to *$18*. Each of the five grades comes in ten lovely colors, four of which have never before been offered in blankets.

In the charming new satin bindings, there is the swallow pattern, the butterfly pattern, and the Colonial pattern which Mrs. Jones chose—while the more inexpensive blankets are bound in beautiful brocaded sateen.

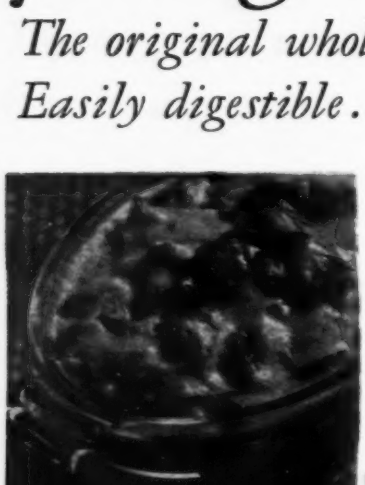
Leading stores already have these new Chatham Blankets. Chatham Manufacturing Company, *New York Offices*—57 Worth Street; *Mills*—Winston-Salem and Elkin, N. C.

Ten Lovely Colors, Four Entirely New in Blankets . . Patterned Bindings New . . Exclusive

CHATHAM *Blankets*

A food youngsters love

The original whole-milk cheese food... Easily digestible... Highly nutritious



CHILDREN are so apt to refuse the things that are good for them. Perhaps you've noticed it too. Almost all mothers have this problem.

Time and time again they tell contrary offspring, "You'd better eat it, if you want to grow up big and strong like . . ." Haven't you used the same argument yourself?

You'll use it a great deal less, however, after you try Pabst-ett. That's the new whole-milk cheese food that youngsters are so fond of. There are few foods more nourishing to little bodies, yet—wonder of wonders—they actually love it.

PABST-ETT POTATOES

Mix 3 cups cooked potatoes cut in dice, 2 pimentos cut in dice with PABST-ETT Sauce, made as follows:

Melt 3 tablespoons butter: add 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon paprika. Stir until smooth and add slowly 1½ cups milk. Stir until mixture boils, add ½ package PABST-ETT and stir until melted.

Bake in a hot oven or at 400°F. 20 minutes or until brown.

ALSO PABST FAMOUS CHEESE IN AMERICAN, SWISS, PIMENTO, BRICK AND LIMBURGER VARIETIES

★

You've never had a better sandwich spread than Pabst-ett. Just what you've been seeking for their school lunches. Just the thing, too, for that afternoon meal so necessary to renew the energy that youngsters spend so freely.

As a sandwich spread, Pabst-ett is just as good for grown-ups as it is for children. It is delicious eaten by itself, or with crackers, pastry, fruit. And best of all, it is a marvelous cooking ingredient that makes any number of dishes more savory.

All sorts of dishes. Dishes for each and every meal. Simple dishes, fancy dishes, hot dishes, cold dishes. It is the most versatile ingredient you could imagine. Although it makes as fine a rarebit as you ever tasted, it adds just the right piquancy to pineapple sherbet. Perfect in potatoes au gratin, it is just as good in a Banbury tart.

Easy to Cook with

When you've realized its possibilities, nothing in your refrigerator is more valuable than Pabst-ett. *It is the original whole-milk cheese food* (never successfully imitated) and made by the Pabst patented process. As you take it out of the family or lunch size package, you find that it spreads, mixes, and melts *like butter*. You try it in recipe after recipe and never have a failure.

Alice Bradley has prepared some exceptionally good recipes. Send the coupon below for her Pabst-ett cook-book, and a free package of Pabst-ett to try.

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PABST CORPORATION GH-9
DEPT. E-4, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Enclosed is 25c for Alice Bradley's "Breakfast to Midnight Recipes" (printed in colors and bound with stiff cover.) Also send me a full-size package of Pabst-ett free.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Are You Happy in Your Work?

Blues in September as well as Sheepskin Blues in June!

There certainly are. I shall never forget the weeks that followed my graduation away back in 1907. Business was already beginning to foreshadow the panic that was to come that fall. We graduates found no Captains of Industry waiting to bid against each other for our services. One of our prize athletes, after knocking on doors until his knuckles were raw, finally took a job collecting over-due furniture bills. Ultimately he was able to transfer into the business that he liked, and has become successful, but for the first few months it was a case of beggars can not be choosers.

Having been around a printing press more or less ever since I was fifteen years old, I knew that I wanted to be on a newspaper, but the newspapers were surfeited with bright young men fired with the same ambition. One hot day in July, when I had finished a futile round of calls in Boston and was about to take a train out to my father's summer home, I ran across a classmate who had found himself a job and was hurrying to an appointment. We chatted for a moment, and when I left him my soul was filled with envy. We did not meet again until our tenth reunion, and then I asked him if he remembered our chance encounter on that hot sidewalk.

"I surely do," he answered.

"Do you know what I thought?" I asked him. "I thought: *'Here's Jones who has found something to do. He's busy. He's on his way.* He hardly has a minute for a loafer like me. And here I am, wanting to work and can't find it anywhere!' How I envied you!"

And do you want to know what *I* thought?" he answered with a laugh. "I thought: 'It's pretty soft for Barton, going back to his father's nice, cool house in the country, while I have to chase through these hot streets in search of orders.' If you envied me, believe me, I envied you more."

A good deal of the envy in life is of that character. The man whose position looks so fortunate to you, with whom you contrast your own life unfavorably, is often looking jealously in your direction, wondering why you seem to get all the breaks!

July and August wore away, and finally I was able to persuade a contractor to let me work on a new railroad in Montana. While I was out there, the panic broke in earnest. The business depression of 1930 has been serious enough, but, for the encouragement of the college graduates of this year, let me say that the class of 1907 walked into a panic that *was* a panic. Money was not merely hard to get; it was impossible. Even strong companies, with thousands in the bank, could not draw out a cent.

One of my vivid Montana memories is of the night when we had paid off our Montenegrin day laborers with checks which neither the stores nor the saloons could cash. The Montenegrins, to whom the financial situation could not be explained, built a huge bonfire in front of our little wooden office and threatened an organized attack. Inside we sat all night with loaded shotguns across our knees.

I REMEMBER, too, the streets of Chicago when, after six months in Montana, I went to that city, having succeeded in connecting with a publishing house. The men in the soup lines! The men who stopped me every night and morning on the way between the station and the office, asking for a few pennies! The hordes of men who walked the streets all day with picks and shovels across their backs, looking for any work at all! These were the pictures burned into the memories of those who graduated that year of 1907. It made us realize how blessed a thing it is to have a job. It inspired us with a humble and wholesome fear. A fear of slighting our work, lest we should lose it. A fear of the sort of speculation which might leave us penniless in later life. A certain sense of *noblesse oblige* toward those who had not been so fortunate as ourselves.

To the class of 1930 I would say that there are certain real advantages in graduating in a year when business is none too good. It is an asset to have some of your disappointments come at the beginning. Those who start under the discipline of hard knocks are likely to gain a capacity for endurance which will stand them in good stead later on. If this fall is discouraging, count it as a valuable post-graduate experience. We of 1907 went through that experience. We were tough, and we survived. So will you.

One good thing about a period when jobs are hard to get is that you may have to try two or three before you can connect with the thing you really want. Perhaps you will be restive under this necessity. I was. I kept thinking:

"My parents have sent me through college. I have been an expense to them for more than twenty years. I must begin to earn some money. I must take myself off their backs."

AS A matter of fact, the necessity which I felt for getting under way immediately was more imaginary than real. My parents, having stood behind me so long, were perfectly willing to finance me a little longer. And what I could earn in a year at that time, though it seemed so important, is a trifle compared to my earning power now. The vital thing was not to take the first thing which came along, but to be sure that what I chose was in line with my talent and interest.

The weeks in Montana were useful; they showed me something of a kind of life which I never should have known otherwise. If I had been compelled to follow them by some weeks in a grocery store or a tannery, that experience also, coming at that time, would have been an addition to my education. For the net result, I am sure, would have been to make me only more determined to get connected somehow with the printing press.

"But your problem was comparatively simple," some one exclaims. "You admit that you had always a love for writing and publishing. All I know is that I want to be n business. How can I determine what is the right business for me?"

Without being wise enough to answer that question adequately, let me set down half a dozen suggestions:

1. It seems to me that the dominant characteristics of most human beings are observable, in some degree, almost from babyhood. Solomon, who is given credit for many wise observations, is reported to have said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." From that text have been preached many sermons on the importance of religious training in the home. But I am told that a majority of scholars now give the verse a somewhat different translation. What Solomon really said was, "Train up a child according to his natural bent, and when he is old he will not depart from it." In other words, study your child, see what interests him and encourage him or her to look for work in line with that interest.

If you, Mr. or Miss 1930, will analyze your own childhood and school years you will discover some trait, some interest, some enthusiasm that is valuable as a clue. Perhaps you were the youngster to whom the others came with their bruised fingers and stubbed toes. Perhaps you were the boy who set up the lemonade stand in the back yard. Perhaps you carried a newspaper route. Perhaps you loved mathematics and hated English composition. Perhaps you used to slip back into the chemical laboratory in the afternoons and have fun putting all sorts of strange mixtures together. Perhaps your only real interest was in athletics. Or maybe you just endured the rest of your college courses for the joy of the botany or geology trips, away from the class-room out into the fresh green country. If there is any such clue in your background, however faint,

They taste as good as they look

★

Burnett's Vanilla is used to flavor both the cookies and the beverage. That is what makes them so delicious. For everyone eats for flavor. That is why wise cooks always use Burnett's extracts. They are pure and carefully blended. They are always uniform in flavor.

Vanilla Cookies

½ cup shortening	½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar	2-3½ cups flour
1 egg	3 teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons vanilla	½ cup sweet milk

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add beaten egg and vanilla. Beat well and add milk alternately with three cups of flour sifted with other dry ingredients. Add more flour if necessary to make a stiff dough. Chill half an hour or more in the refrigerator and then roll ⅛ to ¼ inch thick on a slightly floured surface. Cut into fancy shapes and bake on a greased sheet in a moderate oven 400° F. eight or ten minutes. Decorate or frost all over with colored frosting.

Confectioner's Colored Frosting

1 cup confectioner's sugar
2 teaspoons boiling water
¼ color tab dissolved in
1 teaspoon warm water
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon lemon flavoring

Stir boiling water into the sugar and add dissolved coloring. Use to decorate cookies by dropping from tip of teaspoon. Add a few more drops of water if necessary to thin frosting. To frost the cookies all over, use four times the above recipe and after frosting sprinkle cookies with chopped almonds.

Russian Chocolate

1 pint hot cocoa or chocolate beverage	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 pint fresh hot coffee	½ cup whipped cream
	½ teaspoon vanilla

Combine cocoa and coffee, add one teaspoon vanilla and pour into tall glasses. Garnish with whipped cream flavored with vanilla. For a cold drink, pour over cracked ice arranged in glasses.

These recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

Send 10 cents for "Doubly Delicious Desserts"

JOSEPH BURNETT CO.
437 D Street . . Boston, Mass.

In using advertisements see page 6

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How Katherine Woodley makes $600 a Year in her *Spare Time*

Hand Color Christmas Cards at Home by our Easy, Fascinating Method

Many make $80 a month and UP—the year around. No talent necessary. We teach you to color cards beautifully by our easy method. FREE Book explains everything. Color 100 cards an evening—making big profits! You start to make money right away. Big Christmas season just ahead. No time to lose. Get started now—without delay.

Read This: Mrs. Katherine Woodley of 403 E. Church St., Elizabeth City, N. C., is one of the many housewives and mothers who turn spare moments into spare dollars this easy, pleasant way. She writes: "I have orders for 2,000 Christmas Cards already. Am averaging $35 a month profit the year 'round in spare time and my business is still growing."

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☐ Send me "Pleasant Pages" telling how to make big money hand coloring greeting cards at home.
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Are You Happy in Your Work?

do not neglect it. It may be a pointer toward the sort of work that will hold your interest not only in the present, but twenty or thirty years from now.

2. While no one can look very far ahead, it is important to try to forecast the probable future of the business which you are considering. When I graduated from college the street railways were a rapidly expanding industry, and the automobile was still hardly more than a rich man's toy. Yet it required no very great imagination even in those days to foresee that if a man were interested in transportation he could probably make more progress in the automobile business than in the street car business. The street car was Goliath, and the automobile was David, but David was going to win. Similarly, at any period, certain businesses are expanding, while others are either standing still or have reached the period of diminishing returns. In so far as possible, choose an enterprise which is going to grow.

3. In this connection I have often been tempted to write an article on what might be called "neglected businesses." College graduates, like sheep, tend to run in droves. There are certain activities in each generation which seem to be the vogue. A hundred years ago a majority of graduates entered the ministry. Later, teaching and the law were the favorites. When I was in high school every second lad in the class was going to be a mechanical or an electrical engineer. More recently, banking and, if the number of youngsters who come to my office is any criterion, advertising, have had a special lure.

Hardly any college graduate announces that he is going to become a salesman of insurance. Yet I remember attending the annual convention of a big insurance company and walking through the crowd with the president while he pointed out one man after another and told me what each one earned. The incomes were astonishingly high, and the president said,

"If any man of good selling ability will work hard with us for ten years, his earnings will compare favorably with the best in any other business or profession."

Few college graduates look for work in retail stores. Yet the biggest problem of modern business is retail merchandising, and some of the best opportunities lie ahead of the men who have learned retailing at first hand.

ALL of which is intended to suggest that the wise boy or girl will not blindly follow the crowd. If a majority of your class is headed for Wall Street or the law school, or in any other direction, don't be carried along with them. Look first into your own mind for a possible clue to your talent and interest; then look around and see whether there may not be some neglected business, all the more attractive because so many have passed it by.

4. In the previous article it was said that more mistakes are made by young people starting too high than are made by starting too low. It is worth re-emphasizing. Indeed, of two jobs offered to a new graduate, the one which involves the least money and the most drudgery is usually the one to take, provided it is in a sound and growing industry. The man-traps of business are the nice white-collar jobs that offer high wages at the start and require only a pleasant personality, and an ability to make acquaintances and wear good-looking clothes. These jobs lead nowhere. The future presidents of industry will start this fall in the shops, among the section gangs, in the stock-rooms. When, later on, they are brought into the offices, they will have an experience and a basis for judgment which those who have never been outside the office do not possess and can not acquire.

5. I believe that every graduate ought to face frankly the question: Am I the sort of person who will be happier in the city or the country? For more than a century the tide of

American life has been flowing steadily toward the cities. The big fortunes have been made there. The lure is great. Remember, however, that if you start in a small town and outgrow it, you can always move to a big town. But the big towns are full of lonesome and unhappy folk who might have been useful and important members of smaller communities. Don't rush to the city just because so many of your classmates are doing it. If the incomes in the smaller community are somewhat less, the pressure, also, is less, and the friendships are more. You live only once. Pick out a place to live, if you can, where you will be happy.

6. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, who had excellent opportunity to observe the careers of thousands of men in New York, was asked to name the most important element in success. "Staying power," he answered without hesitation.

This is important to remember after you have completed your self-analysis and made your choice of work. No matter how wisely you have chosen, the work will not be so exciting or romantic as it looked from the outside. There will be dreariness and disappointments. You should expect them and discount them from the start.

A BOY who knew that he wanted to work in a store was met by repeated rebuffs, but finally was given a job on condition that he work for nothing. He had saved fifty dollars as a result of several years of hard labor on a farm, and he lived on this until it was gone, paying $3.50 a week for board and room. At the end of two and a half years his salary was only six dollars a week. When it jumped to the splendid height of ten dollars, he felt so rich that he married.

A few weeks later, after a bitter and unjust interview, his cold-hearted employer cut him to eight dollars.

"It was a terrible blow," he said in after years. "I became terribly depressed. I wrote a pitiful letter to my mother. She sent me in reply the loveliest letter any one ever penned. She finished up many encouraging assurances with this sentence,

" '*Some day, my son, you will be a rich man.*'

"Although I felt sure she didn't believe it any more than I did, somehow the expression of her faith in me buoyed me up. I kept up the depressing struggle until I was near death's door from sickness."

Subsequently luck improved a little, and the boy had an idea. He would open a store in which every article should sell for five cents. He opened five stores in succession. Three out of the five were failures. But he stuck! His name was Woolworth.

A boy graduated from college with the ambition to be a writer. He had contributed to the college papers and had some talent also as an artist. In the first five years after graduation he never had one single manuscript accepted. His total earnings for the period were twenty-five dollars, which he received for a drawing. His name is Tarkington.

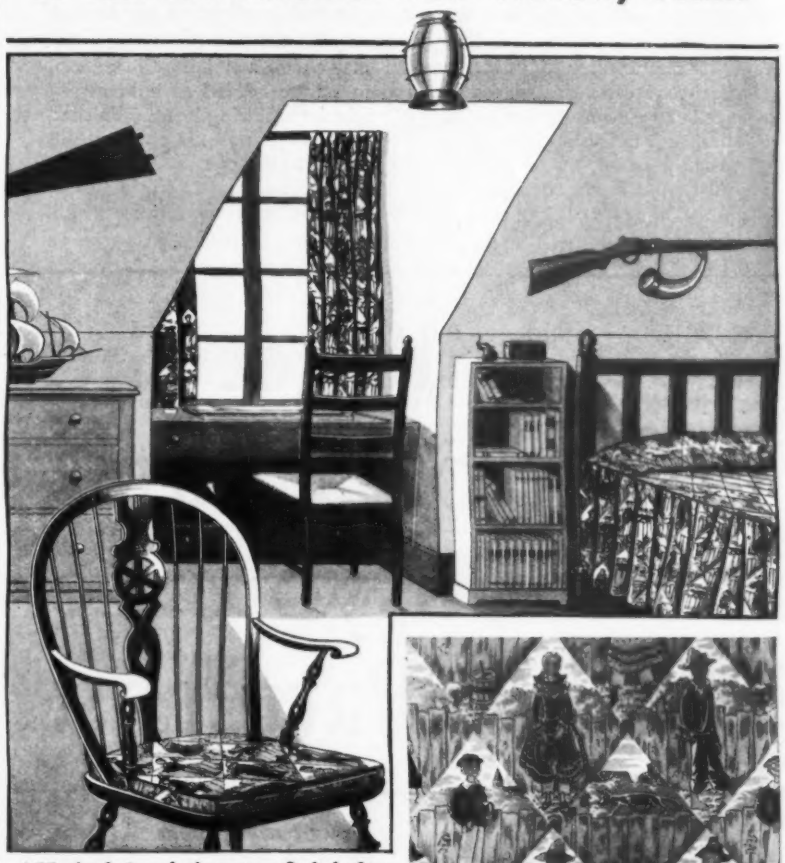
A man worked for twenty-five years on a single book and then, though his researches were far from completed, he decided to publish what he had written, fearing that he might die and leave no record of his studies. The man's name was Charles Darwin. Read some day the introduction to his book, "On the Origin of Species," a stimulating example of the results of dogged, unconquerable effort. Biography and history are full of such instances. It is staying power that wins.

S. S. McClure, the publisher, once remarked that "a magazine is the most jealous mistress in the world." He meant that if an editor loses his interest for even a few hours, the magazine, like a slighted woman, will pout and be less sparkling. Editing is not an eight-hour job; it is a twenty-four-hour job. Everything an editor reads, everything he sees or hears, automatically presents itself to his analytical sense as a possible article or story. Only by loving the job continuously can he do his best.

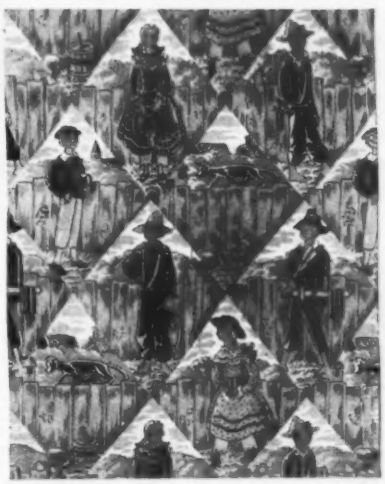
The same thing is true of any sort of work.

TOM SAWYER POPS TO LIFE

In This Adventurous New Waverly Print!



ALL the beloved characters flash before your eyes in this memorable new Waverly Fabric! Remember terrible Tom, the Black Avenger of the Spanish Main... and Tom, the little gentleman, snarling on his way to Sunday School? Here they are—as real as life! And remember the remarkable one-eyed cat? Not to mention blue-eyed Becky Thatcher, her hair in two fat golden plaits? They are here, too—whimsically portrayed in the warmest, friendliest colors you've seen. Oh for those sultry days down Meadow Lane... in the flaming sunshine... with Tom the irrepressible, busy at war and love! Could any fabric be more suitable for a boy's own room? A boy between the unforgetable years of nine and fifteen... a boy as vital and imaginative and wholly lovable as Mark Twain's immortal Tom Sawyer himself.



Ask to see Waverly Fabrics in the drapery department of dry goods, furniture and department stores. You will find a varied selection—priced from 50¢ to 1.50 a yard. Or mail the coupon below for samples and our practical booklet on home decoration.

Waverly Fabrics
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WAVERLY FABRICS, Dept. G9
60 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.

Please send me your booklet on home decoration and samples of Waverly Fabrics. I am enclosing ten cents to cover mailing costs.

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*Address*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge says:

(IN THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.)

". . . But I could sew, and I have always taken great delight in all forms of this domestic art, preferring that pastime to playing bridge; and when my friends had card parties, they invited me to come and bring my sewing. Every girl should be taught to sew, not merely for the sake of making something, but as an accomplishment which may prove a stabilizer in time of perplexity or distress. Many a time, when I have needed to hold myself firmly, I have taken up my needle; it might be a sewing needle, knitting needles, or a crochet hook—whatever its form or purpose, it often proved to be as the needle of the compass, keeping me to the course. I look for a revival of the homey household arts. Such a revival may not bring about the peace of nations, but I firmly believe it will aid in bringing peace within our homes, and this will be more far-reaching than we realize."

You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

(Advertisement)

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FREE SAMPLE BOOK
Show famous Cameo exclusive and distinctive Personal Christmas Cards to friends and acquaintances. Dignified, pleasant work. Full or spare time. Exquisite cards, large selection, sensational values—sell on sight.
NO SELLING ABILITY NEEDED
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SILVER LAKE
FREE
A sample length to make kitchenette clothesline, jump rope, or handy line. Send this advertisement with local dealer's name TODAY.
Silver Lake

Are You Happy in Your Work?

An amusing compliment was once paid me by a friend, who said,

"If you woke some morning to find you had inherited a circus, you would think of three new ways to sell pink lemonade before you were out of the shower bath."

His observation was unduly generous, but I *do* think that if I had happened into the circus business, or the shoe business, or the garage business, I could, with a little affectionate effort, have developed an enthusiasm for it. It would not have been my natural bent, but it would have opened opportunities of interest and profit. And I am equally sure that there would have been times when I should have grown very sick of the shoe business or the circus business, just as there are many hours when I wish I might never see a typewriter again.

I DO not know any better way to conclude this informal discussion than by quoting the advice which was given to a friend of mine by his prospective father-in-law. The old man was notoriously sparing of words and during the courtship of his daughter had made no suggestions. His attitude was that each generation must settle its own affairs, and that if his daughter and her fiancé had made their decision, that was all right with him. But the night before the wedding he invited my friend into the library and handed him a cigar.

"I just want to put it into your mind that you can't expect all your years to be good years," he said. "We old fellows were raised in a tough school. Hard fighting and slender profits and frequent set-backs were our regular rations. I was busted twice before I was thirty-five, and never saved any real money until I was almost fifty. Since the World War things have been different, for business has expanded so fast, providing so many opportunities, that thousands of young men have jumped into success without experiencing any real struggle. Don't be misled by this into expecting too much. You will have some years when you will be a lot further ahead, and there will be others when, with just as much planning and hard work, you will come to the end and discover that you haven't laid up a cent. It is the average that counts, and that is made up by taking the good with the bad, the bitter with the sweet."

I commend that bit of wisdom to my young readers, and I would add the encouraging thought that, over any ten-year period, almost every honest, hard-working life can and should show definite progress. Business is nothing more or less than the machinery which has been set up for feeding and clothing and transporting and otherwise ministering to the human race. Every year the number of people to be served increases, and the range of their needs expands. Automatically this means more business to be transacted, more profitable work to be done.

Now and again the productive facilities run ahead of themselves and have to be slowed down for a few months until consumption catches up. Sometimes the imperfect operations of international finance and exchange result in maladjustment—an inexcusable surplus at one point and tragic want at another. But every year economists are discovering more about the laws that govern business. Little by little the peaks and valleys are being smoothed out, and the operations are becoming more generally profitable for all who deserve to succeed.

So, on behalf of those who have been on the job for quite a while and are still happy in spite of cut fingers and bruised toes, I extend a welcome to the class of 1930. Come in, my friends, and join the race. Don't start too fast, don't worry, don't overstrain. It is not a sprint, but a marathon. Those who lead for the first hundred yards need not excite your envy nor depress your spirits; the prizes are awarded later on.

The Lady of the English

(*Continued from page 34*)

and yet be a frost-piece, a cold, haughty shrew. You see the royal demoiselle daily. I beg you to answer, as to your confessor."

There was something in this young man's manner which disarmed anger, even allowing for his impudence, which was superlative. There is no doubt that had the lady before him been in truth an ancient nun she still would have answered and with a smile. Maud cleared her throat for business and replied in Norman French pure as his own.

"Sire, it is true that I see the Princess daily. But may I ask the name of the gentleman who questions so boldly, and his reasons?"

A quick look, instantly quenched, darted from the young man's eye. He replied courteously. "Madam, you may. My name is Henri de Selby, and I am English born and have a smattering of Saxon. The Prince Henry Beauclerc is very kindly to me on those grounds, for unlike his father and brother he loves the English, who in return hate him as affectionately as they do the rest of his family. My reason could be told frankly only to a holy and experienced person like yourself. I wish with all my heart that a liking could arise between this Prince and Princess, for she is the root of the royal tree of England, and it would quiet the English who are now very turbulent if that demoiselle sat on the throne with my master. See—I am frank! In the holy cause of peace be you the same!"

THE young man stooped and picked up his bow and settled the loose arrow into his quiver. Was he going? She answered hurriedly:

"Sir, in the abbey our concern is less with ladies' faces than their virtues. The Princess has two besetting sins, pride of her great family and anger with the Normans. She would not marry an oppressor of her people—no, not though he were shod with gold and crowned with diamonds! She is the descendant of Alfred, the great king who loved his subjects and loved mercy and justice like God the Father and his Son. William the Conqueror loved the tall deer as if they had been his children, and for the pleasure of murdering them he drove out the English to make his great forests. And William Rufus is the same—and is Henry Beauclerc any better? And even if he should be, he has two elder brothers and is only a landless prince. He is not worth a glance of her royal eyes!"

"Landless!" The young man threw up his head. "He may be now, but he is rich in treasure, and his brains would buy and sell his two elder brothers. William Rufus has no wife and is drinking himself to death. Robert is a good-natured fool that would sell England or Paradise for hunting horses and hawks. My good mother, the next King of England is Henry Beauclerc as sure as I stand here and swear it. Tell me—I beseech you—what is the Princess Maud to look at?"

The nun considered a moment. She slid a more soothing note into her words. "Sir, a woman can not judge of beauty. But I can say this—she is golden-haired and blue-eyed, and the monk Leofric of Gloucester, the great illuminator of missals, thought fit to copy her face for that of St. Lucy of the lovely eyes in the jeweled book he made for the Abbey of Romsey. She can be seen there in blue robe and white veil flowing from her martyr's crown. But again I warn you, sir, that the royal demoiselle loves the English better than her own flesh and blood, and the man who desires her must be good lord to them or he will never see her face."

The young man smiled quaintly. "I will certainly see her face, for I will ride to Romsey tomorrow. And I do not dislike the pride of the demoiselle. The English are rough stuff—knotted oak—but I judge they would wear well if they liked a man's behavior, and my master would sooner win a man's heart than lash him into submission."

A romantic marriage to the man of her dreams—every girl's desire!

"Don't Call it Luck"

COUNSELS ELINOR GLYN

HELEN M—is eating her heart out, poor child, because she's so "unlucky." There have been six weddings among her friends and she hasn't even one beau. "Miss Glyn," she writes, "really I am as good looking as these other girls. Can it be their clothes? Yet I buy the same styles as they do and pay just as much—"

DON'T call it luck, Helen. Undoubtedly these girls know something that you don't—that the thing about clothes that has the greatest appeal for men is *color*. Psychologists say color affects the emotions *more than any other factor in dress*.

As long as its intensity, its balance, are not upset or diminished, color will work unfailingly on the *emotions*.

It all comes down, Helen, to these two simple rules:

ONE: Wear the most becoming colors—

TWO: Keep those colors fresh, unfaded.

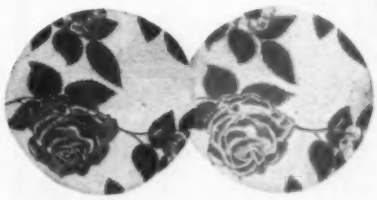
Some women use an ordinary "good" soap, but it is not good enough, for color goes from the fabric.

But there is a famous product especially made to take out dirt *without disturbing the colors*. That is the well-known Lux. If a color is safe in water, Lux will preserve *all* of its *original magnetism*.

And Your Home, Too

Remember this, too. If everything about you, dainty *curtains*, gay *pillows*, pretty *table linens*, reflects the charm of fresh color, which Lux preserves, this will make *you* seem more charming to *him*.

ELINOR GLYN



THE SECRET OF CLOTHES APPEAL

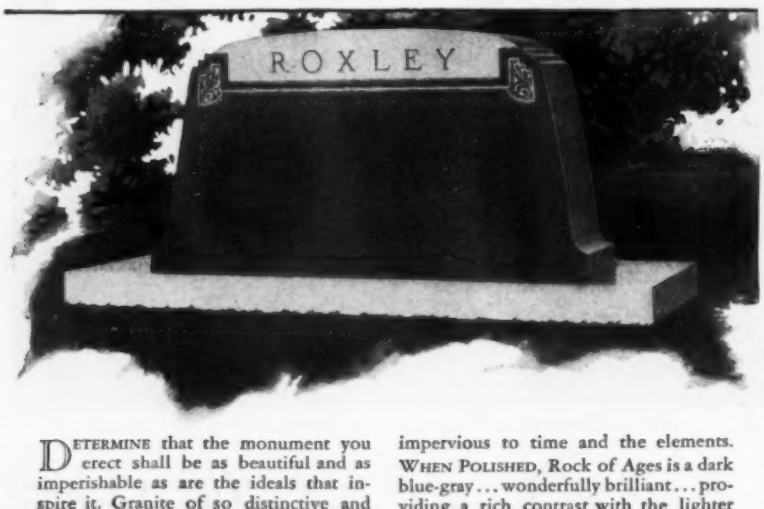
Printed chiffon after 12 Lux washings—unfaded, vibrant as when bought, all the magnetism of color retained!

Washed 12 times with ordinary "good" soap, undeniably faded, not actually ruined, but the allure of color lost.

If it's safe in water, it's safe in **LUX!**

In using advertisements see page 6

BEAUTIFUL AS MEMORY—IMPERISHABLE AS FAITH



DETERMINE that the monument you erect shall be as beautiful and as imperishable as are the ideals that inspire it. Granite of so distinctive and enduring a character as to be truly deserving of the name Rock of Ages is found only in a single quarry that has penetrated far beneath the surface of the wooded Vermont Hills. It is extremely hard and infinitely fine of texture . . . impervious to time and the elements. WHEN POLISHED, Rock of Ages is a dark blue-gray . . . wonderfully brilliant . . . providing a rich contrast with the lighter tone of its natural surface. It is the ideal material for memorial use.

BOTH Rock of Ages Granite and craftsmanship are uncompromisingly guaranteed by the Rock of Ages Certificate, your assurance of perfection.

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ROCK OF AGES

THE *DISTINCTIVE* ROCK OF AGES BARRE GRANITE

ROCK OF AGES CORPORATION....BARRE, VERMONT

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Genuine Moccasins that assure the muscle freedom, the support and the protection so essential to the healthy development of your childrens feet. Durable and economical.

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This way YE WHO SEEK THE GIFT UNUSUAL

Gifts for Everyone—from four corners of the world—collected in one free book—for your convenience in selecting

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Send today for your Free copy of the 1931 Kellogg Catalogue.

ROBERT W. KELLOGG, INC.
8 PARK STREET SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The Lady of the English

"He will not lash the English into submission. There is not the man living who could do it! The country will be a boiling pot until the Normans learn manners, and Henry will yet scald his fingers."

She forgot her hunched back and stood straight before him as a sapling pine. Through the slits he had a flashing glimpse of angry, blue eyes. Her voice rang. Whatever else the lady might have under her veil, she had youth's zest and fire.

"Ha! A Saxon!" he said.

She turned and walked away rapidly toward the door, gripping the key in her hand. He followed, cap in hand.

"Madam, I am English-born. I honor any man who fights for his country. I bid you good day and—" he added this in pure mischief, "I beg that you will lay the compliments and commendations of Henri de Selby before the feet of the royal demoiselle—a man who would most willingly do homage to her as his queen, provided her king were his master Henry of Normandy."

Without another word the Princess marched on to the door. She unlocked it without a backward look, went in, and slammed it in his face. He heard the key turn inside.

If, like many another abbey in England, the boundaries of Wilton had been straight wooden palings, what happened next could not have been. But it so chanced that the walls were of English stone, and over them drooped the boughs of beech and elm not yet stripped for winter.

The young man reflected for a moment—then with perfect wood-craft shaped his lips and made a blackbird's whistle that might deceive the very king of blackbirds. Another young man slipped snake-like from among the golden bracken. They interchanged signs, and Henry of Selby, mounting his shoulders, got a grip on the rough stones that soon brought him comfortably atop of the wall and among the flaming beech boughs.

A black horsehair veil lay on the ground. A girl in black with the morning sun tangled in the tendrils of her hair till they gleamed like a saint's aureole stood staring at the door with clasped hands. To set her at her ease and give himself leisure to examine her, he made a sign to his friend below, who walked off immediately, crashing through the bracken with some ostentation of going. She relaxed the tension at once, unclasped her hands, and smiled beautifully. Presently another mood. Her face clouded. She clenched her right hand and shook it furiously at the door. She spat at it like an angry cat. She picked up the veil, threw it over her arm, and marched away through the trees.

SHE went in unveiled to the refectory where the oldest of the nuns, an ancient of good Saxon family, was preparing the tables, and put her question bluntly,

"My sister, where was the Norman prince Henry born and is he a dark man like his father?"

"Lady of the Saxons, he was born at Selby in Yorkshire, and for that reason the English in Yorkshire call him Henry of Selby and say that had he an English right to the crown he would be a good king, for he is learned and wise and gay. He is brown-haired, they say, and walks like a prince. But why does a royal nun give a thought to a man?"

"I am not a nun and never will be. There is not a soul in this abbey but knows it from my aunt downward, and—"

A gliding step, and the Abbess lifted the curtain. Her cold eyes pierced the guilty pair.

"Chattering instead of prayers—and chattering of men! Good manners for the Abbey of Wilton! Put on your veil, rebel, and I dare you to remove it. Get you to your work, sister, and take a penance of three days' bread and water to tame a loose tongue."

Maud put on her veil in a hot fury that matched the Abbess's cold one. But when she

was in her own retreat she dragged it from her head and trampled it. That had become a sacred rite never to be missed. Then she sat down to think.

Meanwhile Henry Beauclerc rode slowly and thoughtfully down the woodways toward the royal city of Winchester. His wits were like diamond, and they lit a dull horizon. He loathed his brother, William Rufus the King, and there the whole world sided with him. He despised his elder brother, Robert the Unready—the careless, good-natured fool always a day behind the fair—whom all liked and none respected. And Henry's eyes were so firmly fixed on the throne of England that its dazzle blinded him to the difficulties of a third son with not a rood of land to call his own.

Policy had fixed his eyes on the Princess Maud. Here she was in England. The English adored her and what she represented—the freedom and justice of the good old days in England. Had she been thirty, with a squint and a hump, still Henry would have married her and found his solace in quarters to which he had already a well-trodden way. And now he had seen her and found her altogether seductive with her young pride and audacity and beauty. Heavens! if he could ride into Winchester with her on his right hand as Lady of England—or, as his Normans would call her, Queen of England—not an Englishman but would fall on his knees to kiss the hem of her robe.

"And what I will, I do!" he said in his heart, and burst into caroling like a troubadour, making his horse curvet and leap for mere pride of heart. She would be a companion—no doll decked out in a crown and jewels. A rare girl indeed! Most surely luck was on his side this blessed day, for he had never hoped to get a sight of the hidden jewel!

"Down this way, *beausire*," said his companion, pointing down a faint track through a coppice, and they rode in silence now under clipped boughs which showed men used it, however seldom.

Henry the Prince had much to think of. A beautiful, shining girl to sit on a throne and trail her crimson velvet robes furred with royal ermine. That golden head would set off a coronal of gold and pearl trefoils—the most beautiful setting in the world for unbound tresses. He read much into that brief talk and her look and threat at the door when she thought herself alone. And what a lineage! Her ancestors were kings when his were rough seahawks—Vikings blown on a lucky wind to Normandy—no more!

A HUT stood before them of wattled boughs and osiers—as bare a place as human being could seek shelter in. But an old woman crouched before it, warming trembling limbs in the sun. It is likely enough that Shakespeare many centuries later drew his witches in the story of Macbeth (not so long dead then in Scotland) from this woman, for indeed this story is no less true than famous in England. And when she saw the Prince coming, she rose on her trembling legs, and pointed a skinny finger, and said in a voice like the piping of wind in the keyhole of a long-deserted house:

"Stop, Henry of Normandy. Stop, for I have news to make your ears ring!"

His horse swerved and nearly unseated him, but he laughed and tossed her a coin that would keep her for a month and so made to ride on. She laid on his bridle a cold hand with the swollen veins like blue worms crawling on it, and to his amazement and that of the man behind him broke into verse little suited to the rags that fluttered about her. Her voice gathered strength, and in a moment he knew that Fate had met him in the forest.

"Hasty news to thee I bring.
Henry, thou art now a king!
Mark the words and heed them well
Which to thee in truth I tell,
And recall them in the hour
Of thy royal state and power."

He would have thrown her hand off, but

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The Lady of the English

gazing into her bleared eyes they widened on him as the gray rings spread when a boy throws a stone into still water. Enlarging, they grew in power and numbed his resistance. The bridle dropped from his hand. He sat and stared into gray that veiled the earth and hid all but itself.

"What—? How?" he muttered and did not know his own voice from a stranger's.

The bounds of personality were wiped clean out for a moment, and he merged into her will.

"Your brother William the Vile lies dead in this wood. Ride, ride for Winchester lest they outride you for the Crown! Go! King of England!"

She flung her hand outward as if she struck the horse, yet did not touch him, and, carried away like a sack of wheat, Henry felt the wild speed beneath him, and heard the thundering hoofs, and saw locks of turf flying, and knew not what he did until he turned and looked back and saw no hut, no woman, but only the empty coppice and the rabbits loping about it and rubbing their gray noses in the sun. It seemed that a laugh followed him, but nothing more. His squire was not in sight.

It was a time uncountable before his brain cleared and he knew he was riding a horse that could race the North Wind and win. Shouts and cries rang in the air about him, coming from everywhere, and the forest confused him so that he could not tell any direction.

"The King—the King!" they shrieked, and one man yelled, "Wat Tyrrell—the King-slayer!"

And still he rode.

A man burst from a thicket with great eyes and the sweat rolling down his ghastly face. "Sir, the King lies dead, shot by a chance arrow. Stay—stay!"

But still he rode. Why stay? He had hated his brother since they were children together. Dead? He rode—not faster, for that could not be, but wildly, like the huntsman who follows ghostly hounds through dark midnight. He did not spur nor urge the horse, for he went beneath him with speed that swept the breath from the Prince's mouth. Now he heard the racing speed of another horse following him through the woods for awhile, then lost it, and so riding like a man the devil drives he came into Winchester and to the door of the Treasure House, and as he reached it and leaped down, the horse staggered with bleeding nostrils and blood that welled from its mouth and fell dead beside him.

HENRY drew his sword and stood before the door where a few men of his following gathered about him, and to them, now wholly clear-brained, he told his tale, and even as he ended the following horse burst into sight along the street, and de Breteuil, the Treasurer of William Rufus, leaped off beside him, frantic with haste.

"Sir, the King is dead. Tyrell's arrow glanced off a tree and shot him dead, and your brother Duke Robert is King of England," he gasped, giddy, with his hand on the saddle.

Henry laughed aloud. "My brother Duke Robert is crusading in the Holy Land, and I am here, and the man who holds Winchester and the Treasure House is King of England. Do homage to the King, de Breteuil!"

They grappled with him. The man struggled long, but what could he do? And like others he knew well that Henry was the man to back against Robert. The Prince snatched the keys, laughing aloud, and with them the Crown of England.

The nobles and Bishops gathered in the Council chamber, the people in the streets, and no man gave more thought to the late King's body jolting to Winchester in a woodman's cart than as if he had never existed. For the air was alive with promise. Spring blowing through a wintry world.

Bareheaded Henry came out on the palace balcony, his strong body girt with belt and sword, a king indeed! And his words were few

and pithy as the great crowds beneath stood with upturned faces to hear their doom from a new master.

"Normans and Englishmen, a tyrant is dead. My brother, but certainly a tyrant! My other brother is a weak man and foolish. Here stand I! I swear to give you English laws such as you had from your Alfreds and Edwards. I swear to be good and gentle lord to you. I swear—yes, this I swear with a full heart—to give you a Saxon Queen if I can win her and have your help to it—Maud the Atheling, daughter of your kings and the loveliest lady in England."

He ceased, but could in no case have said more, for the people roared like a full sea charging on the rocks of an iron-bound coast. Not a bishop or peer of them all dared question that sovereign roar if even they would. The heart of a people thundered in it.

They dug a hole in Winchester Cathedral and huddled what was left of William Rufus into it like a foul thing to be hidden from daylight, and with hand and sword and voice they proclaimed Henry Beauclerc King of England, and he rode hell for leather to London and was crowned King in Westminster Abbey three days after the lucky arrow glancing from the lucky tree had sent Rufus his brother to hell.

A WEEK later he wrote to the Princess Maud, and she carried the letter to her aunt, who sat enthroned upon a raised chair very royal and awestriking to her usual audience. It did not, however, awe her niece, though she made the expected obeisance.

"Madam and my good aunt," said the young lady, "I have received a letter from Henry Beauclerc now King of England, in which he asks me to be his wife and so unite our rival claims and set England at rest."

It took a moment for this insult, for so she considered it, to penetrate the ice of the Abbess's pride. At first it was impossible she should believe her senses. The Norman usurper! The royal Athelings—Alfred the mighty ruler, Edward the Confessor! The glories of her race all spun like catherine wheels in her brain and for a moment included the niece who stood tall and veiled before her and would have the crowning glory of kicking away the offered crown of a miserable Norman descended from bloody sea-pirates. As realization settled in upon her, her ice thawed at the edges.

"You do well to consult me at once. It is possible that your righteous wrath might lead you to too fierce a strain of insult in your rejection, and in dealing with the Norman it is well to walk warily, for they are traitors all. A cold, forbidding letter from myself—"

She was interrupted.

"That will not be necessary, madam, my aunt. I have made up my mind to marry Henry Beauclerc."

No one in her experience had ever defied the august aunt except Maud herself, and that was long since. She sat for a moment gripping the arms of her chair until her knuckles glittered white, then rose:

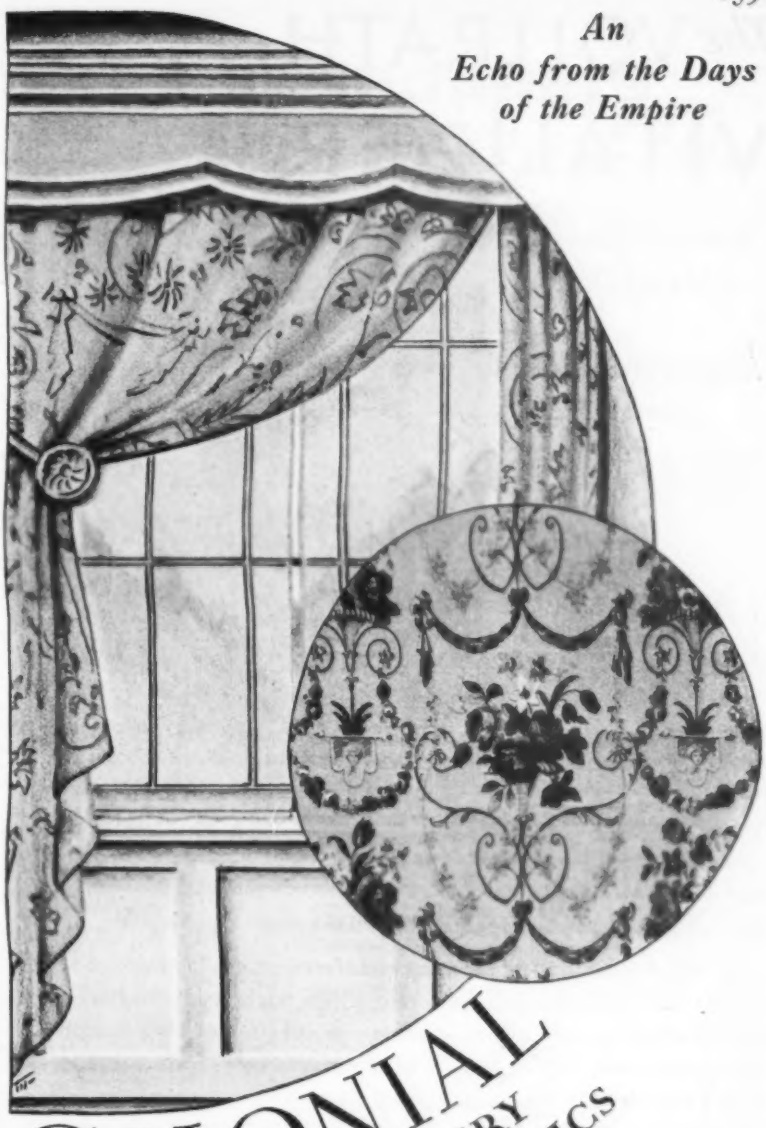
"You will write refusing the man this day, and you will write in my terms. What, you—sworn to the obedience of a nun, veiled already! Have you no horror of hell in your foul soul? And you an Atheling, and he—the ruin of your people—"

In a flash Maud had torn off her veil and set her foot on it. There was little of the nun about her in face and manner. Her voice rang through the room and cut her aunt's like a sword.

"Nun? You have tortured and beaten me. You have broken my sister's spirit and would mine if it had not been for a hope in me that you never guessed. For that hope I would have married William Rufus himself had he asked me."

The royal Abbess turned on her. Indeed this conversation was a series of swoops and cross-cuts to dizzy a hearer.

"As to this man—Our Lady forgive me for breathing his name within these sacred walls!—when it is known to you that he owns to twenty



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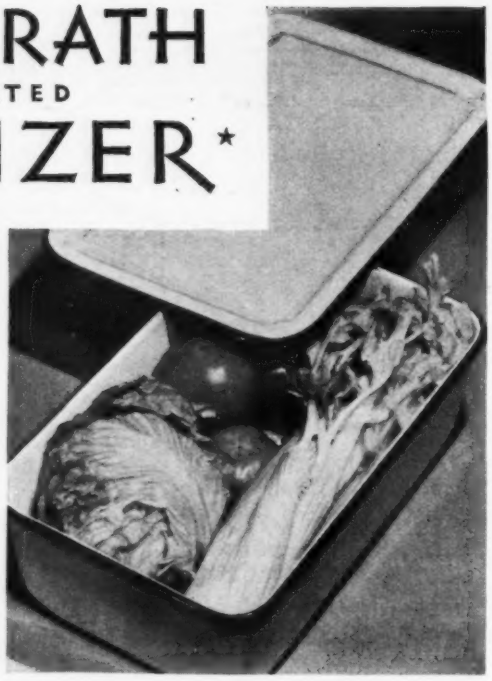

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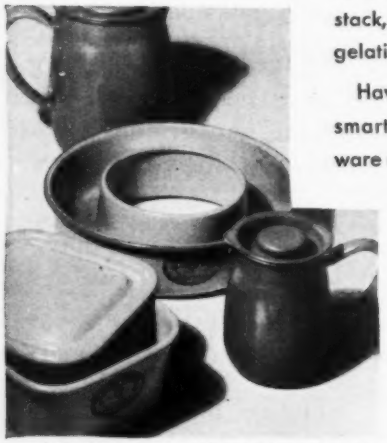

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THE VOLLRATH COMPANY
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The Lady of the English

illegitimate children, and that his name rings through Europe with that of the beautiful devil Nesta of Wales, even you—"

"Even I," said Maud savagely, "will own that twenty is a larger number than most men would have the frankness to confess or most women the courage to face, though whether it exceeds the usual number my inexperience can not judge. But this I say—that had he a thousand I would still marry him as I would have married Rufus or the devil! And this also I say—that whatever be the number, the count is closed. Of that I am as certain as that you sit and glare at me. And as for Nesta of Wales, her web is spun, her day is done! No, I am not to be frightened by a man's license while I have my woman's wits and the English people behind me. *That* is not what troubles me!"

The august aunt towered to the roof, figuratively speaking. She sputtered, she swore convent-fashion—invoking every saint's malediction upon the recreant to her country, her religion, and her aunt (as the climax)—but Maud stood unveiled and unmoved. Finally she divulged the fact that a messenger had already ridden for royal Winchester setting forth her conditions, and upon her aunt's demanding stormily to hear them, refused point blank.

"They are for Henry Beauclerc and for me at present, madam. Later the world will certainly hear them, whether I take or leave him."

MEANWHILE in London Henry sat with Anselm the Archbishop and Maud's letter spread out before them. It was not a love-letter, God knows!—and yet that morning Henry had thrust it into his breast, and he took it warm from his heart to lay it before his counsellor.

She began by saying that their meeting had not won her heart, far from it, but it had brought him before her as a man—one who could be treated with for his good and the good of her people. Her tone of calm superiority made Henry wince and glow, as she went on to point out that he sat on the throne of the Athelings but needed her help to hold it, and she believed a compromise might be made between them. That though she had hated the Normans, she did not hate him (Henry had kissed that line), and therefore she was ready to accept him on certain conditions which must be publicly ratified in full council and so announced to the people.

These were her conditions:

First, that Henry should confirm to the English their ancient laws and privileges as established by Alfred the Great and ratified by Edward the Confessor. The people were to be granted Folk-motes or Parliaments of the nobles, clergy, citizens, and yeomen, whenever they should claim to be heard. The hateful curfew bell which rang the free English indoors "like Norman infants" (as she wrote) was to be abolished. She would wed a constitutional ruler and no tyrant, and on those conditions she would consent and would be to him a true and faithful wife and joint ruler of the English. Otherwise, she ended, she would wed some other prince who would take her terms and set her on the English throne, to gain which end she would work all her life.

"By the birth of God," said Henry, "when I read that letter the water stood in my eyes, for I think it worthy of a king's daughter, and with her in my hand I shall hold the English with bonds stronger than steel! Had it been any other woman who tutored me, I would have flung it in her face. But there is a something—"

Archbishop Anselm read it gravely. "There is a something," he said, "and the something is this, my son. This woman has no thought of herself. She burns with a noble passion for England. She is one who has fixed her heart high. Observe how she asks nothing—not even for her brother, though you could restore his Scots throne to him. She is not

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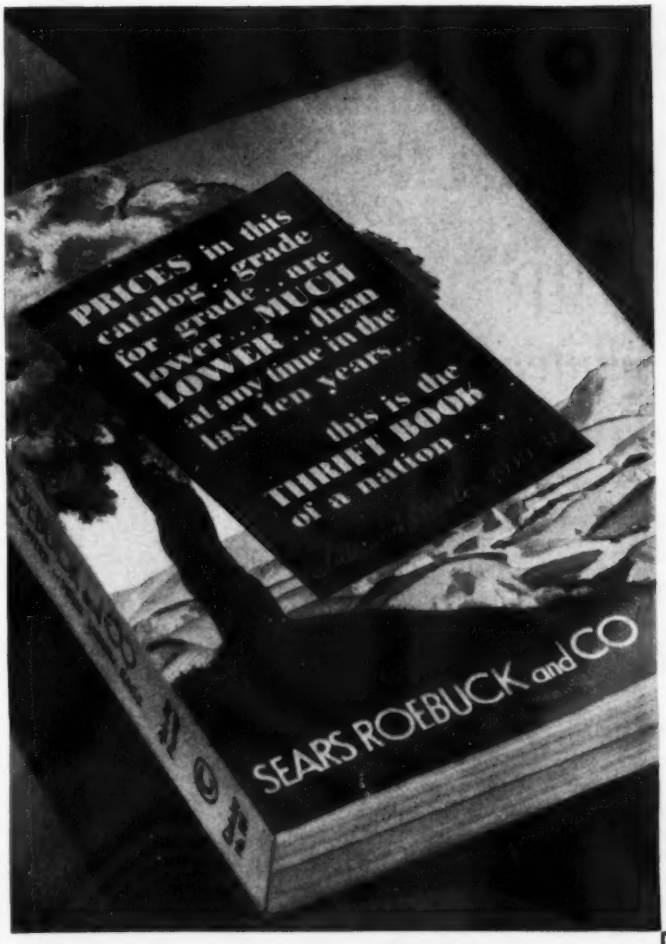
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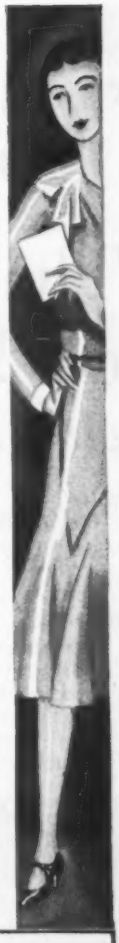

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Here is grapefruit from the famous Seald-Sweet and Mor-Juce groves — picked ripe at winter's height and skilfully kept for you to enjoy today, tomorrow—any day you want its healthful benefits.

So fresh and flavorful, so rich in energizing vitamins B and C — you can't compare it to anything else under the sun except grapefruit that you'd prepare in your own kitchen.

When you buy, ask for FLORIDAGOLD—*Grapefruit Juice or Segments.* No trouble to serve. Just chill and open.

The firm, juice-filled Segments make tempting salads, desserts and a host of other delicious dinner, lunch or breakfast dishes.

Bright and pure, the Juice served straight whets appetites to razor sharpness. Or mixed in any number of keenly cool and interesting ways, it's a bracing party pick-up that makes a hit with every guest.

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The Lady of the English

ignorant of your amours—who is?—yet does not chide you nor demand fidelity. She is poor in this world's wealth, yet drives no bargain. In her arms she uplifts a whole people and offers God to you in offering them and herself. Do you desire my counsel?"

"How otherwise? It is the wisest in the world," said the King.

"Not the wisest. This lady's is wiser. Hers is the way to weld Englishmen and Norman and to make a people. But why rhapsodize? Write to her now. Lay your acceptance at her feet. Bid her draw up with you and me the scheme of lifting her Englishmen to hold hands with your Normans and promote intermarriage and the free flow of good from one country to the other. But if you will take an ignorant Churchman's advice, surround her with all observance, but say nothing more to her of love, until she is wedded wife. How can she trust the promise of a *gaillard* like you? And never give her cause to doubt you after marriage, for the sake of all England and Normandy!"

There was a noble emotion in the Archbishop's voice that warmed Henry more than the wisdom of the wisest brain in Europe, though that spoke through him. He wrote.

CHRISTINA made what mischief she could. She fought and scratched much as a wildcat might do when faced with a lion, and as vainly. She protested in writing to all the religious authorities that "The Princess Maud is a veiled nun, and it is sacrilege to remove her from her convent."

Archbishop Anselm smiled. He was not unused to dealing with excitable religious ladies in high positions, and though this one was also royal, he did not waver. He cited the Princess Maud to appear before a court of bishops and abbots and declare the truth as to her alleged devotion to the religious life. The matter must be cleared up before the world.

Fair and unmoved, except by a tickling sense of humor, she rehearsed the history of the black veil before that solemn assemblage. Strong and clear comes her voice across the centuries in her own words, set down by Eadmer the Chronicler, who himself heard her.

"I do not deny that when I was a child my Aunt Christina put a piece of black cloth upon my head. If I attempted to remove it, she would torment me with harsh blows and sharp reproaches. Sighing and trembling I wore it in her presence, but as soon as I left her sight I always threw it off and trampled upon it."

The court had no difficulty in believing this statement and others. The Abbess Christina was known to all the bishops. The verdict was thus:

"That Maud, daughter of Malcolm King of Scotland, had proved that she had not embraced a religious life and was free to contract marriage with the King."

And dreading any hesitation, the English people implored her through their spokesman thus:

"O most noble and gracious of women, raise up the ancient honor of England! Be a pledge of reconciliation. If you refuse, the enmity between the Saxon and Norman races will be eternal, and blood flow for ever. Have pity on us!"

Maud of Scotland smiled. None but herself knew for how long she had foreseen and shaped and fought—until now her goal was reached.

They were married in Westminster Church with such a throng as even she herself had not foreseen, and before the ceremony, Archbishop Anselm stood up proud and tall in his pulpit and rehearsed before the people the history of the inquiry and its verdict, so that no malicious Norman should say the King had married a nun. In a loud voice he called upon the free English to say whether there was any objection from them to this decision, and with a lion's roar they answered like one man that "the matter was well settled," and Maud turned and smiled upon her people, and at her feet they wept and laughed for joy.

Denton Protection *Assures* Healthful Sleep

The children of two generations have slept in Dentons.

Mothers: when winter winds blow, you will have a wonderful feeling of security when you know your children are warm and cozy in Dentons.

Our special hygienic *Soft-Knit* fabric, spun and knit in our mills, affords the healthful protection every child needs while sleeping.

Denton fabric is spun and knit of *unbleached*, double-carded cotton with some soft, virgin wool, a material that always remains wonderfully soft, warm and comfortable.

Our loosely spun yarn, knit in an open stitch, affords healthful ventilation for the skin. Tiny fibers of soft wool carry off perspiration slowly without chilling the body. Denton fabric is truly hygienic. It holds *in body warmth* and keeps *out* cold.

Two-Piece Denton. Convenient for infants requiring frequent changing. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 only. Has turn-down cuffs. Extras of lower piece sold separately.

Regular Denton. Infants' sizes 0, 1, and 2 open down the back. Also have turn-down cuffs.

Denton Sleeping Bag for Babies. One size only—26 inches long.

Dentons are Economical Because They are Durable

Dentons withstand the wear and tear of hard use and many washings. Where wear is heaviest and strains greatest, Dentons are strongest.

A heavier fabric is knitted for the soles and upper portions of *our patented extra-heavy romper feet. Our patented extra-full drop seat* prevents binding when child sleeps with knees drawn up.

Flexible rubber buttons which do not break or cut threads during washing; strong, flat seams; double-thick collars; carefully sewn button holes; are other quality features which make Dentons durable—and economical.

All Dentons have our patented Extra-Full Drop Seat and patented Extra-Heavy Romper Feet.

Insist on genuine Dentons. Look for the tag on every garment showing the healthy, happy Denton child. Sold in 6,000 leading dry goods and department stores. If your dealer does not carry Dentons, write us.

Regular Denton for Children. Sizes 3 to 14 open down the front and have drop seat.

Denton Sleeping Hoods: Two sizes for Adults, Three sizes for Children.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills

Centreville, Michigan, U. S. A.

In using advertisements see page 6

There is no substitute for your money's worth

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING is a natural partisan of advertised, trade-marked products. Our pages display so many of them. But this is not the chief reason why we urge you to refuse substitutes for the advertised brands you know. Years of testing and appraising values have shown us that in the main the products advertised in leading magazines give you more for your money in consistently higher quality, in cleaner, more convenient packaging, in better servicing facilities and in other things that mean satisfaction.

Seldom do we get something for nothing. This is an old truth we are inclined to forget when something "just as good" is offered at a cheaper price than the advertised brand we wanted. The substitute is unknown but to all appearances of equal quality. We wonder if the advertised product is really worth the extra cost.

You may be sure that usually there is a difference in value. It might not be obvious, for there are often deficiencies which only laboratory tests or time will reveal. As an example of what we mean, let us consider bedsheets:

You are offered two sheets at different prices. Both are identical in size, thread count and finish. One is unbranded. The other is like an old friend, you know its advertised trade-mark so well. But it costs more. Why should it?

If you had seen these sheets being manufactured, the superior quality woven into the advertised brand would have been plainly apparent. From the selection of the raw cotton to the final finishing every step was marked by inspections and tests to insure a finished product that would do credit to its manufacturer and give you the long service you expect.

All of which costs more than less exacting methods. Yet you are asked to pay but a few cents more for it than for the unknown, unsponsored article.

What is true of bedsheets is true of almost everything you buy. Products advertised in magazines maintain high standards because they have good names to uphold. This is especially so of products advertised in Good Housekeeping. Here every advertisement is guaranteed. We can urge you to buy these products—to refuse substitutes—because we know from test or appraisal that they give you your money's worth.

An advertisement by Good Housekeeping

The Lady of the English

Who would not kindle in reading the wedding poem written in Latin by Hildebert—and see with her poet "her maiden seeming, making even her youthful beauty to blossom, when with blushes that dimmed the crimson of her robe-royal she stood at the altar crowned and sceptred, a virgin queen and bride in whom the hopes of England hailed the future mother of a mighty line of kings."

And at the banquet an aged knight of Edward the Confessor's making stood up and cried aloud amid the ringing of the goblets:

"Now by the Tree is set the Root
And like to bear both flower and fruit.
The Tree you well may understand
To be the Kingship of all England.
And now the Tree has gotten root
And it shall bear both flower and fruit,
For Maud our queen and our Ladye
Is wedded now with King Henri."

BUT there are two more things to record of this great lady.

One that at her marriage a digest was made of the noble laws of her ancestors, and of these a hundred copies were given in charge to the bishoprics and monasteries, and when the time came in the fulness of years one of these became the model of Magna Charta, that foundation of the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon race in old and new worlds. This Queen should be remembered in both.

"Many were the good laws made in
England
Through Maud the good Queen as I
understand."

And she bore children to the King, a fair son, and a daughter. A daughter anything but the saint she had foretold!

And of King Henry Beauclerc an ancient chronicler writes concerning this Lady,

"Nothing happened to trouble the King until the death of his Queen Maud, the very mirror of piety, humility, and princely generosity."

Her body lies buried in Westminster, but her monument is the freedom of the English in all lands where they have carried their tongue and their history. And on the throne in England today sits a king in whose veins runs her most royal blood.

Sandwiches

(*Continued from page 99*)

food-chopper together with a hard-cooked egg. Add 1 tablespoonful of cream or evaporated milk, ½ teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoonful tomato catsup, and ½ teaspoonful salt. Use as a filling for toasted sandwiches.

Toasted Bacon and Currant Jelly Sandwiches. Dice 6 slices of bacon and fry until crisp. Drain thoroughly and combine with ½ cupful currant jelly. Spread the bread with a little of the bacon fat instead of butter, if you wish. Toast as usual.

Sandwiches for the picnic or lunch box may be dainty as well as nourishing.

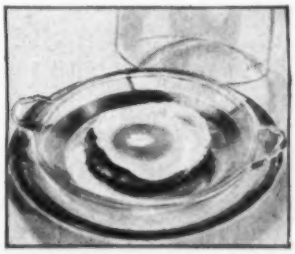
Salmon Piquant Sandwiches. Combine the drained contents of one 16 oz. can of salmon, 4-5 tablespoonfuls horseradish (according to your taste), 4 tablespoonfuls mayonnaise, and ½ teaspoonful salt. Spread between buttered slices of white bread with a leaf of crisp lettuce. This sandwich is also delicious when toasted.

Boston Sandwiches. Press two cupfuls of drained baked beans through a sieve, or mash until entirely free from lumps. Chop 4 sweet gherkins and 8 pimiento olives and add to baked beans. Add just enough mayonnaise to make a smooth paste and spread between buttered slices of Boston brown bread.

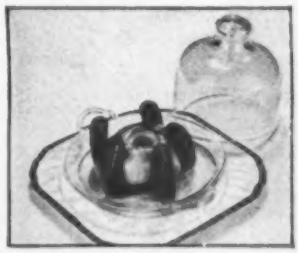
Cranberry Sandwiches. Spread one slice of buttered white bread with cranberry jelly and another with salted cream cheese. Combine.

Every-Day Foods in a Glamorous Guise

Simple Foods become Delectable . . . baked and served in the PYREX BELL-TOP Dish ★



BREAKFAST—*A tempting dish for early morning appetites. Poached egg served under glass . . keeps hot*



LUNCHEON—*Baked apple with tiny sausages—cooked and served, hot and flavorful, under glass*

IT has more than beauty. Individual servings of meat, fish and egg dishes, as well as vegetables and fruits, can be baked as well as served in the Pyrex Bell-top dish. The bell-top seals in all the aroma, juice and flavor. The food, going directly from oven to table, is served piping hot.

The bell-top alone has many advantages. Placed over foods, it keeps them hot in transit from kitchen to dining room. It makes them look as if a chef had prepared them. It keeps foods fresh and hot when guests are late for dinner.

Here are a few suggestions for under-glass cookery: Baked Oysters. Filet of Haddock or Sole. Baked Shad Roe. Baked Ham and Potatoes in cream sauce. Baked Stuffed Eggplant or Tomatoes. Baked Apples, Bananas or Pears.

The houseware or china sections of department stores and hardware stores have this dish and many other Pyrex dishes—Price, $1.25. Separately, Dish, 45¢; Bell-top, 80¢.

•

FREE: ***Send today for new Menu Booklet containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time***

Address: Corning Glass Works, Dept. P-73 Corning, N. Y.

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT NAME)

*Address*_____

DINNER—*Pork tenderloin in cream—baked and served in the same dish*

SUPPER—*Mushrooms, baked in lemon butter sauce—a favorite dish improved by under-glass cookery*

INVALID DISH—*Languid appetites will be tempted by simple foods served fresh and hot under glass*

Prices slightly higher in West and Canada.
Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

In using advertisements see page 6

The answer to a "regular fellow's" prayer

–the Jack Tar "Tuckin"*

—a new creation for boys who always protested against being "buttoned-up".

A live elastic band, masked at the front by a smart belt and buckle effect, takes the place of buttons entirely!

See the new Jack Tar "Tuckins" at your dealer's — or write us for folder of Jack Tar Feature Styles for boys and girls.

THE STROUSE-BAER COMPANY
Baltimore, Md.

The Label of Honor

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Jack Tar Togs

Skywriters

(Continued from page 25)

than playful. As a male he was seriously determined to establish his physical dominance, but he was desirous of doing it without panting or frowning, so that she would know her resistance to be futile and amusing.

He finally held her in an iron vise with one arm, smiling down at her and getting back his breath in surreptitious little gulps.

"Oh, I think you're wonderful!" jeered Candace. "Oh, how strong you are! Oh, what marvellous, big, enormous muscles!"

Meeting the mockery of her black eyes and parted lips, he felt a glow of excitement because her small body was close, and it was warm and silken, and firm and smooth as a young birch tree.

He pulled her nearer and kissed her with tentative gentleness. Her lips clung. She relaxed in his arms, and her soft responsiveness sent an answering flood through his veins. Her mouth was sweet and passionate. He went blind with the dim consciousness that something amazing and wonderful had happened.

When she turned away, Scott found that he was shaking. Her face was flushed; she looked shy and couldn't find any careless words to say.

In all the years they had known each other, there had never been anything but rude friendliness. They had betrayed an unspoken pact of indifference.

SCOTT KENNERLY was warily afraid of love. "Hand-cuffs locked with the key of sentimentality," he had defined it as an undergraduate. ("Only you don't lock hand-cuffs," Oliver Kirkland had pointed out, "with a key.")

He had successfully got through his few episodes without mentioning a word of love. Somehow this was different. It was not a mere episode, and he didn't want to think of getting through with it.

"Listen, darling," he said.

He could not explain that inner trembling and the fact that Candace now seemed entirely different. The contours of her small face had all at once become a matter of quickening interest; her brown hands were suddenly dear. The way she held her funny square shoulders, the turn of her throat, the smooth skin of her back, the soft, sulky twist of her lips, even her thin elbows—these had become curiously vital and disturbing.

Before, he had never noticed them. She had been just a girl—a nice kid in a stained, disreputable smock—who left him free to be himself without emotional digressions.

"What's the matter?" said Candace. She dug out the package of cigarettes from his coat pocket and lit one with a defiant pretense of the old companionship.

"Listen, darling!" Scott began again, but he hadn't the least idea what he wanted to say.

After a moment Candace said: "We can't be like this, Scott. I don't know what happened—what got into us." She had, after all, the feminine urge or necessity to talk all around and over an emotion. "You see we've had an unusual kind of—comradely sort of thing, you know—and working together. And it's really idiotic to get sloppy the very last night you're here."

Her cool voice might have deceived Scott but for the luminous flush just below her eyes, the way her eyes evaded his, struggling not to kindle again.

He took her face between his hands. "You're an adorable fiend. And I'm terribly afraid I've fallen in love with you."

Even as he spoke, he wondered if it would be true tomorrow.

For a while she was perfectly still, looking past him through the window at the moonlight. Then she folded her arms about his head and held it against her breast with the most beguiling tenderness.

"Why are you afraid?" she asked. "I've loved you all summer. Scott! Dear, dear Scott."

"Dear, dear Candace!"

"And you really do love me then?"

Yes, it was true. It was surely true with his head against her breast like that and her bare arms holding him so tightly, almost protectively. He could only wait until tomorrow and see if it lasted.

"I'm wild about you, Candace," he said.

She began to laugh. "That's a lie. But I don't care. I want you to lie." She laughed harder. "Oh, my funny Streptococcus!"

Without waiting for him to answer she unrolled the sandwiches from her scarf.

"Food?" said Scott eagerly. "Gee, I'm hungry."

"I'm starved," said Candace. "Do you want one of the big turkey ones or the little anchovy and olive?"

"One of the big turkey ones."

She sat on the zinc-covered work table and he sat on the high stool with an arm around her. They ate quickly, healthily, throwing morsels to Mister Archie.

"Scott!" said Candace. "Do you have to go to New York?"

Although he had been looking forward to New York all summer, he found himself longing to stay in Shelby. But that was weakness, and he was, this year, stern about weakness. He had recently developed a fierce, courageous, rather grand ideal for his conduct as a scientist. Reading about Koch and Metchnikoff, he envisaged himself as a lonely, uncommunicative fellow devoted wholly to research, eschewing human relationships for a theory. At such moments he always felt melancholy about sacrificing his other nature—the one that wrote triolets and ballades in a rakish manner, played the guitar and sang charmingly, wooed women, and was sure of a guffawing friendship with any man.

"Of course I've got to go to New York," he said firmly. "I've wasted too much time already. I lost two years in the army. Most men get through school at twenty-two, and here I am—a senile twenty-five. I almost wish I hadn't gone back after the war. Learned a lot from your grandfather, all the same. He offered me an assistant's job in the laboratory if I wanted to work for my Master's degree. But what the devil! I've got to earn some money. Can't be a scientist until I can subsidize myself."

SHE ran her fingers through his brown hair. "You have the softest hair. It has a little bit of a wave in it. I wish you would go to Chicago instead."

"Why?"

"Then you wouldn't be so far away . . . Oh, Scott! I'm wheedling you like the silliest little flapper. I didn't suppose I could ever be sickening like that!"

"What's the good of Chicago when you can go to New York? I like to have you want me close, though."

He kissed her, and the passionate, unreasoning emotion shook him again.

"Candace! You are wearing perfume."

She looked embarrassed. "I know it. It's almost the only idiotic thing I like—except you, of course. I love it. Do you love it?"

"I love you. What kind is it?"

"Chypre."

He laughed. "A girl told me Chypre was supposed to be seductive, esoteric, wanton—"

"I don't care. I wanted you to like me. I read in a book that if you wore a certain kind of perfume, a man would think about you and his senses be stirred and everything."

"My senses are stirred. But I don't need Chypre. Candace, you're a little hussy."

"I don't care. I wish you wouldn't go away."

"Will you marry me when I come back?"

Good Lord! Why had he said that? But he had a sudden vision of New York with Candace

HALLS

of all places must never get *down at the heel*

FOR it is in the hall that everybody gets the important first impression of your home—the impression which may mean so much that you cannot afford to let shabbiness threaten it.

Floor beauty, halls *must* have. Permanent floor beauty they *should* have. If you can get all this at a cost more reasonable than you had believed possible (as you can with Sealex), so much the better. Your reflooring worries cease to be a burden to you at all.

Refloor with Sealex Linoleum for lasting satisfaction

You will welcome the speed and lack of muss with which Sealex is laid, unsightly floors covered and your room decoration problem solved. For whatever preference suggests or pocketbook dictates—you will find in stain-proof, spot-proof Sealex some pattern, some color effect, some design, that you will linger over—and joyfully make your own.

It may be a richly marbleized inlaid, an embossed tile, or a duotone jaspé. But it will be lovely. And it will last. How much in pleasure, pride, added leisure and permanent satisfaction this enduring linoleum will mean to you, the passing years alone can tell.

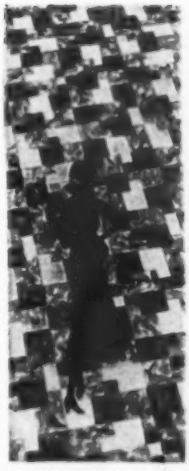
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J.

"SINCE most halls are not large enough for elaborate furniture groupings, decorative interest centers on walls and floors. Wall-paper in hunting scenes, red taffeta curtains, and Sealex Linoleum 2621 in black and cream squares make a striking background." From Color and Charm in Home Interiors pp. 4.

Send for the delightful book

"COLOR AND CHARM IN HOME INTERIORS"

IT includes many color illustrations—each a definite suggestion for the woman interested in doing over rooms in good taste. A feature is the "Color Harmony Guide," which makes it easy to choose furniture, hangings, walls and floors—in harmony with one another. Sent postpaid for 25¢. Address: Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N.J.



"TUNIS"—Exclusive Karnean Marbled design in Sealex Linoleum, No. 6232.

"APPLE-GREEN"—A lovely pastel shade of Sealex Jaspé Linoleum, No. 1259.

SEALEX LINOLEUM FLOORS

At left, a dainty salad from one of the six individual molds. Below, a birthday ring-cake baked in the large mold. Flowers set in the center add a delightfully original touch.

Seven Lovely *MIRRO* Ring Molds . . . *all yours for just* $1!

When you have this Mirro Ring Mold Set it is easy to plan captivating dishes for luncheons, parties, dinners, suppers

IF you enjoy spending money *interestingly*, this dollar is going to give you heaps of pleasure.

Now, at your favorite department, hardware, or housefurnishing store (or via the coupon below) it will buy you the most useful *Ring Mold* set that you ever set eyes on.

For delightful new dishes

This Mirro Aluminum Ring Mold Set—it's quite specially priced, by the way—will make it easy for you to serve some of the prettiest, most enticing dishes that ever graced a table.

The set consists of one large mold, six cunning individual ones. The large one has simply limitless possibilities. A ring-cake, its center filled with luscious fruit. A meat loaf rimming a well of peas. A circlet of smoothly molded rice with savory chop suey in its midst. A gorgeous salad with the silver dressing bowl set within. *Lots* of unusual combinations like that!

As for the little molds, think of the individual desserts or salads that you can concoct! Tomato aspic with mayonnaise cupped in the center on a shell of lettuce. Shiny, shivery gelatin with strawberries and whipped cream. What *fun* you'll have serving these delightful dishes!

Replace old utensils with lovely new Mirro

Mirro means the best of utensils for *all* cooking—baking, roasting, frying. *De luxe* super-thick aluminum utensils for waterless and other cooking. Such beautiful ware that you are proud to show it. Such economical, durable ware that its cost per year is almost nothing.

Get the Ring Mold Set at your dealer's

Go to your local hardware or department store and get the Mirro Ring Mold Set, special at $1.00. If unable to secure it locally, send the coupon to the Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Co., Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

MIRRO
THE FINEST ALUMINUM ★

7-Piece Mirro Aluminum Ring Mold Set with Recipes for Captivating Dishes $1

Enclosed is $1.00 ($1.15 in Canada, duty collect) for Mirro Ring Mold Set, prepaid.
G. H. 9-30

Name.....

Street or R. F. D......

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Note: Offer good only in United States and Canada; expires December 31, 1930

SPINACH RING JELLY FRUIT SALAD MEAT RING PEACH BAVARIAN CREAM

Skywriters

—a funny little apartment—a grate fire and breakfasts together—a laboratory somewhere—working with test tubes side by side. She was merry and so dear. He loved her. Crazy about her. Most men got married and thought nothing of it. On the other hand there was his dream of isolation and absorption in research growing dim and flickering away. But James Carroll had had a wife and five kids. And so had Leeuwenhoek. And hundreds of scientists. Wives, anyhow. Nobody wanted five kids. That would be terrible. He decided definitely against children . . . Tomorrow, however? Were his emotions stable enough to flourish in the sober light of tomorrow? He analyzed himself soberly: *I am always impetuous in action and painstaking in regret.*

"Sure," said Candace, swinging her legs, trying to out-act the velvety radiance in her eyes. "I suppose I'll have to marry somebody, and it might as well be old Streptococcus."

ABOVE, a door slammed, and the floor shook with the tramping of heavy feet.

"That's Dad," said Scott. "Just getting home from his poker."

The old cat padded up the stairs to the kitchen door and scratched on it, a trick he fondly believed to be intellectual.

Scott went up to open the door and found his father on the other side of it. Bill Kennerly's jaws were moving vigorously. He had a piece of ham and bread in one large, freckled hand.

"Come and get something to eat," he urged, motioning with an air of mystery at the icebox. "Ham in there. And potato salad, too."

"I've got company," said Scott. "I've got a girl."

"Got a girl!" cried Bill Kennerly. He grimaced, his plump features as red and guileless as a baby's. "In the cellar? What a place to entertain a woman! Bring her up here, boy. Where it's clean and decent and doesn't stink of rats and acid."

He hummed "How I Love a Pretty Face" in a mellow baritone and tramped, shaking the floor, back to the refrigerator. "If mother asks when I got in," he muttered, "tell her it was about ten."

"I don't see what you're going to do," said Scott, "when I'm not here to lie for you."

Candace was at his elbow. "Let's tell him," she whispered, "and see what he says."

Scott nodded. The little villain had made up her mind for both of them. He was glad that Candace was forcing him out of indecision. So much the better if he was relieved of doubts and wavering!

In the kitchen Candace went up to Scott's father and squeezed his arm.

"Scott and I are going to get married."

"Hey! What's that? Married!"

Kennerly's face beamed. He had loved and teased Candace since her pigtail days, when she started running away from her nurse to come to a "regular house." Kennerly's home had all the things which attract children—untidiness, cats and dogs, and the absence of servants. Bill Kennerly was a lazy, lovable, deliciously coarse, improvident, fat man, a lawyer who was better at fishing than a lawsuit, a genius at story-telling, poker, and leisure. He had one regular habit—drinking a quart of whiskey a day.

"Well, that's fine! Landed him nice and easy, did you, with a quick back-flip? That's fine. Always keep a tight line on a man or a trout." He sank into a chair. "Folks, I've got a little bit of an edge on. Hope you don't mind. Yes sir, we did a little two-fisted drinking up at Hinsman's. And it was hot and stuffy." He wiped his forehead.

"I wouldn't know you'd had a thing," said Candace.

"But say, Scott, I held four nines. What do you think of that? I made nineteen dollars and eighty-five—no, eighty-three—cents." He hauled the crumpled bills out of his pocket and threw them on the table. "You take that, Scott, and buy a nice present for this little girl. A big box of candy, say."

"I'd rather have a new tennis racket," said Candace.

"That's too bad," mused Kennerly. "I don't like these athletic women. All bones and muscle and no soft curves to make a man feel luxurious. If the Lord had intended women to go outdoors, he wouldn't have created 'em from a rib, which is a product of the interior . . . Well, what are you youngsters going to live on? By raising rats in the basement?" He persisted in believing that his son was merely doing fancy animal breeding.

"Oh he's going to New York just the same, Mr. Kennerly."

"And are you going along?"

"He hasn't asked me."

"Candace, I don't know what to make of that boy. If I were him, I'd carry you around in my pocket all the time."

"I've got to get a job first," said Scott.

He was dreamily watching Candace. Her eyes and brows were tilted a little at the corners, and it gave her an exotic, flying look—a Japanese geisha girl.

"Darling, we could live on my allowance until you found a job."

"And wouldn't that be a hot way to start married life?" he jeered. "Live on my wife's allowance, sure. Maybe I wouldn't need to find work at all."

"What a virtuous son you have raised, Mr. Kennerly!"

"Virtue is its own reward," said big Bill, chewing his ham and bread. "Only trouble is, the reward ain't negotiable."

"What do you think Mrs. Kennerly will say about us? About our getting married?"

Bill thought. "She'll be worried," he said lugubriously.

"Worried—why worried?" Scott asked.

"She'll feel that she's got to be. It's her profession. Scott, I've been married thirty years next January. You sue life for love and spend the rest of your time paying for the litigation."

The greatest happiness he got from his wife was in making jokes about her behind her back. It was true that she worried about everything—anxiety was written in her thin, intellectual face with its near-sighted eyes, sensitive mouth, and high-bridged nose. It was also true that Kennerly had given her so much cause for worry that she had come to regard the whole world with mental fidgets. She was a feminist and a visionary and like most of them entirely devoid of humor. She was flighty, unreliable, and seldom finished any of her projects, but she believed completely that she was a sober executive. Her house was always untidy, yet she never dreamed that her work lacked organization. Emma Kennerly was as popular in her world of committees and women's clubs and Improve-the-Mind movements as Bill was in his world of cards and whiskey and fishing. Distinguished and well-bred in manner, with a *pince-nez* perched on her fastidious nose, she moved through Shelby commanding respect and admiration for qualities she had never actually possessed. But she believed in these qualities so intensely that she was at once pathetic and amusing.

"You get a taste for love, like drink," said Bill Kennerly. In the light of admiration he expanded as a fat sunflower unfolds. "And then you get the habit. That's bad. That's marriage."

He finished his ham and went to bed. He always planned to walk out on a witticism.

Scott took Candace home where he kissed her a long time before he could let her go.

THERE was still a light in the library when she tiptoed into the house. As she cautiously took the first step of the stairs, it creaked a complaint, and her father appeared in the library door.

"Have that again . . . . that's GOOD!"

A recipe with a new twist . . . a dish so appetizing he's sure to note the difference . . . how quickly it wins a man's praise!

The Chicken Rarebit recipe below is one of many such hits you can make with Richardson&Robbins Boned Chicken.*Any time. For in Richardson & Robbins homes, week-day chicken dishes don't depend on Sunday's left-overs. In these homes you can have chicken whenever you want it, without the expense and trouble of cooking a whole fowl. And such chicken! Get a 6 or 12 ounce tin from your grocer's and see.

CHICKEN RAREBIT

(4 generous portions)

1 small tin R & R Boned Chicken
1 cupful Milk — 1 tablespoon Flour
1 tablespoon Butter — 3 tablespoons Grated Cheese
Salt and Pepper to taste
Toast or Saltines

Melt the butter in a sauce pan, add the flour and blend. Add the milk and stir until it thickens. Add the grated cheese and seasoning, and stir until the cheese is melted. Add the chicken cut into small pieces. Cook over boiling water ten minutes. Serve on toast or saltines.

Recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

(*) Every chicken is inspected and certified by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

R&R

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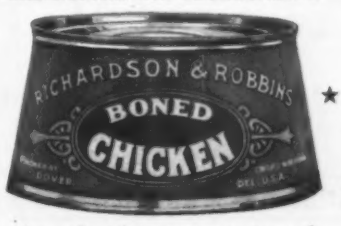
Established since 1855 at Dover, Delaware



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574 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 40, New York, N.Y.

Please send me my FREE copy of the Magazine of Fashion.

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ADDRESS .....

I believe this plan would also interest the friends whose names I have written in the margin of this page.

Skywriters

"Darn!" thought Candace. "I wish I had taken off my shoes."

"Hello, father," she said, forcing a brilliant smile, "wasn't it a nice party! I thought the music was wonderful! Have all the people gone?"

He said he wished to speak to her.

"If you will only stop chattering," he added nervously, "and come into the library. I should like to talk to you quite seriously."

"Couldn't it wait till morning?" Candace asked.

She felt too emotional and excited—with the touch of Scott's lips still on her mouth and throat—to be calm under any criticism. She knew she would fly into a rage at the first word.

"No, I prefer to talk to you now—immediately," said Mr. Pryne. He twisted the ends of his waxed moustache with white, manicured fingers. "And I wish you would show some interest, for once, in my ideas. My point of view," he said, "is quite different from yours. I am, I suppose, an esthete. That is, a person who is concerned with the trappings of life as much as—if not more than—the inner substance."

She had followed him into the library, and he seated her, shut the door, and poured two glasses of sherry.

"This is very fine sherry, Candace. Do you like it?"

"It's splendid!" said Candace.

She was thinking of Scott, but her father took the steady, dark gaze to be attentive.

Relaxing in his chair, he went on: "There are only certain fundamental variations in the inner substance of life. Birth, death, love, hate, jealousy, war, peace, poverty, riches and the like. We see these arranged in tedious patterns over and over, as we live—as we read history. Isn't it true?"

"Awfully true," cried Candace, spilling several drops of the precious sherry.

WITH a characteristically spry, gallant gesture her father bounced forward with his handkerchief. "Your lovely dress . . . will taffeta clean? Now, as I was saying—be careful with that goblet, my dear! Venetian glass. We have, on the other hand, the outward trappings of life which are delightfully infinite in their variations. Take color, for instance: the innumerable gradations and designs! The planning of gowns or rooms or dinner tables or gardens—these offer endless arrangements which need never be tedious. And consequently the spirit is delighted by freshness and invention. And moreover, Candace, if one is passionately concerned with these surface details, he is enabled to forget—disguise—the stark emotions which so often render life awkward, unbeautiful. I," he said in a reverent voice, "am an esthete. I have consciously chosen to disguise reality in the costume of a masked ball, delicately designed and effective because of its pretense. Is it clear? Do you understand?"

"Why shouldn't I?" she asked. "It isn't very deep."

She wondered if he would understand the theory of mutations which Scott was working out with drosophila.

He reproved her complacently. "Deeper than a young person like you could imagine. This attitude toward life is so deep that it has led me to take a very important step. That is what I wanted to tell you about." He paused, looking excited and even embarrassed. His breath was coming quickly. He retreated to his former theme, clinging to the security of generalities a moment longer. "A successful philosophy of life should guide in action as well as in thought. You see, I don't agree with Rochefoucauld."

"What did he say?" Candace inquired.

She was thinking of the little hollow between Scott's shoulder and his coat lapel where her head fitted perfectly. And the back of his head, that felt prickly if you rubbed it one way and like plush if you rubbed it the other . . .

"Rochefoucauld said that philosophy defeats the past and the future, but is defeated by the present."

"I expect that's right," she murmured.

"Not at all, my dear child! I believe I have just shown you that he was wrong. In explaining my esthetic views I have outlined the motives—the impetus—which have led me to take this decisive step."

Candace laughed foolishly. She was tired and unstrung. "You keep talking about steppes, father. Are you going to Siberia?"

He smiled at her pun with indulgence—almost an ingratiating smile. "Do you know Mrs. Forrester?"

"The one who divorced Clement Forrester a long time ago?"

"Yes. The lovely lady with the gray hair who wore the blue lace tonight. I have been seeing a great deal of Mary lately. I—" He rose, his hands behind his back, as if he were announcing a grave measure at a director's meeting. "The fact is, Mary Forrester is doing me the honor of marrying me!"

"Father!" Candace felt a bit stunned.

She hadn't the least idea of how she would get on with Mary Forrester. They scarcely knew each other. It seemed so bizarre that her father could introduce a perfectly strange woman into the house as its mistress. Then it flashed through Candace's mind that it would make everything much easier about Scott. She would tell her father now . . .

He was looking at Candace with an uncertain smile, his eyes anxious and almost beseeching. She got up and shook hands with him in a boyish way.

"I think it's fine. I know you'll be happy. And, father—this is awfully funny!—I am going to marry Scott Kennerly. He asked me tonight."

It was out. There couldn't have been a more strategic time to tell him.

Pryne's mouth opened and closed. "Well! Well!" he said huskily at last. "Well! Well!" He gulped as if he were swallowing objections that were bad medicine to take. "I—ah—hope you'll be happy."

CHAPTER II

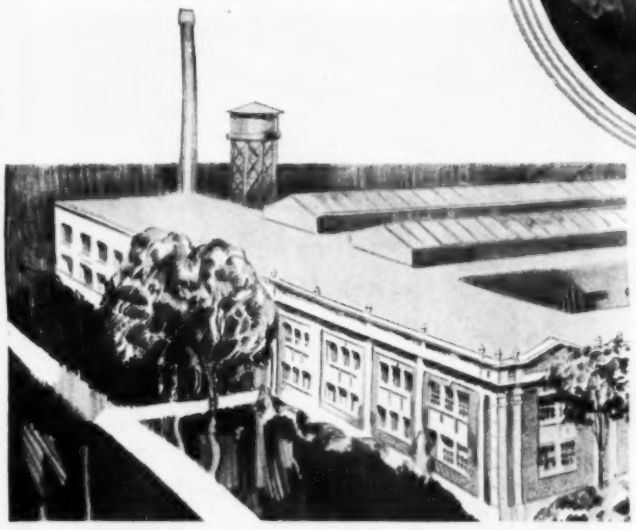
SCOTT telephoned Candace as soon as he was up the next morning at eleven o'clock. On first opening his eyes he had remembered that something wonderful had happened the day before, and then with a quickening of the heart he thought of Candace. He lay a while smoking cigarettes, renewing in his mind every word she had said and every pressure of her mouth and soft arms. As he bathed and shaved, his desire to hear her voice grew more impatient, and he took the steps down into the hall two at a time.

Waiting for her to answer the telephone, he glanced with amusement at the litter in the pigeonholes and on the drop leaf of his mother's desk. There were keys, paper clips, torn recipes, spools of sewing silk, shopping lists, old salted almonds, calling cards, and erasers all tangled together in a Chinese box which Scott had given her when he was a little boy. And on the faded wallpaper were his penciled scribblings from the time he was about thirteen:

"Call Docky Clough about baseball suits," "Mabelle Bailey—3490," "Boxing Lesson, 7 P.M.," "Hallie Townsend—2268," "Pi is 3.1416," "Mother call Mrs. Allen about more chairs for lecture," "Josephine's dance Thursday 8.30."

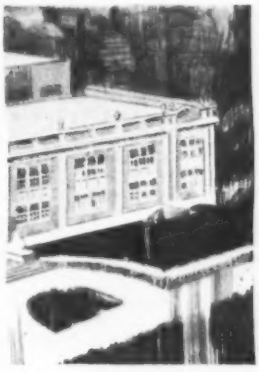
He remembered how irritated he had been at a high school party because Docky Clough had invited Candace Pryne. She was just home from boarding school in the East and did not belong in Scott's crowd. He had gone about with youthful indignation saying that Docky was "putting on the dog and just wanted to act smart by asking that little snip."

Meet MRS. MARTHA LANG—



(*Above*)—BLAZING NEW WASHDAY TRAILS—*Mrs. Martha Lang discussing washroom safeguards for the colorful modern fabrics with the laboratory research staff of the American Institute of Laundering.*

(*Center*)—*Bird's-eye view of the American Institute of Laundering, where present-day laundry methods and materials receive searching tests. This big institution gives evidence of the tremendous strides made by the Laundry Industry.*



Consultant in Improved Methods, American Institute of Laundering . . . who has helped free eight million women from the age-old drudgery of washday

TODAY'S laundries are giving women *a new conception of washday service.* Startling improvements in methods, materials and equipment now safeguard your clothes as never before. You only have to try a present-day laundry, to realize the difference.

Mrs. Martha Lang has been *your spokesman* in this development. She is Consultant in Improved Methods at the American Institute of Laundering—the million-dollar "proving ground" which sets the standards of today's laundry practice. Mrs. Lang discusses laundering problems with thousands of home managers every year—then interprets their views to the skilled research staff of the Laundry Institute.

The findings of this staff of scientists and laundry experts—tested and re-tested under actual working conditions—are adopted by laundries everywhere that follow the Institute's recommendations. Rainsoft water for all Laundry washing and rinsing; the *multiple-suds method* that gets clothes cleaner without scrubbing or risk to dainty fabrics—these are but two of the developments that have helped win 8 million families as permanent laundry customers.

There is a present-day laundry as near as your telephone. And Mrs. Lang personally urges you to send your family washing *this week.* She is sure, when you see how *beautifully* and *economically* your clothes are done, that you'll never go back to the old-fashioned home way with its work, worry and bother! SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

Now Two Years for $4.00

Good Housekeeping has just reduced its subscription price. The same magazine for which millions of women have paid $3 a year during the last ten years, will now come to you for *two* years for $4. The same

Fiction · Fashions
Service · Features

That have made Good Housekeeping for 45 years the home-making authority—in fact *Everywoman's Magazine*—are yours at the new low price!

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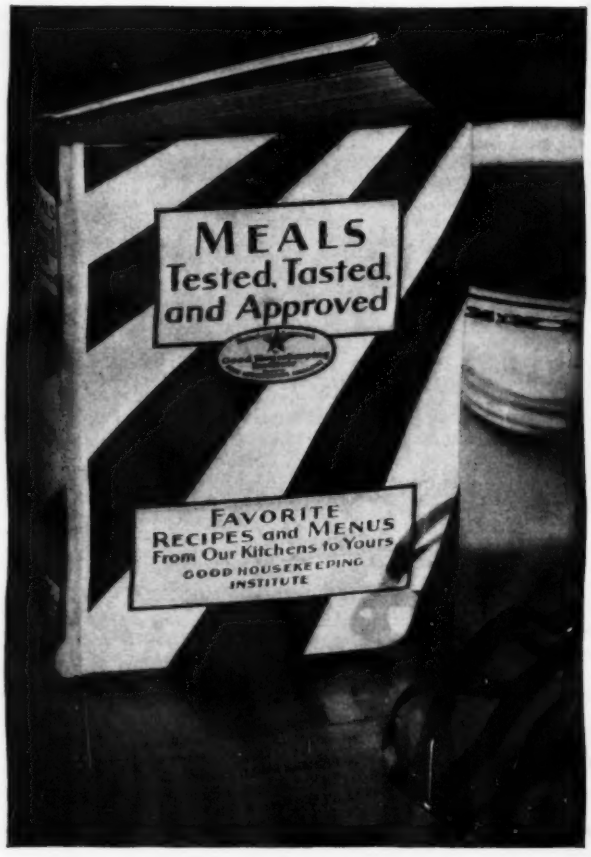

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Enter my subscription to Good Housekeeping for two years, please, and send me your new Cook Book as a gift. I inclose $4.00☐. I will pay $4.00 when billed☐. This is a new subscription☐ a renewal☐. *(Please check to give information requested.)*

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It tells how to make familiar foods seem new — what to feed children of all ages — ways to save time in meal-making — how to plan inexpensive meals — how to prepare meals out-of-doors, meals for reducing or gaining weight, etc.—the cleverest uses for left-overs—the part kitchen equipment plays in meal-making—what to serve the family every day—and 1001 other helpful, practical, *new* things about cookery and right eating

Skywriters

He hated her because she still wore her black hair in long braids—the Eastern mode for a well-bred young girl—and her skirts were only half-way down her legs, and she had Cuban heels and neither powder nor rouge. These details he denounced as the affected mannerisms of the rich. Mabelle Bailey and Hallie Townsend and Josephine Clough at high school age were miniature women, with tall knobs of hair flanked by fan-shaped pins, with long split skirts that showed fascinating glimpses of changeable-silk petticoats. Scott had made it a point not to dance with Candace, and the other boys as usual followed his lead. His nickname was Boss or Bossy at the time. Docky had been furious and miserable dancing with Candace (who was grave and unsuspicious) alone all evening. He took her home early and came back to pick a quarrel with Scott, who sneered about "heiresses," to which Docky replied in the pompous manner of fifteen.

"And you," he said, "are a cad."

They did not fight. They felt much too old for fighting, but the next day Docky poured a bottle of green ink over Scott's head in the assembly room. He had not tried very hard to get it all out. For a time the green tinge to his hair gave Scott a pleasant notoriety. And, still unaware, Candace returned to her well-bred boarding school to play tennis and hockey in wide serge bloomers. When Scott knew her again at the State university, he felt a recurrence of his boyhood irritation, and when they came to work side by side in the chemistry laboratory he was astonished to find that behind her softly modulated "r's" lay genuine simplicity. At that stage he was so much the provincial mid-Westerner that a gentle "r" affected him like snobbery. She didn't wear cosmetics because she had been taught they were vulgar. She truly disliked gaudy clothes and high heels and what then was called "petting." She was not popular. But the glamour of her money attracted a number of men, and with them she was usually bored and rude. Unlike Scott, whose frankness was often diluted by a highly-flavored Celtic broth, Candace had never learned to dissemble. She said now, hearing his voice,

"Scott! Do you still love me?" And then she added, as if realizing her own eagerness, "You know I haven't any technique. And I don't believe I could love anybody I had to use technique *with*."

"Your lack of technique is technique," said Scott. "Candace, I love you more this morning than I did last night. I can't wait to see you . . . "

And they continued the most absurd conversation.

IN THE dining room Emma Kennerly moved quietly and stopped clashing the dishes and silverware.

Scott strode into the room whistling. He looked fondly around the old room—fondly because he was going away and it had already assumed the inoffensiveness of a relic. Often enough he had been contemptuous of the cheap Axminster rug, the round table of quarter-sawed oak on a pedestal like a huge mushroom, the cage where a misanthropic canary sulked above the Boston ferns and begonias, and the china closet with its bulging glass door.

Emma Kennerly had set a place for Scott's breakfast, but he said,

"It's too late to eat. I'm going over to Candace's for luncheon anyhow."

His mother looked at him with melancholy reproach.

"But, my dear boy, I've made waffles for you. And you know how difficult I always find waffles."

After nearly thirty years of housekeeping she was still nervously confused by her kitchen, which attained the chaos of a battlefield when she prepared a meal.

"And, my dear," she said, putting her thin, finely-shaped hand on his shoulder, "I should scarcely think you would choose to spend your last day with the Prynes. And furthermore, I can't see how you are going to get off tonight. Half your packing is not done, and you haven't telephoned to the express company, and then all that room in the basement to clear up." She always spoke in a low, calm voice which nevertheless seemed to be modulated by the most anxious tension.

"Quit neurosing around. Quit agitating."

Scott put her into a chair and pressed a book into her hands. It was "Chapters in Modern Psychology" which a salt-cellar had been keeping open on the table, for Mrs. Kennerly read through breakfast and luncheon. Scott never failed to quiet her worries in this offhand fashion, while his father only multiplied them by protest and argument.

Emma Kennerly had concentrated all her theories of education in the training of her son. In his younger days Scott had thirstily absorbed any kind of knowledge without discrimination, and as his mother was incapable of discriminating intellectually, he had been saturated by the strangest variety of formulas, facts, and ideas. At the same time she had striven to shield him from the gaudy, vulgar, practical environment which was symbolized by moving pictures, jazz, and comic sections. She reckoned entirely without his heritage of Kennerly blood which gave him enough sturdiness and gusto—like white corpuscles—to destroy insipidity and effeteness the moment he began to think for himself.

She had suffered some disappointment from his absorbing passion for science as she had planned him for a painter, writer, or musician, considering the careers with equal zeal and even at times hoping that he might combine all three. But lately science was so highly spoken of that she resigned herself to affording its realms a genius.

"And mother," said Scott, standing over her, "you don't need to bother about any of that mess in the basement. I talked to Candace about it just now, and she's going to go on with the experiments and keep everything up for me."

Then he remarked in as casual a voice as he could manage; "Mother, you like Candace, don't you? We're engaged."

His mother rose, the *pince-nez* falling from her thin nose. "Why, Scott! My dear boy! When did this happen? I had expected something of the sort all summer! If I must lose my son," she cried, beaming through the platitude, "at least I shall gain a charming daughter! Candace is a dear girl, beautifully educated and refined, and I am sure you'll be happy."

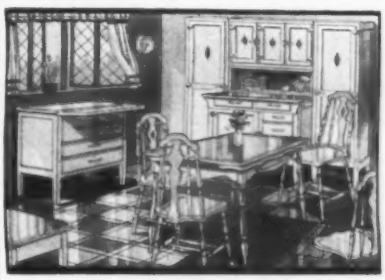
She kissed him with a dramatic, maternal air. If she had spoken her thoughts, she would have added that she was proud of Scott for having won a girl with Candace's position and money.

DOWN in the basement laboratory, Scott put everything in order for Candace, washing flasks, retorts and beakers with his big, deft hands, arranging the charts, repairing a leak in the water hose. He cooked a piece of banana and fed the fruit flies. With a tiny platinum wire he dipped into a test tube of straw-colored serum and put it in clear water between two glass slides under his microscope. In small, quick writing almost like print he set down a few notes and made a careful sketch of a spiral-shaped bacillus.

"I wonder if I could isolate an enzyme?" he said under his breath.

He had inoculated several rats with what he hoped were pneumonia microbes (he had got them from Dr. Schrifft at the Shelby hospital), but to his dismay the creatures were still healthily scampering about the numbered cages and nibbling with appetite. Like all young scientists he dreamed of perfecting a

Betty Standish.... Furnished *her* Kitchen *with an eye to Beauty .... as well as Ease*



"It is certainly surprising the good judgment some of these young brides show in furnishing their homes. Sometimes, they make old housekeepers like myself feel rather ashamed."

"Take Betty Standish for instance. You remember her, she was the youngest Sherman girl. The one that was married last June. She has just started housekeeping this month. I went up to call on her last Wednesday, thinking perhaps I might be able to show her a few short cuts on house work. Well, I came to teach, and stayed to learn.

"It was her kitchen, more than anything else, that attracted and held my attention. It was positively fascinating. The furniture actually combined beauty and utility. She told me when she was selecting the furniture for her kitchen, the salesman who waited on her, advised her to choose MUTSCHLER Porce-Namel Kitchen Furniture. This furniture, he told her, is constructed by real cabinet makers. The drawers in each piece are dustproof. The shelves are large and roomy. The shiny nickeled hardware can't rust. And—believe it or not—the 'Laflat' porcelain tops are absolutely STAINLESS. You can readily imagine how easy it is to keep this furniture looking crisp and new."

"Her kitchen cabinet is a perfect jewel—flanked by two dish cupboards, it places almost everything she needs at mealtime, right at her fingertips. Then there is a dainty little kitchen base, that has two automatic extension leaves that are entirely concealed and out of the way when not in use. Just a touch of a finger, and they fly out, giving her twice the working space she would ordinarily have."

"And her breakfast set—it is really a thing of beauty. The cool, green porcelain top, with the orange and ivory decorations is STAINLESS. It is a refectory type table—the leaves slide under the top when not in use. Best of all, the dishes and utensils do not have to be moved to extend the leaves. Open or closed, or while in operation, the top remains absolutely stationary. Betty told me there is a delightfully bewildering variety of color combinations to choose from in MUTSCHLER Kitchen Furniture. She says you can achieve almost any color scheme you may desire."

You too, will find that MUTSCHLER Kitchen Furniture is good looking, well built, and practical. That there is an infinite variety of sizes, models, and colors to choose from. That it can be obtained in complete Oak and Porcelain top ensembles.

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★

It's twice a skillet

A memorable month for the Griswold No. 8 Cast Iron Skillet—is October! Ask your merchant why. Let your sense of thrift and your desire for valuable things remember October. Let your wholesome love for exquisitely flavored meats and vegetables remember all Griswold Utensils, every month.

COMPLIMENT-WINNING dishes are not inevitable with this Griswold Cast Iron Skillet, but assuredly they have every chance to be so. It is all you ever hoped a skillet to be—safe, evenly thick, of pure cast iron or of shining pure cast aluminum. It has a cover that bastes down all that is steamy and rich. Your work stops when the skillet begins its work. The most delicate or the most obdurate dish is safeguarded until tender; and in addition, is bathed, drenched, in flavorsome richness.

Hardware stores, department and housefurnishing stores near you have the Griswold Skillet. Also the Griswold Dutch Oven, the Griswold Saucepan, the Griswold Triplicate Set—all fitted with the dripping covers that do so much for your food. The Griswold Manufacturing Co., Department C, Erie, Penna.

Ham cooked to sparkling state . . . old Virginia corn pones . . . slices of red-skinned apples—such a platter sings to all five senses! Write "Aunt Ellen" for her recipe for Barbecued Ham, and for her "Booklet on Waterless Cooking." Address The Griswold Kitchen, Dept. C, Erie, Penna.

GRISWOLD

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

September 1930 Good Housekeeping

Skywriters

great antitoxin for pneumonia, and of course also had serious plans for putting an end to cancer. He had entered the University as a pre-medical student, but had dropped the idea of being a surgeon when McLean convinced him that surgery was a matter of mere mechanics compared with the adventuresome business of chemistry. His letter this morning had been from the old professor, enclosing a note of introduction to the pharmaceutical house of Morse, Darnley and Black in New York.

Today he noticed angrily that one of his rats (it had *not* been innoculated) was shivering in a corner of the healthy cage and trying to hide under the straw. He took a blood test and examined it under the lens. Swimming in the fluid were grayish yellow bars which he had never seen before. More notes on the neat chart. Tomorrow Candace could inject some of the stuff into the healthy rats and see what happened. One could never tell what might turn up—the fun of the thing! As he watched the sick little wretch, it flopped on its back with all four feet in the air, slowly stiffening. He took a bottle from the shelf behind him and with a dropper squirted a mere bead on the fellow's faintly quivering nose. It was ludicrous to see the rat a moment later. He started and sat up as if he had been having a bad dream, his eyes and whiskers moving spasmodically, but with vigor.

"Well, Lazarus," said Scott, "been to heaven and back, haven't you, kid?"

Scott was nearly as surprised as the rat. He had casually squirted the liquid on the creature's nose, expecting instant death. He had compounded the stuff months before, tinkering with the idea of a new poison, but he had not been enough interested to make any notes on the synthesis.

What caused the rat's illness? And why had he suddenly revived? Was the concoction good only for that particular disease, or would it act as a general stimulant? It would take infinite work to answer these questions. For a moment he wished that he was not going away.

After snuffling over a dish of water and even eating some food as if he were perfectly fit, Lazarus all at once turned over and began to die again.

The great savior thoughtfully dropped the panacea on the rodent's nose and he came back to life once more, still with that astonished expression around his whiskers.

Scott laughed with pleasure. He could scarcely wait for Lazarus to die again. But the intervals grew longer. Each respite seemed to lend new strength to the invalid's frame, and he began to arise looking actually refreshed after these curious journeys to the edge of oblivion. Crouching in a cramped position by the cage, smoking cigarettes and timing the intervals, Scott patiently and obstinately kept life flickering in Lazarus, who no doubt felt that it was futile and without a goal at best. This tiny battle against death went on for an hour and a half.

CANDACE came running down into the laboratory. She saw Scott kneeling on the dusty cement, his hair like a pile of jackstraws, his hands and trousers stained with a purplish fluid. He had on an old white sweater, his necktie hung over the Bunsen burner, and altogether he did not look as if he were coming to luncheon.

He made no apology. He had forgotten all about it.

"Look, Candace!" he cried eagerly. And he exhibited his hero, who obediently had and was cured of another sinking spell. "What do you think of that, huh! Pretty tricky medicine, isn't it? Remember the stuff I nearly threw out? . . . How do you feel, Lazarus? Almost like going out for a little golf and a few cocktails?"

Lazarus went slowly around in a circle, trying his shaky strength, and then curled into a momentary sleep.

"That ought to strengthen him," mused Scott, absently glancing up into Candace's face. "Look! I think I'll put a bit on his nose while he sleeps, so he can inhale it. He loves it. I think he's getting the habit."

The white rat was already smeared grotesquely with purple.

"I wish I knew what I made this stuff of!" said Scott. "What's the matter, Candace? Don't you like Lazarus?"

She swallowed unhappily. "Well, it's your last day, and you're more than half an hour late for luncheon, and we—"

"Oh, last day!" he jeered, kissing her soft brown hand. "Everybody keeps talking about my last day. As if I were going to be electrocuted . . . Go up and make a sandwich for me, will you? I can't leave this Lazarus."

"I *will* not," said Candace. Her eyes were black and bright.

"Why? . . . Watch him! Watch him! He's passing out again . . . "

She waited until he had finished his ministrations, then she said:

"I think you're mean. I think you're the most selfish person I ever knew."

He flared into quick anger. "All right. That's fine."

"Well, I do."

"Well, I said it was fine, didn't I?"

There was a long silence while Scott smoked, frowning, with narrowed eyes, and Candace pretended to be examining things.

"Come here," he said at last.

She came slowly, and he pulled her into his arms. Parting, their eyes shone into each other's, and they laughed together.

"Isn't it funny," said Candace, "how kissing can change a person's mind?"

"You were just jealous of this rat," Scott told her. "But honestly I couldn't leave him. What shall I do? Let him die?"

"Oh, *no*!" said Candace. "Luncheon is all over now. I'll go up and get your sandwich. It's only that father was miffed, that's all."

"Can fix that up all right," said Scott easily. He added with gravity, "Do you think that he would like to come over and see Lazarus?"

"I hardly think," said Candace, smiling, "that he would."

HALF-WAY up the stairs she heard a groan from Scott, and running down again she found the patient had calmly died. The medicine held his life no longer in escrow.

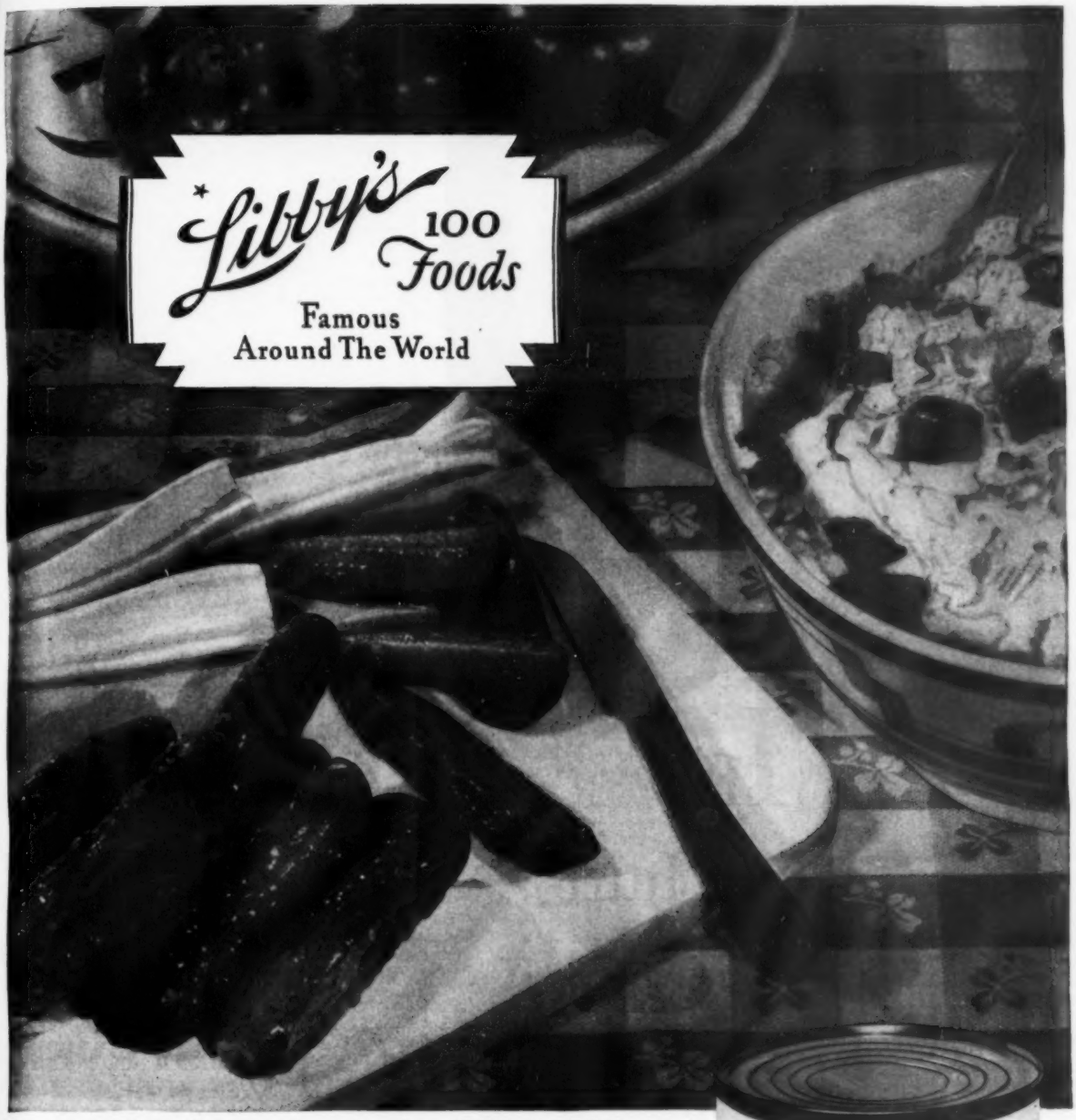
"If he only had had the will to live—or some other kind of philosophy!" said Scott mournfully. "He was a Futilitarian. He felt that everything was meaningless . . . But why in the devil didn't I *inject*——*inject*——! Listen, Candace, tomorrow you give these rats in Cage Four all a shot of diphtheria serum, and then when they start dying you try injections of this stuff and make careful notes. And I'll take some of it to New York and analyze it."

"Grand! It will be exciting, won't it?"

Scott stretched his arms. "No," he said, "it won't. It'll be tedious, and you'll get bored. But I want you to keep on trying just the same. And be sure to keep up the chart. That's where you are a little careless, dear."

When she took him across the lawn to her father's house at last, you would have thought from her sparkling air of vanity that she was leading an Adonis, perfect physically as well as mentally, and endowed with all graces and charms. To Edwin Pryne and Mary Forrester, sitting immaculate on the stone veranda, Scott appeared as a thin young man with an odd face, wearing odd clothes carelessly, and having prominent, purple-stained hands which he seemed trying to conceal.

He reciprocated by regarding Mr. Pryne as a foppish old gentleman, and his companion as a rather negligible person with gray hair.



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Skywriters

But the house was beautiful. Scott sank into its luxury with a kind of wistful hunger. As his eye slid over the gray stone patterned with glossy ivy, he felt as if he were tasting something cool and smooth. Beside the veranda the chrysanthemums bent shaggy heads toward the violet asters, and the Lombardy poplars threw long shadows on the velvet grass. The September sunshine was lightly crisp and pungent with the smell of burning leaves. From his low chair near Mary Forrester he had a glimpse through the open French door of soft Bokhara, satinwood, and topaz velvet. Pouring the coffee Mrs. Forrester had the quiet air of having already become the mistress of the urn. Her face was clever and handsome and saved from boldness by the demure gray hair. Beneath subtle cosmetics her skin was faded, but the eyes were a vivid blue, shrewd and worldly.

"Candace tells us you are a scientist." She turned to Scott with a flattering, intimate air. "Your work must be frightfully interesting! I suppose you understand that dreadful Einstein theory—sometime I wish you would explain it to me in words of one syllable. I am unbelievably stupid about such things! And I have the fault of applying everything personally. Don't you think all women are too personal in their point of view?"

Amused, Scott smiled into her eyes. "Wilde said men and women are very much alike—especially women. It's always hard for me to get properly impersonal. Just now I named a rat Lazarus because he died—practically—and I brought him back to life."

Mrs. Forrester gave an artificial little squeak of alarm. "Oh, dear me, Mr. Kennerly! Do you think it nice to go around the world bringing rats back to life?"

"Once I take a rat," said Scott, "and put him in a cage and experiment on him he becomes a symbol."

HE WAS enjoying himself. It was pleasant to lean back in the turquoise chair beside a great, bronze jar of chrysanthemums and talk lazy nonsense with an older woman whose eyes said plainly that she knew it was nonsense, but that if people couldn't be lazy and inconsequential they shouldn't sit on expensive verandas.

"A symbol?" said Mr. Pryne. "Of what? Certainly not of beauty or charm. And the symbolical need go on further." He waved his cigar. "Outside of beauty and charm we had better keep to the entirely practical or else we get into trouble."

Candace, utterly disgusted with the conversation, sniffed. "What about mathematical symbols and chemical formulae and doctors' prescriptions? They certainly keep people out of a peck of trouble."

"But let us go back to the dear little rat," said Mary Forrester, who never permitted serious arguments in her presence. "I have come to think of him quite affectionately, you see, since you said he was symbolic. What does he represent? Patriotism, or greed, or loyalty, or despair?"

"This one stands for resurrection," said Scott.

"I begin to feel actually inferior to him," murmured Mrs. Forrester. "Edwin, dear, more coffee? . . . There, do you see how I have remembered your two lumps and no cream? But, Mr. Kennerly—and I really believe I shall call you Scott; having a tri-syllabic name myself, I am free to say they are a nuisance—" and she gave the banker a little glance which complimented him on substituting Pryne for Forrester "—I do want to ask you a question. I suppose you will think it is dreadfully silly! But do you imagine that after the rat died and came back to life he supposed this was a different and better world? In that case it would be very fascinating for all of us to take some of your wonderful cure!"

"He moved in a much more spiritual way," Scott improvised, "and I noticed that he had a sort of Emersonian look."

"Please run over and get some of your remedy for me at once!"

Scott offered her a cigarette, which she took as graciously as if it had been gold-tipped with a monogram, the kind she somehow suggested. And yet he remembered vaguely that when his father had acted as her attorney in the divorce suit (Clement Forrester had been a rakish profligate and now was in Paris, constantly at the *course*), the alimony had been ridiculously small, for the Forrester fortune had been flung to the winds. He wondered how she had managed to hold her position in society and to dress so charmingly. The mauve flannel suit she wore today was extremely smart and becoming. Cleverness, probably. He had heard of women who scrimped and sewed and economized secretly while presenting a leisured attitude to the world. Coming across the lawn Candace had told him about her father's engagement. What a struggle Mary Forrester must have been through to achieve this success! . . . While she chattered, her blue eyes seemed to penetrate everything. She probably knew what Scott was thinking at this moment, perceived that his look was one of good will and applause for her triumph.

He said: "I'm sure you don't need any remedies, Mrs. Forrester. But if I ever perfect it, I'll ask you to break a bottle of it over—"

"The yacht you will buy?" inquired Mr. Pryne.

"Over any ship I have coming in."

"You are a nice young man," said Mrs. Forrester, patting his arm, "and I send my good wishes to all your absurd animals."

She rose to go for a ride with Edwin Pryne in the limousine which had appeared in the driveway, and went away on his arm, waving her hand airily.

You could not begrudge her any elation. Yet it appeared that Candace was annoyed.

"What do you think of her?" she demanded.

"I like her," said Scott. Maybe it was too bad, but he did.

"Why?"

"Oh, she's so—uh—amusing, you know, and friendly and intelligent."

"Intelligent!" cried Candace. "Do *you* like all that gabble of 'dreadful' and 'fascinating' and 'oh, dear, this' and 'oh, dear, that'? Do *you* think silly women of her sort are amusing?"

Scott was ruefully afraid that they were, at least to men. That was exactly it, Candace told him: women like Mrs. Forrester thought only of attracting men.

"Is that a crime?" he asked, sitting on the arm of her chair. He put his cheek against her hair. "Darling," he said as if innocently, "you are using Chypre again."

Candace flushed and laughed. "I'll try hard to like her," she said with a wry little smile. "But I'm afraid I'm a one-man dog, Scott. I guess I don't like anybody in the world, really, except you."

CHAPTER III

AS SOON as he had finished dinner, Scott went to Docky Clough's. Only for a few minutes, he thought, for he wanted as much time with Candace as possible. Docky came to the door himself. The butler had five children, and Mrs. Clough always good-naturedly let him go home to his family immediately after dinner. Scott followed Docky into a room called the den, furnished with red leather and hunting prints and intricate smoking stands.

Docky brought out some of Mr. Clough's finest cigars and lighted a small fire in the grate. "I was just sitting here," he said, "listening to the rain. Ken, sometimes I just like to sit and listen to it and realize the war's over. Do you remember the rain at Saint Agony, Ken?"

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Skywriters

They had been together at St. Aignan's wretched convalescent camp where four or five men died every day of dysentery or pneumonia. "Funny, when it rains I get that pain in my leg, Docky, and I start limping. Nobody seems to notice it, though, or maybe they just don't mention it."

"So you're going to New York tonight?" He looked at Scott with unreasoning doggish devotion in his pink, honest face. His curly yellow hair stood up all over his head like thistledown. "Well, I've settled here in Shelby, I guess. I never felt sorry I didn't go back to Yale. The old man was anxious to start me in the lumber business. And Ken, over there—in the war—I made up my mind that afterward I was going to grab as much money and good food and soft snaps as I possibly could. I've tried to figure it all out." His eyes were childishly solemn and straightforward. "You see, there isn't anything else I'd be good for, anyway. I haven't got brains like you and Jule." (Jule was his younger brother, a boy of nineteen.)

Scott had been mulling over something else. He never paid any attention to any of the things that Docky so laboriously figured out. "I'll tell you this, Docky, there was a new America began with us after the war. But it's all rot that the war began it—they make me tired talking of the restlessness and craziness and upheaval caused by the war. The pioneer era was ended before, and the war hurried and aggravated—no, accentuated—the transition between doing and thinking. That's why they keep calling us the war generation. We brought war back to them. We weren't only a reminder, either, a reminder of things fought through and shuddered over. We were conflict itself, which they had to face when they wanted peace."

"That's right, old man," said Docky wonderingly.

"We learned how to fight, and then we kept on fighting when they wanted us to sit down and behave. We've rushed around like a lot of ignorant, yelping workmen, but we drove in the stakes and put up the tent over the whole carnival."

Docky liked that figure of speech. He nodded.

"I DON'T know anything about Jule and kids at that age or what they will make out of it. But if I were training a kid like that, I'd teach him all about jazz and movies and comic strips and noise and electricity and biology and slang and drinking and airplanes. Because that's what's under the tent. That's the crazy carnival we've given them instead of the old Dime Museum." His green-brown eyes glowed. "That is what the old America has to face whether it likes it or not. Cities! Angles! Skyscrapers! Atoms! Serum! Radio! Test tubes! And under it all, the war like an extinct volcano, but still rumbling a little."

"Still rumbling," Docky agreed. "Sometimes I can still hear those howitzers in my ears. And in 1919 I jumped if I went past a riveting machine."

"Docky, our generation was spawned by a saxophone and a hand-grenade." Scott threw away his cigar and lighted a cigarette. "We're loud and bewildering—but transitory and lost."

"You ought to write all that down," said Docky. "You ought to be a writer. That's what Jule wants to be, but he doesn't want to finish school. He wants to go to New York and write poetry or something. But Dad says he can't go until he's through university. Personally I don't see what there is about New York. And I'm all settled here in the business anyhow. Another thing—" he smiled confidingly at Scott with a look of shy pride, "I wouldn't want to go away as long as Candace is here."

"Candace!" said Scott, astonished.

Then he perceived in a sudden flash that Docky had always been in love with her. Since they were all children.

"I'm nuts about her," said Docky simply.

Scott didn't know what to say. He decided to say nothing.

Just then Jule came in. He was tall and slim in a blue flannel dressing-gown, his handsome face pale with a little scowl between the blond brows.

"What the devil do you want?" said Docky rudely.

Jule, with his quiet, imperious air, always made Docky nervous and irritable.

"Hello, Kennerly. I just wanted to know if you were going to New York tonight?"

"Sure. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . I only thought—"

His voice trailed off vaguely, and he stood looking into the fire. Scott was the only friend of Docky's whom Jule liked in the least. Scott had always treated Jule with careless disregard. He wondered what could have been in the kid's mind.

"Father wants me to finish Yale," said Jule bitterly.

Clough had sent his sons to Yale because of a sentimental loyalty, for he had started as a small coal dealer in New Haven.

"Well, why wouldn't he?" said Docky.

Jule picked up a package of cigarettes and a book. "I didn't come down here to argue. Good night, Scott. See you later."

In his best languid, world-weary manner he trailed from the room.

Scott also rose to go. Standing in front of the fireplace, they had a moment of awkward silence, thinking of the years of easy friendliness.

"Well, so long, Docky."

They shook hands with a hard, quick grip. Docky looked away as if he were listening to the rain falling outside.

"So long, old man. Be good to yourself."

SCOTT was glad when he heard the horn of Candace's roadster outside his house. They would have time for a drive before the train left. But his bags were ready, and he would not come back here. His mother's grief was disturbing and inexplicable—she had smiled bravely when he went into the army, and now when he was merely leaving for New York she looked at him with sad despair. The end of her thin nose was reddened by tears.

"Oh, Scott," she said, "I didn't mean to cry like this. But I went up in your room. Everything is different already."

It made him unhappy even while the wild, selfish joy of departure was tugging him through the door. He kissed her with affection and consoled her, and yet he knew in his heart that she was right. The same Scott would never enter this house again. But he longed with youthful impatience for every sight and sound and experience that waited to change him.

As Scott went down the steps, he met his father hurrying up the sidewalk. "Afraid I'd missed you," he panted.

"I should think you might have stayed home this evening," said Mrs. Kennerly.

"Give up a game for this young whippersnapper?" He winked at Scott, saying in a low, hoarse voice as they walked to the car: "I'm going back to finish it. Left my hand on the table. Three kings."

Scott felt a great youthful pity for his family, and in himself an immense strength and confidence crouching in readiness to spring on life. Vaguely he thought of a time when he would come back and set everything right for them by a necromancy of power. Tonight he was eager to get away and a bit guilty in his eagerness. The bags were in the car, the motor purring. How dark the old house looked, and patient, standing beside the stout cottonwood which scraped its branches against the window of his room!

He shook his father's pudgy hand again,

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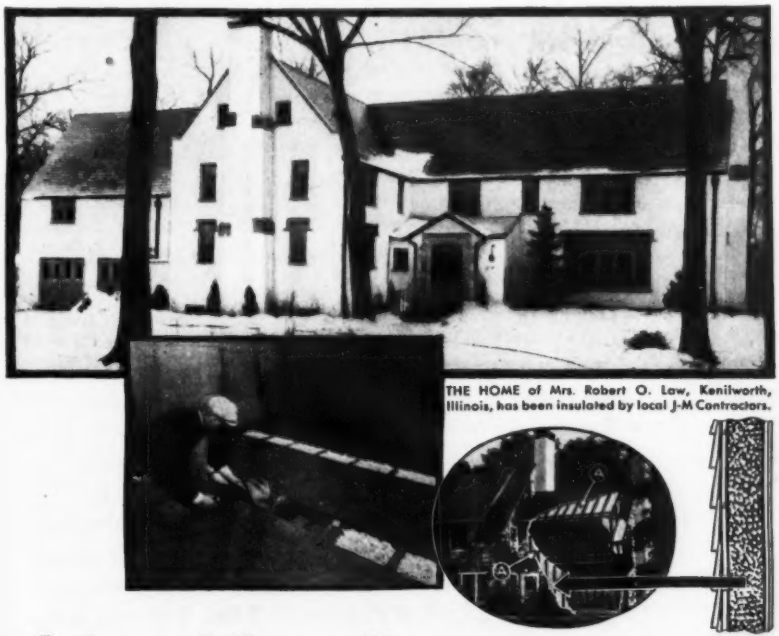

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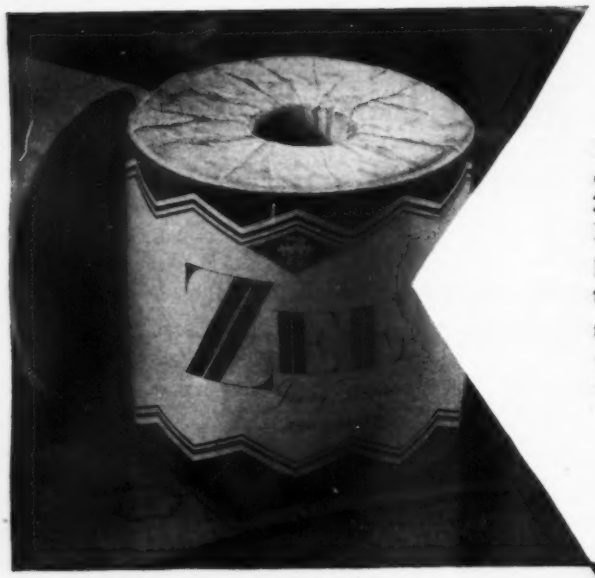

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Skywriters

shoved his hat to a more rakish angle. His mother said nothing, but pressed her lips tightly together. He wanted to run back and reassure her, but he knew there was nothing more to say.

"All ready," he said loudly to Candace.

The roadster whined along the wet asphalt where the fires of the street lamps floated like strange water weeds in a black pool. The rain had stopped, and the night was cool and brave.

With the city behind them she parked the car under a willow that stooped with hunched shoulders over the roadside. She put her arms around his neck, and Scott held her close, murmuring foolish, tender things he had never said before. With his fingers he traced her features in the darkness—the little nose and grave mouth and flickering eyelids. A faint wind stirring the willow leaves flung a few raindrops on their upturned faces.

"I don't see how I can leave you, Candace."

"And there is scarcely an hour. Oh, darling, I'll miss you so! I'll miss you so."

"But it won't be long until I come back."

"No, it won't be long, will it?"

She caught his hand and buried her mouth in the palm. All her motions had the fierce abruptness of sincerity. She was like a slim child, untutored and without self-consciousness. She made him feel old and tarnished and very gentle. Her lips were as fresh as a butterfly's wings.

"You won't kiss anybody else, will you?"

"No, why should I?" said Scott. He was sure it would be impossible now.

"Because I know I would be terribly furious. Please don't ever tell me if you do."

He promised, laughing against her soft throat. "All I'm going to do is work hard and be a grand guy so you won't be disappointed in me."

"I think you're a grand guy now—but I wish you loved me more."

His head jerked up in surprise. He had never heard another woman say that. It was the kind of thing that men should say.

"But I adore you," he protested, and his voice sounded strained and unconvincing.

She shouldn't, he thought, force him to sound that way. Maybe he didn't exactly adore her, but adoration was out of his line. Why should he lie to her? She was too lovely and honest to deceive.

"No, that isn't true, Candace." He spoke slowly with thoughtful detachment. "I really don't worship you. Because worship is an obeisance to the irrational. It has to be, because a rational man can't fling his whole soul at the feet of an idol."

He frowned at the image of love like a wavering candle-flame, and he tried to cup it in his hands.

"Love is warmer than that. It's . . . the flame of the candle, the shape of the lightning, the glow of the coals. Carbon, tallow, and electricity are more useful than love, but not much use without it."

Candace thought. "Love is a cricket," she said, "on life's hearth. A voice singing a tiny song against an immense loneliness."

Scott lit a cigarette, and in the glow of the match he saw her eyes looking at him sadly. She was smiling. He wanted her to laugh.

"Love," he added, "is the shoulder on which desire rests its head."

"Oh, Scott!" She kissed him merrily on the ears and eyes and nose. "You know that isn't true either."

"I know it isn't; but you make me feel passionate and tender at the same time. And you can call it anything you want to."

"I think I shall call it respectful admiration."

There was something mocking in her voice that made him draw a long, shuddering breath.

"Don't tease me, darling. It's hard enough to have to go away . . . wanting you so much." He took her hand, so square and small and brown. "Dear, I think it's time to drive to the station."

He was relieved when she obediently turned the car around.

AT THE ticket office Scott was surprised to meet Julian Clough. He wore a blue, double-breasted overcoat and carried a pigskin kit-bag.

"I thought you were never coming," he said. "Look here, I'm not going back to school. Last night I decided I was going to New York."

Scott felt dazed, and worried, too—the Cloughs would think he had influenced Jule.

"Gosh, you must be crazy," he said.

Jule shook his head doggedly. "There's no use trying to talk me out of it. I thought you wouldn't mind if I went on the same train."

In spite of his boldness there was a boyish appeal for companionship in his eyes. He had made his decision. Unafraid of his father's anger, he was still timid about facing solitude. Scott, bored and annoyed by the thought of having Jule on his hands, couldn't help liking the youngster's glowing excitement.

"Why don't you get a drawing room?" asked Candace.

Scott stared at her in consternation. Such a notion was, to his habit of close figuring, preposterous. To Candace and Julian it was only sensible.

"Of course," Julian agreed and hurried away to get it.

"I can't go in a drawing room," Scott told Candace angrily.

She took his arm with a soothing gesture. "Don't be silly. What would you go in?"

He opened his mouth and closed it without speaking. Afterward, even while he was charmed by the compartment (he glanced it over surreptitiously, for it was the first one he had entered), Scott felt absurd and foolhardy.

Sitting close to him on the leather seat, Candace smoked a cigarette. They talked absently—remarks that Jule might hear. The squeak of the porter's shoes outside . . . the whispers up and down the aisle.

"I'd better go," said Candace at last in a faint voice.

Scott went into the corridor with her, and they clung together.

The train was moving . . . She ran a few steps beside it, her eyes lifted to his. He saw her face blurred through the window a moment, and then there was only the darkness.

(To be continued)

Home-made Jellies

(Continued from page 93)

bottled grape juice, using exactly the same method as with Loganberry juice.

For Pineapple and Orange Marmalade, peel two large oranges and boil the peel for forty-five minutes in sufficient water to cover. Drain and repeat this process, cooking the peel three times. Then drain and chop one-half of the peel. Cut the remaining half into thin strips, using scissors. Remove membrane and seeds from the orange pulp and combine one and one-half cupfuls of orange pulp, the orange peel, one and one-half cupfuls crushed canned pineapple, and six cupfuls sugar. Bring to a rolling boil and boil one minute. Add one-half cupful of commercial liquid pectin and boil again for one minute. Pour into clean, hot, sterilized jelly jars and cover with a thin layer of paraffin. When cool, reseal, tilting the jars so that the paraffin makes a perfect seal. Store in a cool, dry place.

There's a new ALL-WOOL BLANKET in your rag-bag!

Your choice of six lovely colors: orchid, rose, tan, blue, green, gold

IT'S a fluffy, brand new blanket and all pure wool too! The kind that lends a colorful touch of beauty to bedrooms by day . . . and at night keeps out the chill and coaxes slumber, yet lies light as a feather on wearied sleepers. Just send us 10 pounds of woolen rags—old blankets, underwear, sweaters, dresses, golf hose, etc. We will sterilize, card, dry, spin, weave and finish this material and return to you a glorious new blanket, 66 inches by 80 inches. You select a shade to harmonize with your room—orchid, rose, tan, blue, green or gold. And you can have one of these colorfast blankets, made by one of the oldest blanket mills in America for only $4.75. That's just about half what you would have to pay in the stores. Down in Maine Blankets give warmth without undue weight for they're guaranteed all pure wool. Send your woolens now. You can pay later.

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☐ I am interested in receiving a copy of your free booklet and blanket samples.

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In using advertisements see page 6

TIME TO GO-
but still time to use MUM *

Those times when you must be ready in a jiffy! Just time to slip on your dress. Not a moment more to spare—yet you must not chance perspiration offense.

Then's when you're most grateful for Mum!

In no more time than it takes to powder your nose, your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Slip into your dress, and step forth—with assurance. For Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing—not irritating—to the skin. And just as harmless to the daintiest fabric; Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

This likable and usable deodorant has removed the last excuse for offending. It offers you permanent protection, for its daily use can do no harm.

Mum does not arrest the action of the pores. It just neutralizes the odor completely.

Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a daily habit, morning and night. Many women carry it in the purse, to be ready for any emergency. Spread a little Mum on the sanitary napkin and you will be serenely confident of perfect daintiness. Mum Mfg. Co., N. Y.

A Bedroom Designed for College Girls

(*Continued from page 108*)

luxury and convenience in her surroundings.

Sanitas in the prettiest of patterns on a deep cream ground is used for the walls, making a durable as well as an attractive setting for the painted metal bed and dressing table, two easy chairs of the French Provincial type happily combined with Early American pedestal tables, and the highboy of maple.

The furniture suggests rather than follows the Early American feeling. The metal bed with a solid head board and solid foot board has low posts which suggest the Colonial. It is painted in two soft colors, apricot with bands and slender posts of greenish taupe.

The same simple, straight lines are used for the dressing table. Every girl will appreciate the triple mirror, which may be adjusted. In scale these pieces are of moderate size. The bed is 3′3″ wide, and the dressing table is 2′10″ long.

The color of the room is delightful. The walls are a deep cream with flowers of bluish green and pinkish apricot. The pinkish tinge is repeated in the flowered covering of one of the chairs, while the bluish green is used for the rug which covers the floor and for the curtains which are of rayon taffeta. In a room of this size the windows are 4′7″ in height. The curtains hang just below the sill, and are one and three-quarter yards long. With this length of curtain the valance should be 11″ deep. Underneath these curtains are sash curtains of dotted net, one of the pretty, lacy effects so attractive with rooms of this type.

The bedspread is an excellent reproduction of an old patchwork quilt in pinks, blues, and tans on a neutral ground. The lamps are of inexpensive Colonial glass with little plaited paper shades. Powder and perfume bottles, an attractive old glass vase, a colorful waste basket, and two little prints, inexpensive but pretty, give the room personality and charm.

Preserving American Tradition

(*Continued from page 53*)

wide vertical boards on the inside of the doors.

The lower ground-level door to the dining room is a batten door. Batten shutters were retained on the two lower floors, and blinds with fixed slats on the second-floor windows.

The main cornice consists of a simple beveled crown mold and plain beaded facia; barges in the gables are plain beaded boards tapering from wider at cornice level to narrower at the ridge. The roof is of shingle 24″ long, laid 7½″ to the weather. The batten shutters, doors, and all woodwork are painted white. The upper shutters and hardware are black.

All the original hardware was used, and where necessary, additional old hardware was procured, or good reproductions were made.

The inside walls of the house are whitewashed, and wherever plaster ceilings occur, they also are whitewashed. The original plaster was retained wherever possible, and new plaster (when necessary) was added.

The window jambs in the older part of the house and in the dining room are curved plaster left irregular, as in the original building. In the living room, and the bedroom over it, the window jambs are finished with wood and plaster, the plaster forming a panel between the wood and the window frame.

In each room the arch support of the fireplace above extends below the ceiling. The finish of the fireplaces is as simple as possible, with irregularly-formed fireplace jambs and beads and simple mantelshelf.

Window heads and sills are plain ⅞″ boards, without aprons or moldings. As is characteristic in certain localities, there is no wash board or surbase in the hall, the plaster side walls extending to the floor. Closets were introduced where necessary to conceal the warm-air pipes.

The Studio will be happy to help you with architectural problems, or to answer any questions you may care to ask concerning this house.

A Rhode Island Type of Architecture

(*Continued from page 49*)

surrounds them. This house is on a comparatively narrow plot with the end toward the street and the entrance on the side.

The main characteristic of the clapboard exterior is its utter simplicity, and, of course, the main feature is the principal doorway. The house is of wood construction, white pine painted white, with the slat shutters of a soft olive green and the shingles of the roof a darker shade. An unusual feature of the exterior is the use of small iron grille ventilators over the attic spaces under the eaves of the house, adding distinction to the carefully designed cornice. The placing of the chimney, the fan-shaped windows in the third floor, the cornices over the windows on the first floor, the treatment of the building at the corners of the house, the double sash windows with small panes of window glass are points of distinction which differentiate this house from the average.

The interior arrangement has both comfort and spaciousness. You enter a small, square hall facing a circular stairway in the Colonial feeling. On one side is the living room, 13′6″x20′, through the width of the house with windows on three sides, and a mantelpiece which is a reproduction of an old Rhode Island design in the center of the long side of the room. To the rear is a small library while the dining room is on the right of the hall.

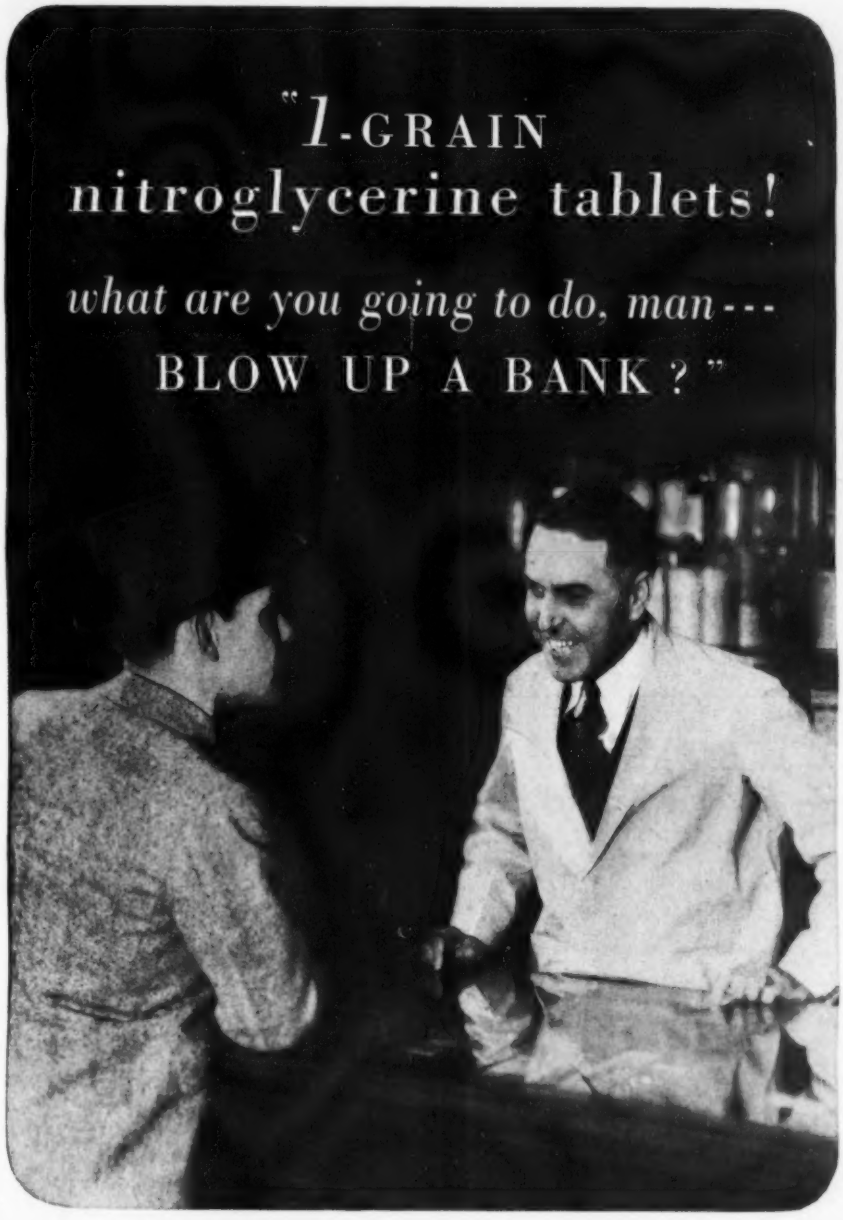
The service quarters of the house are quite compact with the kitchen and pantry directly off the dining room and a large service entrance on the north side of the house. A stairway gives the servants a private entrance to their quarters, which are over the garage.

The slight drop in the elevation of the land at the rear of the house drops the floor of the garage below the first floor level and places the second floor of the servants' wing a half-story above the first floor of the main portion.

On the second floor of the house the owner's bedroom with its fireplace is directly over the living room. At the rear of the bedroom is a commodious dressing room, and a private bathroom. Two more bedrooms have a connecting bath between them. Closets of ample size are provided for each room. Large double windows were used in these rooms to take advantage of the prevailing breezes. The fourth bedroom is a corner room to the right of the hall.

The interior finish of the house shows the same simplicity as the exterior. The floors are stained a walnut tone, the woodwork is painted white, and in most cases the walls are covered with wallpaper in Colonial patterns.

The size of the house is approximately 64,000 cubic feet. In similar houses the cost would vary in accordance with the location but in many localities such a house could be built for about $30,000. It is possible, however, that in many localities the price would be much lower. The Studio will be happy to answer any questions about this house; or to help you with any architectural problems.



THAT is what he asked for. And that is what he would have got—if the Druggist hadn't known better.

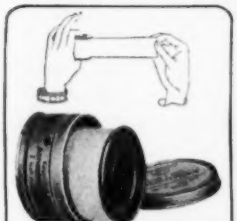
But the Druggist *did* know. He knew that the usual therapeutic dose of nitroglycerine is only *1-100* of a grain, and that in his business it is deadly-dangerous to apply the complacent rule, "The customer is always right."

The Druggist knew because his profession *required* him to. To pass his State Board examinations and win his license he had studied, among a host of other subjects, Posology, the science of doses. On his shoulders, in the interest of public welfare, had been placed the responsibility of knowing the *safe and proper doses of every drug.*

A weighty responsibility, that. Did you know that your Druggist may be held liable for filling *exactly as written* a prescription which, through error, calls for an improper dose? . . .

Perhaps that gives you a new conception of the importance of the Druggist as an able, educated, responsible professional servant of the public. It should. Your Druggist is no ordinary merchant. His first concern is the health and comfort of the community.

It is an honor to the products of Bauer & Black that so many Druggists prefer to sell them. But every Druggist knows that Bauer & Black adhesive plaster, sterile gauze, bandages, and absorbent cotton—to name only a few—are of such high quality as to merit his most earnest professional endorsement.



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In using advertisements see page 6

The head of the family *discovers* "pink tooth brush"

HE: (Loudly, from the bathroom)

Well, what do you know about that?

SHE: Know about what?

HE: *Come here a moment, please.*

SHE: What are you so excited about?

HE: *Look at this—"pink" on my tooth brush!*

SHE: Well?

HE: *Isn't that enough to make anybody sit up and take notice? You would, if you had found it.*

SHE: It's nothing to go into a panic over.

HE: *Oh, isn't it?*

SHE: No. Perhaps you'll change your tooth paste now. I've been asking you to for some time. There's a fresh tube of Ipana in the medicine cabinet. Massage your gums with some of it right now.

HE: *I'd like to know what Ipana has to do with "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE: It has a lot to do with getting rid of it!

HE: *Yes? How? —How is a tooth paste going to help a condition like that? The thing for me to do is to see a dentist. I don't want to run the risk of getting any of these gum disorders.*

SHE: By all means see the dentist. You oughtn't to have to be told to do that! But the chances are you haven't any real cause for alarm yet. Evidently your gums are a bit tender. If you kept up to date on these things you would know that the soft foods we eat these days don't give our gums a chance to keep healthy. They need stimulation to keep them alive and to invigorate them when they commence to get tender. That's one of the virtues of Ipana.

HE: *What is?*

SHE: The effect it has on the gums. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic. Dentists themselves use it in the treatment of gum disorders. Ipana and massage are the best remedy you can find for gums that have a tendency to bleed.

HE: *How do you work this massage?*

SHE: Just rub Ipana on the gums after you have cleaned the teeth. You can use your tooth brush for it or, if the gums are too tender to the touch, use your finger.

HE: *Do any of the dentists recommend Ipana?*

SHE: Thousands of them every day.

HE: *What about the teeth? Will it keep them white?*

SHE: Have you ever seen mine whiter than they are now?

HE: *Can't say that I have. They certainly are stunning.*

SHE: And the taste of Ipana is perfectly delightful, too. You'll like it. Now try it for a month and you'll find you've made a tooth paste friend for life—and best of all, you'll rid yourself of all signs of "pink tooth brush".

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73 West Street, New York, N. Y. ★

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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